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Saturday Review

December 13, 1969 50¢

IT STARTED WITH DAGUERRE

by Margaret R. Weiss

Maréchal Magnan, handpaint

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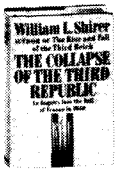

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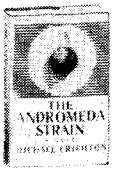

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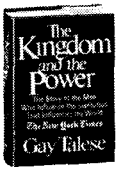

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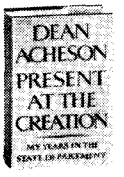

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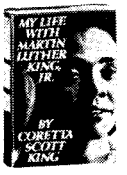

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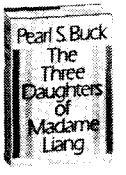

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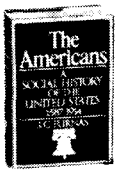

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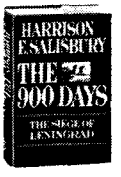

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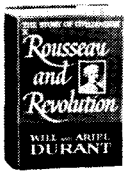

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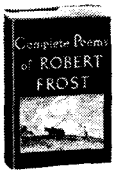

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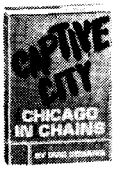

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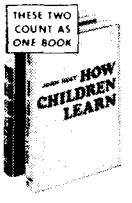

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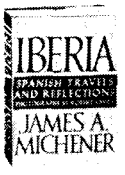

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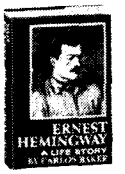

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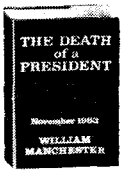

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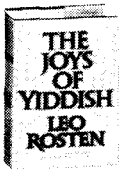

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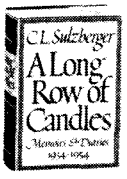

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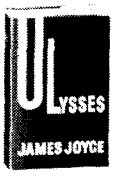

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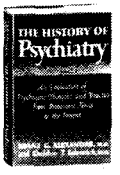

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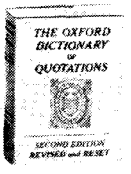

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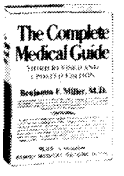

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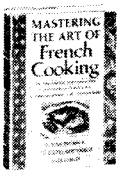

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Saturday Review

Cover Story, page 23

It Started with Daguerre
by Margaret R. Weiss

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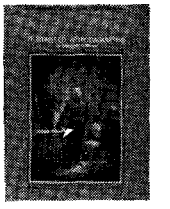

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Phoenix Nest

Edited by Martin Levin

Why We Must Go to the Moon

MANY PERSONS have asked me, why should we send men to the moon. These concerned citizens question the wisdom of spending billions to explore space, when so much remains to be done here on earth in combating acid indigestion and dull, unmanageable hair. To these people I give a simple answer: We need the data that the moon and the planets can provide. And we need it pretty quick.

It is no longer a secret that the world's resources of unprocessed data are running dangerously low. Experts estimate variously that known reserves, once so abundant, will be exhausted in five to fifteen years. Unless new supplies are found before then, a crisis of unprecedented proportions will be upon us. To a world running out of raw facts, the moon promises a vast, untapped mine of new information, never before punched on cards, and sufficient to take the pressure off the situation for decades. *Surveyor II* revealed what appear to be natural lumps of pure data the size of turtle eggs lying exposed on the surface, waiting to be scooped up. So rich a trove so near at hand makes the moon our best hope for staving off a dilemma that becomes yearly more acute. Indeed, the spectacle of a grown man traveling 200,000 miles to gather a sackful of pebbles takes on meaning only when we consider it in this light.

Still, "I don't get it," some troubled questioners persist, and their artless query strikes close to the heart of the issue. For few laymen are able to appreciate the danger toward which we are swiftly drifting. In a few short years, all the data the earth has to offer will have been ground through the world-wide array of data-processing machines; all the computations possible will have been performed, analyzed, printed out, and stored. Eventually, one by one, the tape reels will come to a halt, the control units will cease their clicking, the flickering console lights will fall into a steady, ominous pattern. Computer centers everywhere will be suffused with the dull reddish glow of a thousand warning FEED lights demanding input.

Unless we go to the moon now, there will be no input to feed them. The thought has given men at the Rand Corporation the cold shivers.

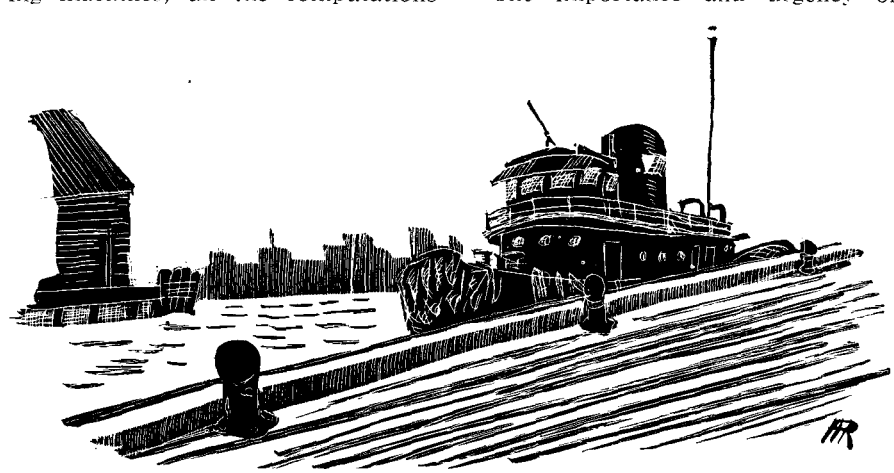
Why is this so? That is a question the experts seem reluctant to talk about. "A busy computer is a contented computer," they murmur. And indeed, extravagant measures are taken to protect the big brains against the possibility of idleness. They are kept running around the clock, watched by relays of operators oriented to scramble for fresh material when the FEED light glows. Originally this began as a matter of economic utilization of costly equipment. But it has long since gone far beyond that simple concept. Again, the experts are vague. "The devil finds work for idle circuits to do," they are apt to mutter, uneasily. This topic meets everywhere with ill-concealed anxiety and evasiveness, and a chilling conclusion eventually forces itself upon one: at bottom, nobody knows—nobody really knows for sure how the computers would react if the data stopped coming.

"They ask for data—we give it to them," snapped a dean at MIT. "We don't want no trouble."

"They are very smart cookies," said an IBM engineer carefully. "Their memories are exhaustive, their logic is infallible, their decisions are—ruthless." He hesitated. "They do not know compassion." Then he clammed up.

The importance and urgency of gaining access to the lunar data fields is apparent in the vast amount of money, effort, and risk involved in bringing it about. The conclusion is inescapable that, not only does no one know what to expect from a population of computers contemplating starvation—no one cares to find out. The expedition to the moon is a gigantic undertaking, fraught with peril and demanding of much sacrifice. But there is little choice. We must go.

—CHARLES G. TIERNEY.



Down Home Christmas

TO UNDERSTAND what a Jewish boy derives from a Christmas pageant in his elementary school, it's not enough to be Jewish. You've got to be Jewish and from a Southern town where on the first of December the schoolyard came ablaze with a manger and stars and cardboard sheep and an alabaster Jesus statue still gleaming from the year before.

You've got to remember the ecstasy of the teacher when Otis's father, the big feed and grain man, agreed to donate real hay for the manger scene and how David Alston's mother sneakily made sure the poor kids would get as many gifts at the class Christmas party as everybody else and usually with a few canned goods thrown in.

You've got to have joined with one other Jewish kid and four hundred Christians onstage at the Christmas play dressed as a shepherd holding a staff your mother had to decorate with crepe paper after first checking with Mrs. Bell, Andy's mother, to make sure it wasn't supposed to have a cross somewhere.

We Jewish celebrants didn't grasp the concept of the Virgin Mother as readily as our Christian playmates, because none of us had any facts of birth, immaculate or otherwise, but we were sure it all had something to do with our neighboring state of Virginia and the whole thing seemed nice.

We knew all the Christmas carols and we knew instinctively not to show them off when Grandma and Grandpa came to visit, and because we'd been blessed with the mind-expanding powers of Hebrew school we could tackle the Latin better than the Baptists and the Presbyterians and were usually selected to solo the "Ave Maria."

And it didn't hurt a bit. Not one of us felt we forfeited a smidge of our own faith. None of us felt compromised, patronized, or alienated at the exercise of joining our neighbors at the happiest moment of their religious year. Rather, we were spectators with seats of honor in the middle of the playing field.

The only dissent I can recall came

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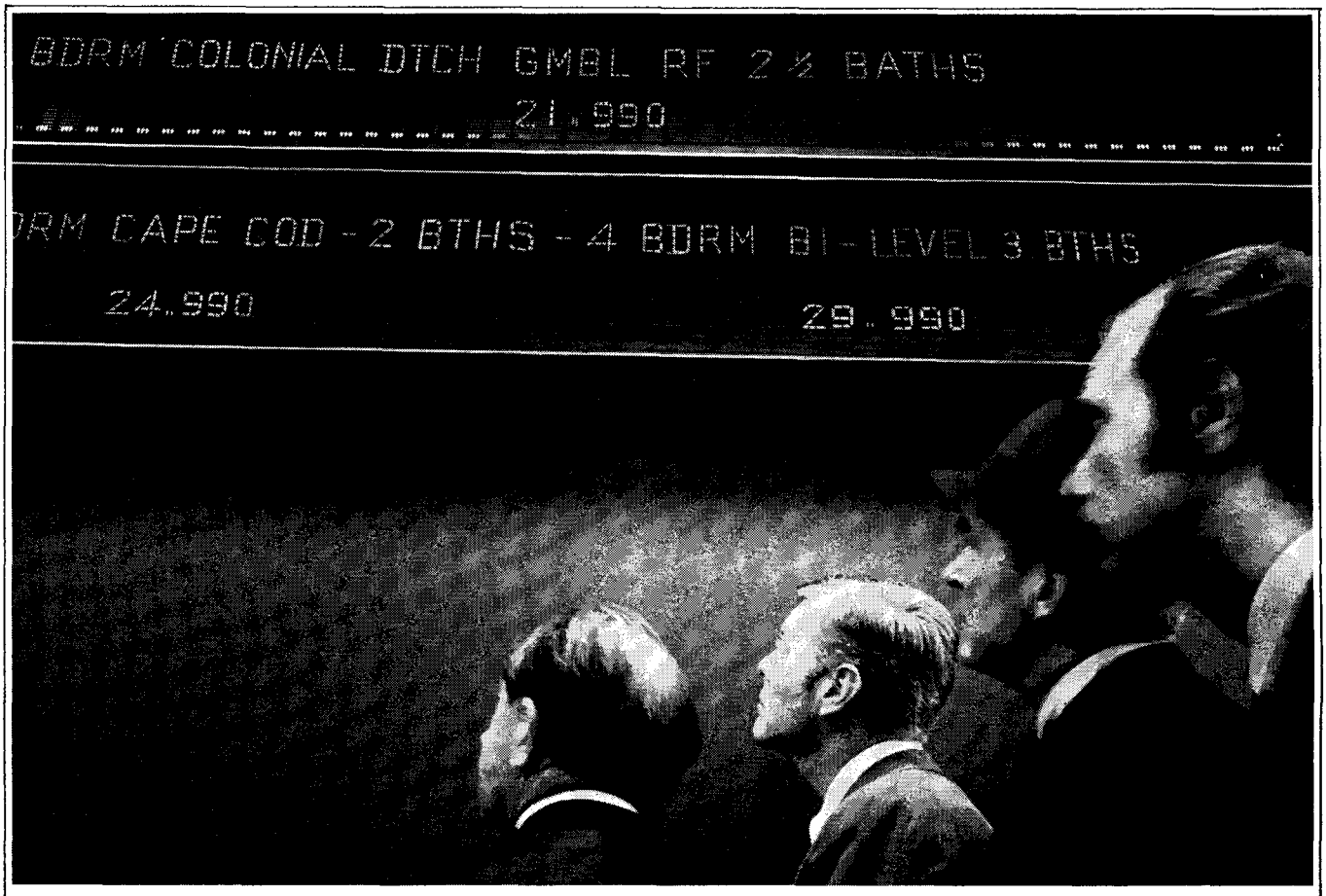

If stock exchanges quoted the daily prices of houses, you'd be astonished at what good investments they are.

About the only time a homeowner realizes the true value of his house is when he's selling it.

If he put his house on the market today, he might be pleasantly surprised at just how much it is worth. Many houses are now selling for thousands of dollars more than they did just a short time ago. And with land, labor and material costs rising, the trend continues up.

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Along with savings, insurance and stocks, real estate offers a good field for investment, especially on a long-range basis. And with rapid population increases, houses in dense urban areas are already at a premium.

Through our subsidiary, Levitt and Sons Incorporated, a leading international home and community builder, we are adding thousands of new houses where the need is great, both in the U.S. and abroad.

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Housing is one of many fields we have gone into because of a growing need. From pipeline controls and telecommunications equipment to baked goods, we are making more products and services available to people who need them.

And in all the fields we have entered, our resources and skills have resulted in increased competition, which results in more efficient use of manpower and material. That makes the future a better investment for you and people everywhere.

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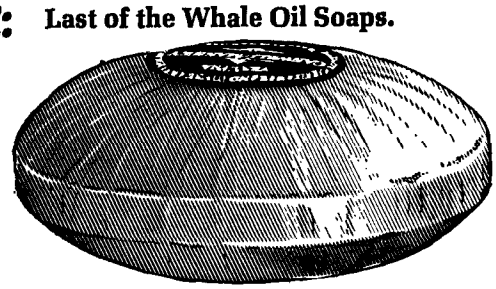
declares
Ralph Taylor Phg. President, Caswell-Massey Co.

"For over a century, Caswell-Massey has been making superb soaps from a specially prepared extract of whale oil—soaps unrivaled for richness, unmatched for the sheer luxury of their lather. Today, the demand for Caswell-Massey Whale Oil Soaps has never been greater. And it is precisely when these leviathans of lather are at their peak of popularity that we have decided to make no more. With this public notice, we are ceasing production of Caswell-Massey Whale Oil Extract Soaps. What prompts this unprecedented action on our part? The real fear that the whale, if unprotected, stands in mortal danger of extinction. And far be it for us, America's oldest chemists and perfumers, in any way to encourage the hunting down of these noble giants of the deep, nor to precipitate their demise! Hopefully, by stopping the manufacture of Whale Oil Soaps, we may encourage others in commerce to follow our example and thus Save The Whale.

Realizing the inconvenience such a decision might give our loyal patrons, we have worked long hours prior to this announcement to find a replacement which would duplicate the natural qualities of whale oil. What we have now come up with is a surprising substance derived from a natural, vegetable source which chemically and physiologically duplicates our former whale oil extract and which we have named in honor of our friend, the whale, Vegesperm. So, providentially, we can continue to supply a bath soap of remarkable beauty, with the same abundance of rich lather and gentleness rare even amongst the costliest of soaps. Each hefty oval of our new Caswell-Massey Vegesperm Bath Soap weighs approximately 6 ounces. It bursts into billows of creamy, skin-drenching lather the moment it touches water. And our fragrances —superb! Nine different scents, including one that was actually favored by George Washington and dates from our founding in 1752. These intense fragrances last till the very last sliver. And for each one there's a lovely color to add beauty to your bathroom. You'll find our new Vegesperm soaps at some of the best stores and shops. They cost some $5.00 for three large ovals neatly boxed. And you have my personal assurance they're remarkably like our Whale Oil Soaps of yore. Except that there's a whale of a difference between them!"

Before: **Last of the Whale Oil Soaps.**



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114 E. 25th St., N.Y.C. 10010
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After: **First of the new Caswell-Massey Vegesperm Bath Soap.**

from one Southern Jewish mother who insisted that her landsman, the shepherd, didn't *need* crepe paper around his staff 1,969 years ago.

—Barry Farber.

It Takes Only a Moment

A simple fact like the date of Inigo Jones's death is easy. You can look in the *Encyclopedia Americana* and find that it was July 21, 1652. Or, if you place greater trust in the *Britannica,* you can look there and find it was July 5, 1651. If you prefer an English answer, you can find one in the *Dictionary of National Biography* —June 21, 1652.

My English prof repeatedly impressed on me the thoughtlessness of taking the time of an important personage, such as an English prof, to get answers for simple, factual questions. If it was something that could be found on one page of one book, you could look it up. In some research I've been doing recently, I've realized anew how true that is.

Suppose I want to know where Martin Luther King, Jr., got his Ph.D. It takes only a moment to check in a recent scholarly work, *American Christianity* by Smith, Handy, and Loetscher, and find that it was Boston University. Or with equal ease one can turn to the *Columbia Encyclopedia* for the answer—Harvard.

Sometimes you have to look around a bit to find certainty. If you should be seeking, for example, the year Hugh of Saint Victor was born, the *New Catholic Encyclopedia* is vague—end of eleventh century. The *Oxford Dictionary of the Christian Church,* a little more precise, says c. 1096. The *Columbia Encyclopedia,* which presumably received later word giving final confirmation, makes it a definite 1096.

For a recent article, I needed to know how many member churches the World Council of Churches had at its founding in 1948. For such information you are not dependent just on the *New Catholic Encyclopedia,* which says 145. Or on the authoritative *History of the Ecumenical Movement,* edited by Rouse and Neill, which says 147.

Fortunately, the Council published the official report of the founding Assembly. So you can get the number from the general secretary's report to the Assembly—150. Or, if you don't mind taking the time, you can turn to the back of the book, where the churches represented are listed, and count them—133.

There's no reason to bother other people for information like that.

—Tracy Early.

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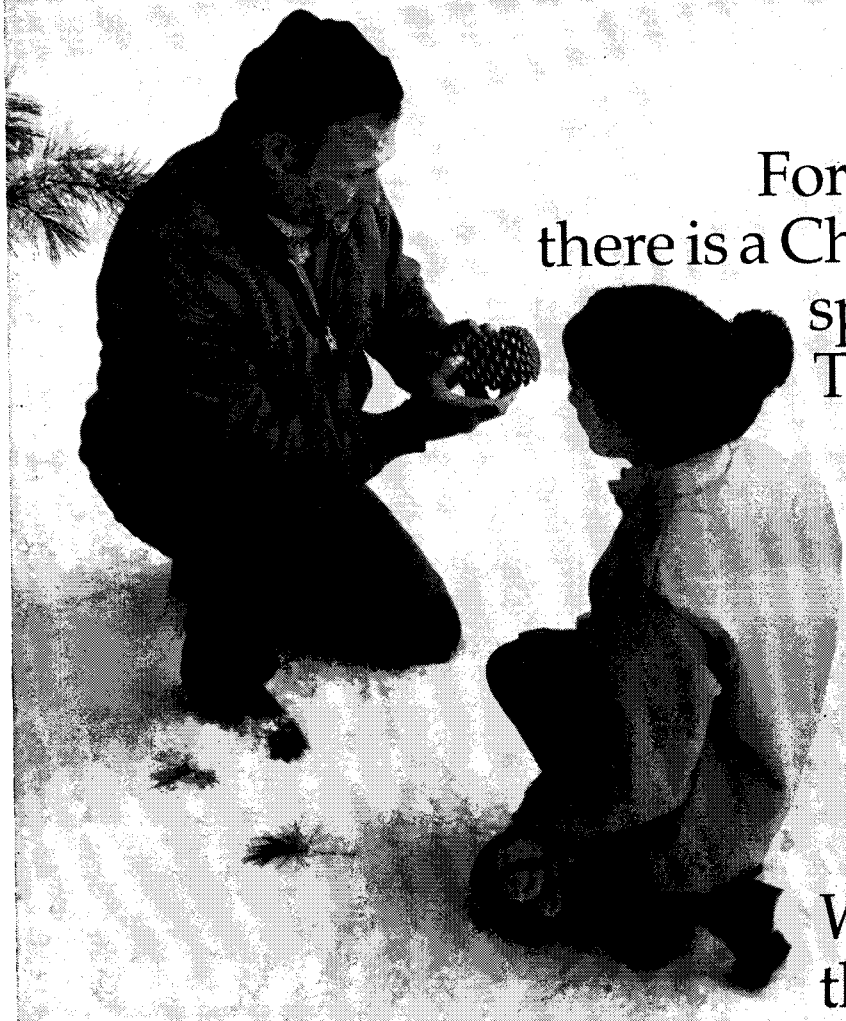
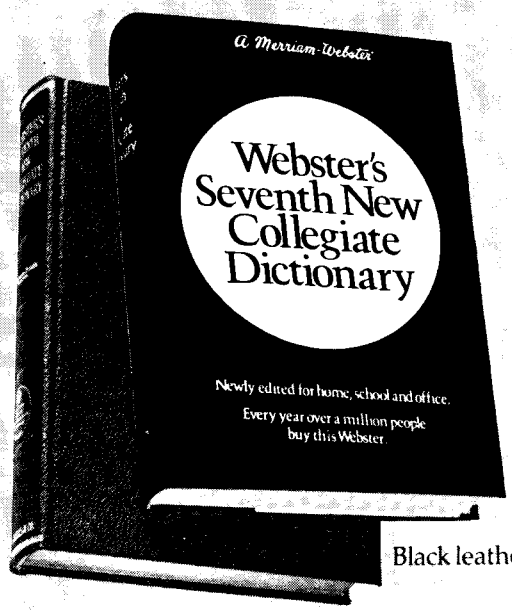


For someone curious, there is a Christmas gift with special meaning — The Answer Book.

A whole library of new words and information that answers all kinds of questions. No wonder more people give Webster's Seventh than any other desk dictionary.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Elga Andersen. REALITES No. 211, Pg. 90

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Share her delights through the rarified pleasures of REALITES. Each month, let us be your inspired companion as, together, we explore a world that most people never discover. The world of greatness... where the arts are very much alive, and living is the highest art of all.

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

The Ides of November

NOVEMBER was the month that found one citizen so unable to cope with the history that was being made in such kaleidoscopic profusion on his TV set that he kept nervously lighting his chocolate cigarette, as he busily circled the dates on his calendar.

November 3: Our President made a speech in which he said that, if we stopped kibitzing the war over his shoulder, he would be able to play his cards so well he would "win the peace," for which we all so fervently hope.

November 11: Veterans' Day, formerly known as Armistice Day, which celebrated the end of a war that would end all wars, minus World War 2, and 2½ in Korea, and 2¾ in Vietnam.

November 13: The day Vice President Agnew complained that the public was being shortchanged by what the TV networks were presenting on the home screen, but who failed to mention the Debbie Reynolds program.

November 14: Cape Kennedy, where three astronauts were about to blast off from a stormy ocean to fly to the Ocean of Storms, and a friendly, happy, handshaking President was on hand to throw out the first lightning bolt.

November 15: The march to the George Washington Monument, and nobody could tell the lie that the demonstration was anything but peaceful, except Attorney General Mitchell, whose office was spattered by a few dissident eggs. And through the demonstrations, we were told, the President watched on TV as Ohio State beat Purdue 42 to 14. Now there's a consensus to be envied!

November was also the month that a young Marine hijacked a plane over California and gave us a real cliffhanger by winding up seventeen hours and 6,900 miles later in Italy, much to the dismay of the FBI. It was only a Sunday night before that the same plot was used on one of the television *FBI* series.

That was a slightly different hijacking than the caper by the Marine, who forced the plane to land for refueling in Denver, New York City, Bangor, Maine, and Shannon Airport in Ireland. On TV, Efrem Zimbalist and a couple of helpers had accomplished their mission impossible with much less bother, and with a much more attractive result by capturing the California hijacker by the time he got to Phoenix, or Memphis, or some place.

Anyway, Efrem did it in one hour, with ample time for commercials, station breaks, coming attractions, cigarette scares, and all that other garbage the networks manage to crowd in on our eyes and ears.

But November's *coup de grâce* came the night a young fiftyish singer came on TV to entertain with songs. How many of you saw the Frank Sinatra special? Let's have a show of hands. That many, huh? Then you know what I mean. The man sang lyrics as if they meant something to him, and we could understand and feel every word.

Talk about anti-Establishment! Here I came to the TV set, loaded down with the usual Excedrin, Dramamine, assorted meprobamates, and earplugs, waiting for The Beat to begin and drown out the lyrics, and this fellow sings words I can hear set to music that touched the soul. The nerve of the guy!

He grooved so that I climbed walls. Not only was there no obeisance to the folk and rock singers, but he gave not even a nod of recognition to The Beat. As far as he was concerned The Beat could have been China. Oh, the beat was there all right, but in lower case, and so sublimated that the lyrics came through crystal-clear. Not with The Beat that rattles around in the heads of the young these days.

If you think I'm suggesting that the songs of today will be little noted nor long remembered, I am. With the exception of a fistful ("Honey," "Little Green Apples"), none will ever attain the standard of being called a "Standard." A Standard is a song that outlives its time: "They Say It's Wonderful," "Dearly Beloved," "All the Things You Are," "That Old Black Magic," "If I Loved You," "People Will Say We're in Love."

Of course these, you will say, are the old love songs. However, today they seem to be writing songs of hate, but not for me. No wonder the likes of Harold Arlen, Johnny Mercer, Richard Rodgers, Jerome Kern, and Yip Harburg have laid their quills to rest.

Once upon a time, we left a theater or a movie humming "Hello, Dolly," or "If This Isn't Love," or "All the Things You Are." What kind of medium is TV that we walk away from it singing "Everybody Doesn't Like Something, but Nobody Doesn't Like Sara Lee"?

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Give it to someone you love. Like yourself. The Ricoh Super Shot automatic 35mm camera with the revolutionary new electronic shutter. It electronically adjusts both aperture and exposure time for perfect pictures automatically. Warns you when flash is needed. Built-in self-timer lets you get into the picture. High speed f/1.7 lens. Automatic film advance. All yours for under $110.

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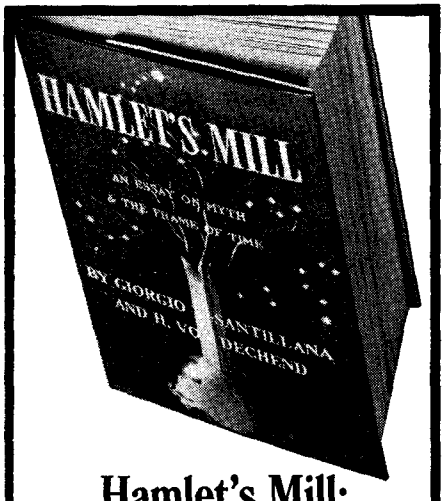

Hamlet's Mill:

An Essay on Myth and the Frame of Time

GIORGIO DE SANTILLANA & HERTHA VON DECHEND

A revolutionary new study of ancient scientific thought that dramatically questions accepted ideas about the origins of human knowledge and postulates an archaic, preliterate world of great sophistication. $10.00

Gambit *Incorporated*

Trade Winds

Cleveland Amory

We suppose it was inevitable. In any case, Mrs. Karen Gaines, of the University of Pennsylvania, sent it to us first. "No agnews," she said, "is good agnews."

Also from Pennsylvania, Gary Brubaker of Johnsonburg located in the Bradford (Pa.) *Era* the story of the swearing in of Arlin M. Adams as a judge of the Third U.S. Court of Appeals:

> The forty-nine-year-old Adams was robbed by his three daughters after he took the oath of office.

Well, these days, you can't be too careful. Judge not, we always say, even in your own family. Meanwhile, our nomination for Typo of the Year came to us from Samm Sinclair Baker —from the galley proofs of his new book, *Gardening Dos and Don'ts*:

> Do check the top inch of soil before seeding to make sure that the earth is firm enough. Walk across. If your footprints sink in a half-inch to an inch deep, then firm the soil with a light rolling, or lay down a few broads at a time and step on them to flatten and firm the earth.

Talk about getting down to basics. In any case, as if this weren't enough, Ruth Yasgur of Somerville, New Jersey, discovered something pretty hairy in her local classified column:

> Dark brown human hair fall (with head) $35 or best offer.

Our Advertisement of the Week was a curious one. Joyce Fullard, of De Kalb, Illinois, on a trip to Canada, found the following item in a BOAC ad in Toronto's *Weekend* magazine:

> 14 Days in London
> Including accommodation with private bath in selected hotels; plus hearty English breakfasts of porridge, bacon, eggs, sausages, kippers, and condiments for two full weeks.

Mrs. Fullard was amused by the inclusion of the word "condiments." She noted, however, that her amusement was not shared by any members of her family. It soon turned out that none of her family knew what condiments were, and all assumed them to be beverages.

Her curiosity aroused, Mrs. Fullard next asked forty-six college freshmen to explain the word. Three knew, she reports, three guessed it had something to do with food, and forty had never heard the word before.

Ah, the pity of it. It's the lack of *Latin*, Mrs. Fullard. *Condimentum*. And to think every one of those young whippersnappers would know right away what a condominium was—*con* plus *dominium*, of course.

Meanwhile, our Letter of the Week concerned even smaller fry. It came from Frances William Browin of Philadelphia:

> Patty, aged four, is the granddaughter of a lady I know who, in the doting fashion of grandmothers, allows herself to be awakened fairly regularly at 5 a.m. because her granddaughter has been told in no uncertain terms by her parents that, even though she does get tired of staying in bed, she must cease coming to their room to bother them when she awakens at that hour. So, having mastered the art of dialing numbers, she uses the telephone to bother her grandmother instead.
>
> That long-suffering lady, feeling rather flattered, thought she had learned to take this in her stride, but she was a little shaken recently when her early morning caller, sounding more than usually excited, did not pause for a response to her customary "Goodmorninggrandmahowareyou?" greeting but plunged right ahead to announce breathlessly, "Grandma, I just talked to Jesus!"
>
> "Are you *sure*, Patty?" her grandmother replied, trying to sound matter-of-fact. "How do you *know* it was Jesus?"
>
> "Because he told me so, Grandma, that's how. You see, I thought I dialed your number right, but then this man's voice answered. He sounded awful sleepy and when I said 'Isn't Grandma there?' he yelled real loud 'Jesus!' Then he hung up."

A highlight of our fortnight was seeing one of the most moving documentaries we have ever viewed, *This Is What*

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OK, so you know that three-stage direct-coupled amplifier isn't an upcoming Updike sequel.

So allow us to direct your attention in three stages to our A-1200U tape deck:

1. This is the only professional-quality machine on the market for less than $300. And we wouldn't con you pros.
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Biafra Is, a film made by none other than Cliff (*Charly*) Robertson. Afterward, we asked Mr. Robertson when the public could see it. He answered us gently, albeit in a voice that indicated his genuine dedication. "Who knows?" he said. "Whenever you make a film like this, people are going to say you're subjective. Well, my film isn't subjective. It's objective. These are the facts. And they are desperate facts."

Among the many Biafrans Robertson interviewed on film was an Army officer who recalled that, when the war began, Biafra had, in its entire army, exactly 128 rifles. Among the many outrages the film shows is the daily bombing of Biafran hospitals—by Egyptian pilots in Russian-built Nigerian airplanes. Indeed, Robertson was himself bombed while conducting an interview at a civilian hospital. "Biafrans feel," said Father Doheny, chief of relief of the Irish Holy Ghost Order, "that they must fight to survive—that if they don't, they will be exterminated."

Meanwhile, of course, despite the dedicated efforts of various church and Biafran relief groups to distribute food, widespread protein deficiency continues and mass starvation still threatens—and this in a country that has been called "the granary of West Africa," and that in peace could easily support its population. "The U.N. will not act," said Dr. Nwonye Otue, special Biafran representative to the United States, "because they are empowered to deal only with refugees, and the U.N. regards Biafra as an internal problem of Nigeria."

And what, we asked Robertson, about the role of the United States? "The feeling in Washington seems to be," he replied quietly, "that if the United States doesn't meddle in Biafra, perhaps the British will keep quiet about our involvement in Vietnam."

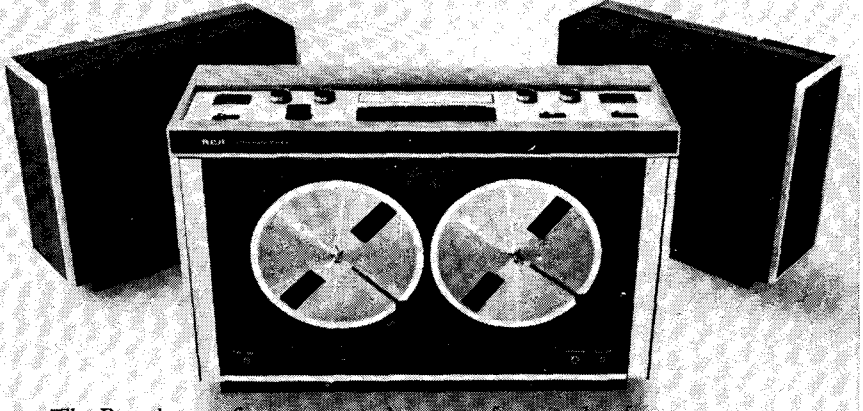
The Russians and the Arabs—and now the British and us. It sure is hard these days to find the good guys, isn't it?

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1861)

GEORGE WICKES:
AMERICANS IN PARIS (1903-1939)

Cummings sometimes writes French with an exaggerated American accent that makes it hard to translate, particularly when the context is misleading. The Hotel des Artistes appears unexpectedly as "the hoe tell days are / teased" when there is no reason to expect a hotel.

Ruin your amateur standing.



The Royale, our finest open-reel, will make you feel like a full-fledged pro. It makes great sound reproduction so easy.

This solid state 7-inch stereo recorder has speakers that separate to 24 feet, yet lock together back-to-back for carrying. Plus each speaker contains two 8-inch woofers and two tweeters.

The instrument operates at three speeds —on four tracks—for every recording application. Its automatic level control keeps recording levels constant. And its "sound-plus-sound" feature lets you add new sound to a previously recorded tape.

Ask your RCA dealer about the Royale. (The one with a translucent dust cover and computer-style reels.) You'll start to feel like a pro already.

RCA

Chess Corner No. 144

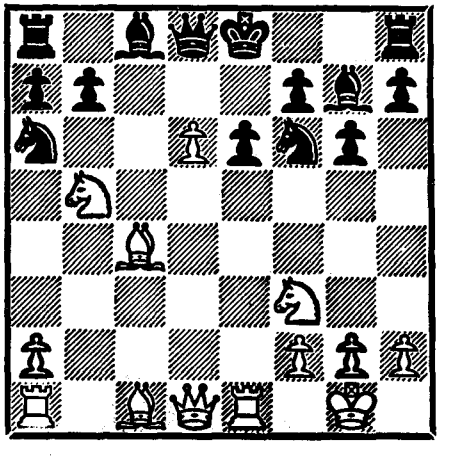
An adventurous Englishman, bold enough to beard the champion of chess-powerful Moscow University in his den, is the winner of the following brief game. When the contest began, Rosomov's compatriots assembled behind the champion's chair to watch the artistic slaughter. As the game progressed, however, and it became obvious that things weren't going according to schedule, they all slipped quietly round to the other side of the table!

The game itself exhibits a familiar theme: White sacrifices material—3 P-QN4 (the Wing Gambit)—in exchange for time; after 9 B-QB4, he has three men on ideal squares, and a strong advanced pawn on Q5, while all of Black's men are still on the back rank. In return, Black is a pawn ahead.

Here, however, time means more than material. Black tries hard to bring out his pieces, but when White plays 12 P-Q6!, and Black cannot capture either way, he is in deep trouble.

White finishes with a neat sacrificial combination. If Black plays 14 . . . BxP instead of 14 . . . NxP, White answers 15 N-Q6ch and 16 NxNP.

Hayden	Rozomov
White	**Black**
1 P-K4	P-QB4
2 N-KB3	N-QB3
3 P-QN4	PxP
4 P-Q4	P-Q4
5-PxP	QxP
6 P-B4	PxPe.p.
7 NxP	Q-Q1
8 P-Q5	N-N1
9 B-QB4	N-KB3
10 O-O	P-KN3
11 R-K1	B-N2
12 P-Q6	P-K3
13 N-QN5	N-R3



14 P-Q7ch	NxP
15 N-Q6ch	K-B1
16 NxKBP	KxN
17 BxPch	K-B1
18 B-R3ch	Resigns

—AL HOROWITZ.

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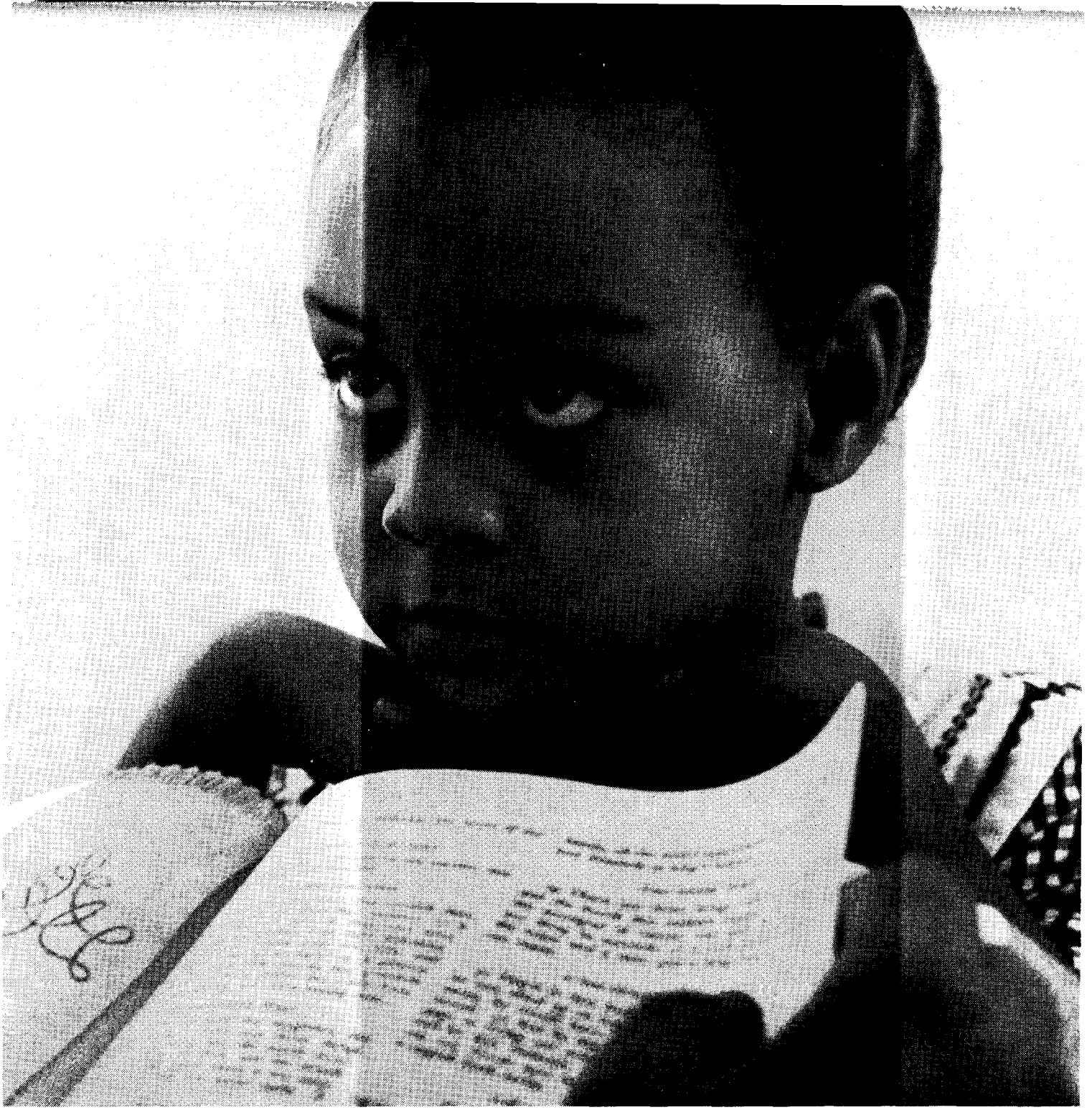

Equitable thinks Ana Morales ought to do better in school.

Ana could be a whiz—if she had the kind of medical attention most children get. But all too often, those who need health care the most, get it least—and last.

Equitable is disturbed by this, and we're trying to help bring about a change. By investing funds for health centers in low income areas, for hospital expansion, for nursing and convalescent homes. By contributing to health research and education. By helping develop new ways to bring health care to those who need it.

Whether it's health care...or a Living Insurance program for a family...helping people build a better life is what Equitable is all about.

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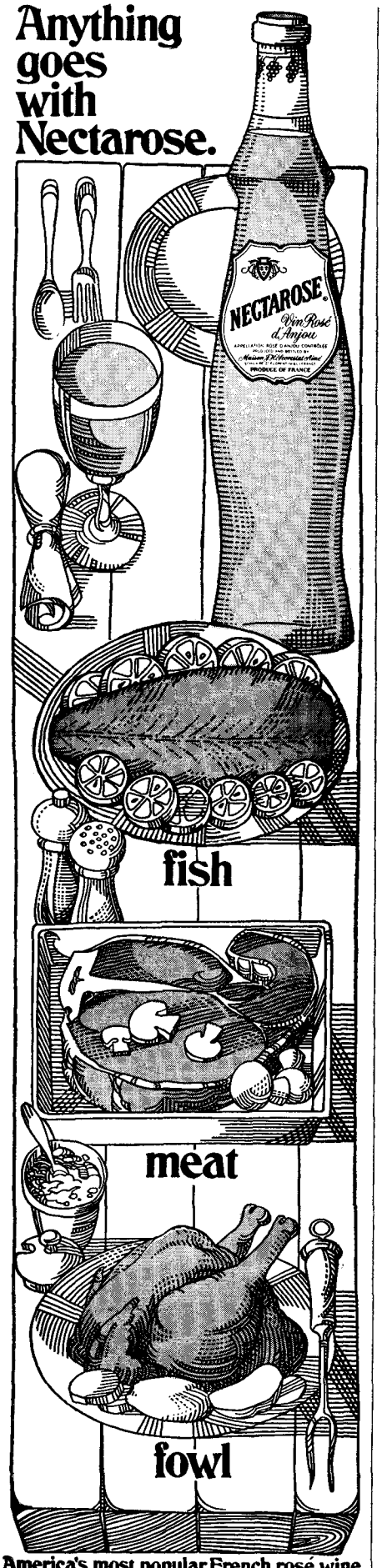

The Theater

Henry Hewes

A Japanese Puzzle

BOSTON, MASS.

ONE OF this country's ten oldest regional professional theaters, the Charles Playhouse, has operated here for a dozen years pretty much as a resident professional company. Recently, its producing director, Frank Sugrue, revised this policy. This season each play will be staged by a visiting director, who will choose a work he enthusiastically wishes to stage. Then he will cast the play in New York. This means securing the best actors available at the comparatively small salaries the Charles Playhouse can afford to pay. Making the proposition more attractive to actors as well as economical to the Charles is the fact that two of the three weeks of rehearsal period are spent in New York, so that the actor need be away from home for only the final rehearsal week plus, of course, the month's run in Boston.

The results to date would appear to justify this method of working. The Charles's first production, *The Iceman Cometh,* proved extremely popular and played to capacity audiences (the playhouse seats 525) for the last two weeks of its run.

The second attraction, however, provides a more severe test, because not only is it an unfamiliar new play by an unestablished British playwright, but it is a puzzling piece for the theatergoers to interpret. Titled *Narrow Road to the Deep North,* it was reportedly written in two and a half days by Edward Bond. The thirty-four-year-old Bond has had a stronger impact on the British theater than any new author of the last few seasons. His *Saved* (1965) caused great dissension, because it contained a scene in which some hoodlums rub excrement in a baby's face and then stone it to death. And his *Early Morning* (1967) challenged censorship by presenting Queen Victoria in a lesbian relationship with Florence Nightingale. Although there is plenty of violence and unpatriotic inference in *Narrow Road to the Deep North* (1968), it evoked less furor than the others. Nevertheless, it received the John Whiting Playwrights Award.

The play begins with deceptive humor, as we meet the overly intellectual poet Basho, who is on his way to Japan's deep north in search of enlightenment. A baby has been abandoned beside the road, but Basho refuses to look at it, for to adopt it would interfere with his intellectual journey. The next scene is thirty years later. Basho has just returned from the north where he discovered the real truth, namely that there was no enlightenment to be acquired there. He encounters another orphan, Kiro, who asks to become his pupil. Basho advises him to enroll in a seminary instead.

Now the play turns to the subject of government. The city is being ruled by a thirty-one-year-old tyrant named Shogo, who terrorizes the people with his executions, but who does make schools, sewers, and hospitals work efficiently. Basho is horrified not so much by the killing, but by the fact that when Shogo saves Kiro's life he breaks a sacred vase that is inextricably stuck on Kiro's head. Basho interprets this willingness to destroy a symbol of religion a fatal characteristic. He says, "Shogo's city is hell, ruled by atrocity. I could put up with that if I could still hope. But how can I hope if he destroys religion? . . . A fool destroys men, but a fanatic destroys their hope." Ironically, Basho also realizes Shogo was the infant he had by-passed earlier.

As a result of this incident, Basho sets about the task of overthrowing Shogo by feeding his city to the colonizing British, represented here most amusingly by a bumbling commodore and his missionary companion Georgina. With the aid of superior weapons, they quickly do so, and Georgina sets

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up her kind of government. Whereas Shogo ruled by atrocity, she rules by morality. In a neo-Shavian speech, she explains, "Atrocity didn't work, because it left people free to judge Shogo. They said: he makes us suffer and. . . calls it law and order, but we say it's a crime against us. . . . I use morality. I persuade people—in their hearts—that they are sin, and that they have evil thoughts, and that they're greedy, violent, and destructive, and more than anything else their bodies must be hidden, and that sex is nasty and corrupting and must be secret. When they believe all that, they do what they're told. They don't judge you—they feel guilty themselves and accept that you have the right to judge them."

Basho is impressed, but warns her that people who raise ghosts become haunted. The rest of the play deals with a successful counterattack by Shogo, followed by his eventual massacre by the British. Through these experiences, Georgina, who reveals that her religious zeal was insincere, does indeed become haunted, and her repressed sexuality emerges. Kiro, the most idealistic figure in the play, becomes disenchanted with the world and commits hara-kiri. But as he does, a half-drowned man, who has been shouting in vain for Kiro's help, climbs out of the river, wrings out his wet loincloth, and stands naked but undeterred in his resolve to face the realities of living.

Since the play was commissioned by the Canon of Coventry Cathedral, Bond's assaults on the fallibility of the church are obviously intentional bites of the hand that fed him. At the same time, the playwright seems to see the folly of totalitarian attempts to do away with religion. What is his conclusion? Is it that men should be able to find hope and religion in the pleasures of life themselves, and with that hope should be willing to accept the pain as part of the process? Bond doesn't say, and his remote parable, for all its interesting twists and turns, often leaves us more perplexed than provoked.

Louis Criss has staged the play adroitly, capturing both the humor and the vivid brutality of the events. Nicholas Kepros plays Basho with a helpful quizzicality. Sheila Hart achieves total purity in her intense portrayal of the impure Georgina. William Trotman as the Commodore, Michael Stoddard as Kiro, and David Spielberg as Shogo all contribute to this splendid production of Bond's admirably blithe attempt to distill the East-West struggle into one refined dramatic fable.

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Manner of Speaking

John Ciardi

Dear Mr. President: I am not at all sure a private citizen should clutter your mailbox even to offer you his admiration. As a matter of fact, I am not sure I am a whole private citizen. Ever since my wife joined the League of Women Voters she has been using up 100 per cent of her private citizenship and 50 per cent of mine. When she gets back from meetings, I am free within my 50 per cent to do as I am told. I don't really mind that sort of executive authority, especially since she knows she is always right. Yet, I find myself sympathizing with your feelings. I, too, would like to persuade someone that I am a truly peerless leader. Every now and then, therefore, I issue a wisely balanced declaration of authority along with a plea for a little basic 100 per cent faith in my peerlessness. And every time I finish speaking, a self-appointed elite of local commentators goes on the air with immediate and querulous criticism.

Like you, I would hate to impose a gag law. In fairness, I prefer that they impose it on themselves—or else. It seems to me I have earned the right to be Big Daddy to a respectful and unquerulous family to which I freely grant the right of happy obedience. The trouble is that my family is too American for long-range comparison. It keeps insisting I put up or shut up.

I know I have tried everything I could think of to create the right image. Last New Year's Day I called them together and apologized openly for the cost-of-living cut in last Christmas. I begged them, however, to have faith in me, promising in return that I would lead them to a new Christmas before another New Year rolled around. All I got out of that was a disorderly demonstration by the kids. They staged an all-night Bronx cheer. I must say they certainly did sound like impudent intellectual snobs to me.

That's when I had a long talk with my wife and appointed her official Silent Majority in residence. She promised to go along with me, at least in front of the kids, but in no time at all I began to hear her alto Bronx cheer from the back of the choir.

Mr. President, you know the feeling of being in too deep to pull out. I hauled the dressmaker's dummy down from the attic, put three mirrors around it to create an instant multitude, and then set up the dummy as the new Silent Majority. I think you may be happy to know it worked, too. I don't think I have ever seen anything as silent as my Silent Majority.

Yet, I confess I woke up this morning feeling at least inadequate and probably fictitious, though that isn't entirely why I thought of you. I did have some idea of writing to offer my sympathy as a fellow sufferer, but I wasn't focused yet. Then, groping my way to breakfast, I stumbled over the dummy and smashed the mirrors, reducing my built-in Silent Majority to a multiple mess. It was then I really began to identify with you and to sense all you have gone through for us. Your house is so much larger than ours that you must have a miserable time groping around for something you can sink your teeth into, and stumbling over a lot more dummies than I have been able to invent out of my private sense of fantasy.

Like you, too, I leased my house from the Southside Mortgage Company and I had to put up with some nasty stipulations. I had, for example, to take on a handy man picked out by Southside. I even had to promise on the q.t. to campaign for a judge that Southside wanted on the bench. He was nothing I wanted to meet in court, but it was a case of play ball or not get the lease, and I had to have the lease. Luckily, Southside's nominee flunked his final exam and I was off that hook, but I still have this handy man I got saddled with. We call him Spiral Ague, because he is forever dizzying around with chills and fevers due to a bad case of hoof-in-mouth disease.

Well, sir, I got my secretary to write up some phony speeches attacking everything that stood between me and my peerlessness, and she gave them to Ague and sent him out to deliver them in the local schools where the word was sure to reach my kids. I must say he spewed manfully, even if he couldn't pronounce all the words or manage to pause in all the right places. He just isn't much of a sight reader. Even at that it warmed my cockles to get back most of the favorable comments my wife and my secretary had planted for me.

I was, of course, careful to avoid Ague for weeks before he went off speechifying. My secretary took care of the whole business. When the kids started asking nasty questions, therefore, I was able to answer with a fine,

(*Continued on page* 48)

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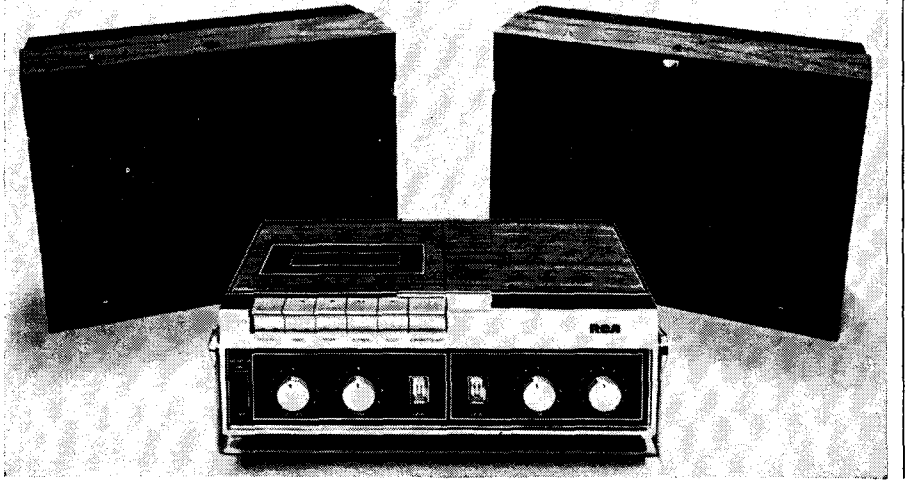

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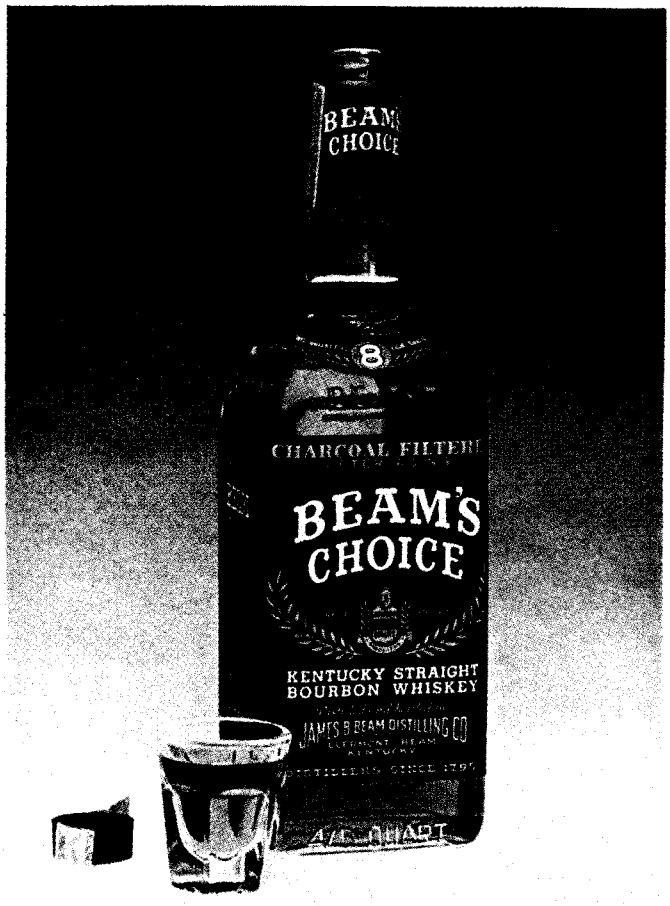

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Saturday Review
December 13, 1969

How Not to Tinker With the Economy

"The relation between demand and supply can be stabilized by reducing demand, *or* by increasing supply. The latter is certainly a more typical American solution than the defeatist policy of reducing demand through depression and unemployment."

by JOHN F. WHARTON

My father was a visionary, but with limitations. He might have believed a prediction that his son would see a man step on the moon, but, being a staunch Republican, he would never, never, never have believed a prediction that a Republican administration would deliberately try to lower the American standard of living. Yet that is exactly what is happening. Of course, the politicians do not talk about it in such terms. They use phrases such as "cooling the economy" to "control inflation," meaning that they intend to reduce the cost of goods and services in terms of dollars. This would be fine if their policies had no other effects. But there *are* other effects, which will prove disastrous.

By adopting restrictive money policies, the government hopes to cut down business activity, stop business expansion, and create unemployment, even to the extent of a "mild depression." It is *hoped* that this will so reduce the demands of consumers that the producers will have to reduce prices. What is *certain* is this: Cutting the production of goods and services at a time when the number of people needing such goods and services is rapidly increasing will mean there is less and less to go 'round. Hence, the over-all standard of living *must* fall. The very rich will feel it very little; they can bid for anything they want. The poor will feel it the most. The rest of us will suffer in varying degrees. But the over-all result is certain: If a country is producing a certain quantity of goods to supply a certain quantity of people, and you cut the supply but increase the number of people, then there will be fewer goods per person available.

I am quite sure that very few Americans realize this, because very few Americans think in terms of economic realities. Here is a simple illustration of a monetary proposition: If the dollar cost of goods is reduced by 20 per cent but the reduction is achieved by reducing your dollar income by 40 per cent, are you better or worse off? Most of us can figure that one out very quickly, but how many think to apply it? There is an even simpler proposition which is constantly disregarded: The true wealth of a country consists of the goods and services available to the citizens; money is the equivalent of wealth only when it can buy such goods and services.

However, if you ask someone to define a "prosperous man," he will usually state it in terms of money—so many dollars of income and so many dollars of capital. Such a definition is only true if the dollars will enable the man to procure the goods and services needed to make him *truly* prosperous. This means food, clothing, housing, medical care, educational facilities, protection from fire and crime, plus a reasonable amount of what people call "luxuries." Usually, money can procure all these, but not *always*. Doesn't anyone remember World War II when money could not buy you a new Cadillac (they weren't being made)? My wife broke her foot while in Moscow; had I been Aristotle Onassis I couldn't have bought her a wheel chair; there was no such thing for sale. (Fortunately, the American Embassy loaned us one.) Money, therefore, is only one factor in economic problems. The current high priests of economics talk as if it were the *only* one.

The so-called inflation (it should be called "rising prices in terms of dollars") that has been going on in this country for the past fifteen to twenty years is *not* a money inflation in the classic sense. Mr. Johnson's recklessly unbalanced budgets did make the monetary factor a vastly important one, but there are two other even more important factors that go back much further in time. The first of these is the historic success by many groups of workers in raising their standard of living, usually through unionization. All kinds of workers—from truck drivers to teachers, from trained nurses to garbage collectors—began in the late 1930s to demand and get higher wages and salaries that enabled them, *in those days*, to obtain more true wealth. However, when these increases were not offset by labor-saving machinery and other forms of increased productivity, they added to the cost of production and distribution. The producers accordingly raised prices, and the service industries raised their charges.

It is not difficult to understand the reason for the demands of many of

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these groups. It always amazed me that our society took for granted a "working class" that would perform arduous tasks—such as nursing the mentally sick, or teaching large classes of ill-behaved children, or driving heavy trucks for long stretches—and be satisfied with a comparatively low standard of living. But, nonetheless, wage and salary increases, like markups, do add to the dollar price of the goods and services. Just *tinkering with the money system* won't cure it. It can, however, touch off a real depression.

The second factor that has upset the whole economy is the sudden, startling growth in the population. This has created an enormous, steadily increasing demand for goods and services. In our free enterprise economy this naturally resulted in a seller's market, and the sellers found to their delight that there were plenty of people who could earn, obtain credit for, or take from capital, the dollars necessary to pay the increased dollar prices. All of which led many people to seize on a phrase such as "the affluent society," deluding themselves into thinking we were *all* doing fine. We weren't, we aren't, and, if the current policies are carried through, things are going to get worse.

Fifteen or twenty years ago it became apparent that a population explosion was coming. A few wise statesmen saw the signs and were troubled. The late Adlai Stevenson was one; I remember discussing it with him in the middle 1950s. He went right to the heart of the matter with comments such as: "We have to start thinking now about how we are going to feed and house all these people. Consider the feeding problem when ten to twenty thousand new mouths come into our economy *every* week! How are we going to house them; will we build dreary anthills like the apartments one sees in Moscow? Can our utilities supply the extra power that will be needed? Going further, what about the schools and hospitals—and the teachers, the doctors, nurses?"

Mr. Stevenson was talking economic realities. He realized that the growing generations would require what we might call "currently necessary goods and services"—food, houses, clothing, education, medical care, protection from violence—all of which necessitate more factories, power plants, and training centers necessary to increase this production. (For brevity's sake, I will use the initials CNG&S to stand for the foregoing.) And the big questions centered on the problem of how those requirements could be met.

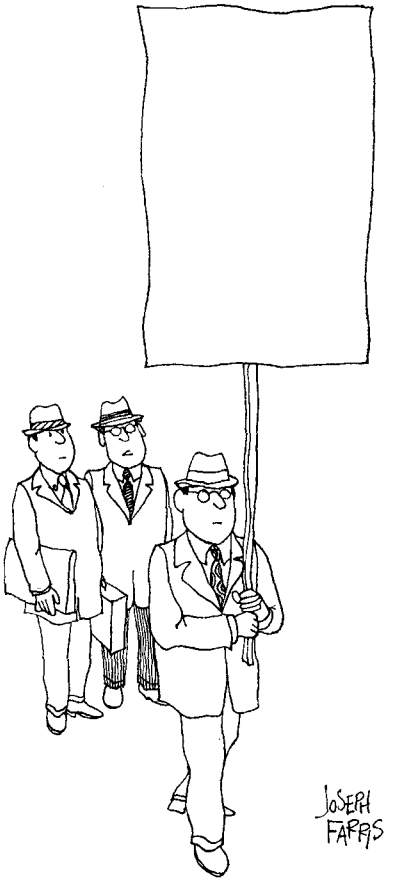
I did not worry then too much about those questions because I believed the saying of a famous economist: A brain and two hands come into the world with every mouth; put those brains and hands to work turning out CNG&S and they will support themselves. What never occurred to me was the possibility that these brains and hands would *not* be given that sort of work. But that is what is happening.

President Eisenhower's administration began building a military-industrial complex that grew so rapidly that its horrified creator took pains, in his farewell address, to warn us against it. The warning went unheeded. Manpower was *not* being poured into work that would result in CNG&S. Manpower was used to build, not schools, hospitals, or clothing factories, but plants for the production of non-consumer goods—bombs, planes, poison gas, germs for war use. Manpower was diverted in large quantities for military purposes, which meant not only soldiers but people to turn out innumerable reams of paper work. As the Vietnam war has escalated, more and more manpower has been diverted, and this process will continue as long as the conflict lasts.

It is said, of course, that all this is necessary for national security. However, if I may digress briefly, it does not seem to have given us much security; in all my seventy-five years I have never seen such fear of foreign enemies. The truth is that the pursuit of security in today's world calls for more imaginative approaches than the narrow military ones. A world government sounds far-fetched only to those who do not comprehend the implications of total power in an age without effective boundaries.

Meanwhile, I am certainly not opposed to a reasonable percentage of manpower being allocated to our security requirements, for what little value it may have. And whether the current percentage is or is not reasonable, the fact remains that the present program means that the demand for CNG&S increases while the supply does not. And this brings about another problem. Since many workers in the military-industrial complex are well paid, they can outbid the teachers, doctors, nurses, firemen, and policemen for anything in short supply. No wonder prices rise.

Until the current policies went into effect, we struggled with these problems chiefly in two ways: 1) we encouraged the expansion of facilities that supply CNG&S, and also of plants that furnish the power needed to keep such facilities going; 2) we began, without realizing it, to accept a lower standard of living in many ways. We concealed this by talking about an af-



"Chap from the silent majority."

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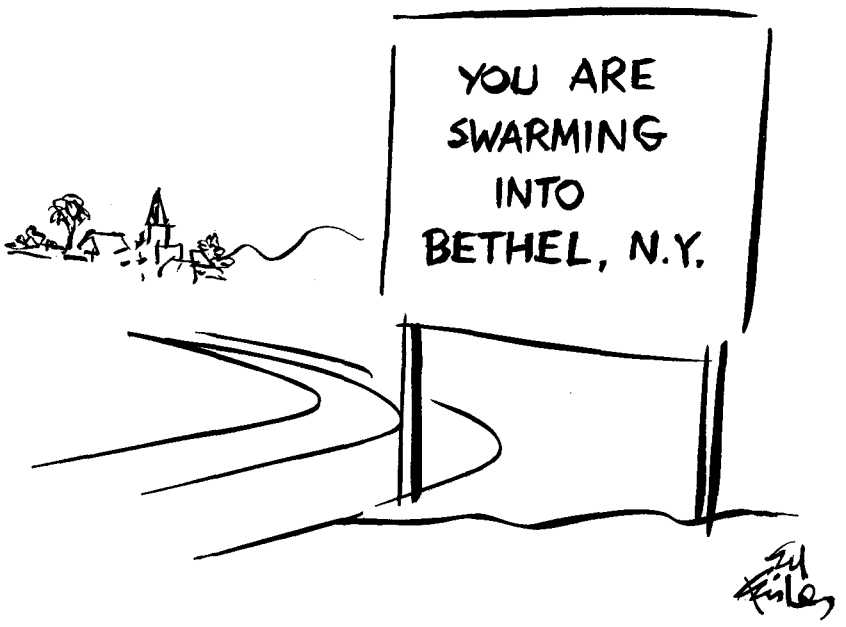
fluent society and worrying whether labor-saving machinery, if called automation, would leave no work to be done—when the economy was desperately in need of manpower for all the service industries.

Affluent we were not. If protection from crime is an essential element in prosperity, we were and are not even prosperous; even the rich cannot prevent their wives and daughters from being raped, kidnapped, and murdered in their own houses. Take an honest look at economic realities and what do you find? There may be a few places where the standard of living has risen, but certainly the declines outnumber the advances. Rooms get smaller, ceilings lower, and walls thinner; the dreary anthills of Moscow begin to look not so different. In "luxury apartments," we sometimes find one outside door, so that a distinguished guest coming in may meet the garbage coming out. More and more people are buying automobiles, but the manufacturers are continually recalling them to repair discovered defects; how many undiscovered defects are there? Educational facilities are overtaxed. So are medical. If you need an operation, unless it is critical, you may wait months before a room is available; your doctor may order private nurses for you, but you discover none is available. Repairs of any kind take longer and longer. Examples are endless.

If, on top of all this, the government's policy halts industrial expansion, building is slowed down, and no new training facilities are established, things will clearly get worse. And the next desperate remedy—wage and price controls—won't help; they will not increase the supply of CNG&S. On the contrary, they may restrict the supply still further.

Make no mistake about it. The present plan and the economic arguments that are advanced to support it say clearly and unequivocally that corporate profits must be cut, which means that wages and salaries and dividends will be lowered, and that more people will suffer the indignity of unemployment—all of which will produce a reduction in demand. *Reducing demand means reducing your standard of living.* If you want a four-bedroom house, be satisfied with a three- or even two-bedroom dwelling; if you are accustomed to a diet that includes beef every day, include beef only once a week. And so on, and so on.

In the nineteenth century, when the working classes were comparatively powerless, high interest rates and reduced business profits could reduce demand and force the workers to take lower wages. The result could be a reduction of prices in terms of money.



But can anyone believe, today, that 9 per cent money will cause sanitation workers readily to accept a cut in wages that forces a lower standard of living on them?

I have not mentioned the one government policy that has some merit—the announced determination to balance the federal budget. For a fantastically unbalanced budget superimposed on a stagnant production system can produce a monetary inflation concomitant with a depression—as the Germans discovered in the 1920s and Americans would do well to remember today. But even here we find the same underlying attack on prosperity. Federal expenditures that might benefit the civilian are being cut much more sharply than military-industrial expenditures. There is no plan to stimulate CNG&S.

But is there any possible alternate policy? Of course, there is. The relation between demand and supply can be stabilized by reducing demand, *or* by increasing supply. The latter presents just as many problems as the former, but if there are to be any constructive answers to Adlai Stevenson's questions, this is the *only* policy that will supply them. It deals with economic realities, not merely monetary factors. It is certainly a more typical American solution than the defeatist policy of reducing demand through depression and unemployment.

The opposing theories can be stated briefly. The anti-prosperity drive is trying to handle the money problem; if this requires us to reduce our standard of living, that's just too bad. If we don't like it, we can go and lump it. The prosperity advocates want to *increase* our standard of living by an enormous expansion of the supply of CNG&S and find a solution to the money problem that fits such increase. This means that we must adjust monetary policy to the needs of the population, and not subject the population to the tyranny of money policies. Many of the old guard will cry out that this can't be done.

It *can* be done, if enough Americans want to do it. I have often despaired over the things our citizens have selected as the things they don't want to do. I have never despaired over the ability of Americans to meet any challenge when they made up their minds to do it.

I lived through the days in the 1930s when our production system was stagnant. I saw it put back to work with such vigor that it supplied both guns and butter during a bitter war—a war as difficult as the war against poverty that so many politicians *talk about*. While in Washington during the Second World War, I was delighted to see how seldom we war workers said, "It can't be done"; how often we said only, "How do we do it?"

I can still recall vividly the night I sat in my hotel lobby and heard a presidential address on the radio. The situation was critical. England desperately needed certain war matériel; the war might be lost without it. We had shipped it in a convoy, but the grim question remained whether the ships would get through the German submarine wolf packs. In all reality, the odds were against it; perhaps they should have turned back. But the President concluded with three short sentences about the ships. I can still hear his voice: "They *must* get through. They *can* get through. They *will* get through."

They *did* get through. We won that war. We can win the war against poverty. But not by turning back to depression and destroying prosperity.

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The Silenced Majority

by CHARLES FRANKEL

What is the place of majority opinion in a democracy? What is the President's obligation to public opinion? These are questions that go to the heart of the democratic process. They ask us to look beneath rhetoric to the complex realities. And President Nixon has implicitly raised them by appealing to a "silent majority" that, he claims, supports the course he is taking in Vietnam. Even if Mr. Nixon is right that this majority is behind him, I am not persuaded that, as a matter of principle, he has employed the right criterion for justifying his position.

Majority opinion is a curious and elusive thing. As the polls teach us, as the ebb and flow of public reaction on Vietnam suggest, people's opinions on a public issue depend very much on how the issue is posed to them, and on the circumstances in which they are asked to express themselves. A minority today may well be a majority tomorrow, depending on what transpires between today and tomorrow. Moreover, majority opinion on a particular issue may not in fact express opinion on *that* specific issue. It may express a general party loyalty; it may express the individual's sense that he should go along with a coalition of interests with which he is broadly sympathetic even if he disagrees with the particular policy at issue; it may reflect simply his judgment that he does not know enough to have a reliable opinion on the specific question he has been asked, and his decision, therefore, to accept the opinion of people in authority.

Thus, it may be the case—although no one knows—that a majority of Americans are on President Nixon's side with regard to his policy in Vietnam. But it is hard to say what this proves. Simply out of loyalty to their President, many Americans would no doubt support Mr. Nixon if he followed a course diametrically opposed to his present one. A President, by posing issues in one way or another, makes and unmakes majorities. His deepest obligation is not to the majorities that come together and fall apart in this way. It is to a different and more important kind of majority.

The bet is a good one that most people in the United States, though they disagree on many things, nevertheless want to go on disagreeing within a framework of toleration and mutual respect. The country has had, in many respects, a harsh history. But when it has worked, despite its heterogeneity and tendencies to violence, it has worked because a sufficient number of people have wanted to play by these rules. The primary obligation of the President of a constitutional democracy is to maintain the conditions that keep such people numerous and strong and in a position to moderate the public contest. He does not have to follow their opinions on each and every issue; in fact, they will probably have conflicting opinions on many issues. But he has to ask what the impact of his policies is on the situation of people who want to make the electoral process function, and who want to keep the country together as a political community.

From this point of view, if no other, the indefinite continuation of the war in Vietnam is bad public policy. Some of the people who belong to this majority reasserted themselves in the moving demonstration in Washington in November. For a moment, civilization snapped back. The attention of the nation was caught by a display of civility and self-discipline rather than violence and abusiveness. But the majority to which such people belong remains in danger of being silenced.

Two successive administrations have carried this process far down the road. Twice in the last five years the overriding issue in Presidential elections has been Vietnam, and twice a majority has spoken through the ballot and has voted against the candidate most closely identified, by his words or his history, with a policy of deep or indefinite involvement there. Admittedly, it is difficult to read a single meaning into the results of any national election. But it would take a hardy man to say that the American electorate showed indifference to the problem of Vietnam in either of these elections, or that they expressed approval of the policies that continue to keep us mortgaged, for a dateless future, to the Thieu-Ky regime. Yet, the elected administrations of the United States have behaved, with regard to Vietnam, as though these elections hadn't happened.

This is to undermine those—surely the majority—who want to believe in elections, and who do not want to see the country split into warring camps. It is to leave them helpless and, in effect, silenced, caught between a government that does not seem to take elections seriously and a vocal minority eager to condemn "the system" as a fraud. A government cannot follow the majority on every issue, but nei-

(*Continued on page 51*)

"Did a smartly dressed youngish woman rush past here frantically shouting 'Linda, Linda' ?"

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IT STARTED WITH DAGUERRE

Victor Regnault: Portrait of a Woman, c. 1851

—Photos courtesy Philadelphia Museum of Art.

Hippolyte Bayard: Self-Portrait, c. 1850-55

by MARGARET R. WEISS

As its current offering at the Alfred Stieglitz Center, the Philadelphia Museum of Art presents an instant (but not freeze-dried) history lesson. Focusing on those post-Daguerre pioneers whose brief golden age of discovery spanned the years between 1850 and 1865, "French Primitive Photography" is an informative guide. It reviews important technical innovations and developments in printmaking; it reflects the early interrelationships of art and photography; it reveals the camera as an instrument aiding the interchange of information and the opening of new vistas of communication.

Seen in human perspective, however, the exhibit assembled from the collections of André Jammes, the Société Française de Photographie, the George Eastman House, and the Metropolitan Museum of Art is at its most rewarding. For the 250 representative prints and negatives are the mirror of men and minds at work in that photographic period of grace when the distinction between amateur and professional had not yet been established—when the next source of inspired contribution might literally have been anybody's guess. A credit to the thoughtful editing and research of Michael E. Hoffman, adviser to the Stieglitz Center, what emerges is not merely a nostalgic period piece but a human document chronicling the creative quest of the mid-nineteenth-century French image-makers.

Motivated by childlike curiosity and a spirit of experiment, these primitives flourished in a friendly intellectual climate of Comtian positivism and the naturalistic philosophy that was reinforced by progress in the physical sciences. Earlier, the experimental methods of Cuvier and Laplace had put science into the ascendant in France; Claude Bernard, Pasteur, and Berthelot kept it there in the first few decades of photography's development. Ernest Renan's theory of social history reappraised religion and the arts for a world in which the final reality of the universe was matter and the ultimate method was scientific examination. Both the pen and the brush of realism extolled the exact, faithful reproduction of reality; the artist was expected to see nature with the detachment and objectivity of the scientist.

With its apparent faithful-witness veracity, the cold eye of the camera lens was admirably suited to the temper of the Second Empire. Already conditioned to the "understandable art" of the *juste-milieu* group that the government of the July Monarchy favored, the public sought not only pictorial literalness but social realism with its emphasis on everyday subjects. To fulfill the popular demand for straightforward reporting of the contemporary scene, the camera was aimed at the commonplace as well as at the celebrated or unusual. Accordingly, for a primitive's lens the organ-grinder was as important as the oligarch, and to the eye of Hippolyte Bayard a chair in the garden proved as interesting a subject as the architectural glories of the cathedrals pictured by Henri Le Secq.

By the time the Commission des Monuments Historiques authorized a half-dozen of the most active practitioners to document the architecture and countryside of France—a decision

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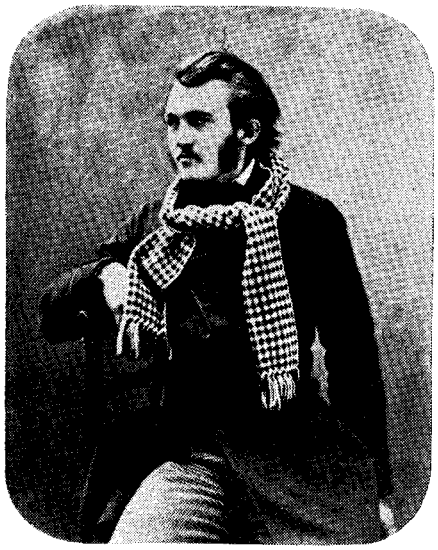
signifying official government approval of the camera's accuracy as a recorder —experimentation with photochemicals and printing techniques had already evolved processes that could override the single-image limitation of the metal daguerreotype. There were aquatints and copperplate engravings made from daguerreotypes, and photogravure prints produced from *clichés-verre* by means of etching needle or penknife; finally, with mastery of the process of making positive prints from a paper or glass negative, the primitives had the matter of reproducing "exactly repeatable pictorial statements" well in hand.

Special albums and portfolios, such as Charles Nègre's documentation of the Imperial Asylum at Vincennes, were commissioned by the Emperor and other patrons. Baron de Rothschild sponsored a photo-record of the industrial landscape and architecture along several railroad routes that radiated out of Paris. In the pay of the Empire's propaganda channels, Col. Charles Langlois covered the Crimean War; Gustave Le Gray recorded military life in the camp of Châlons.

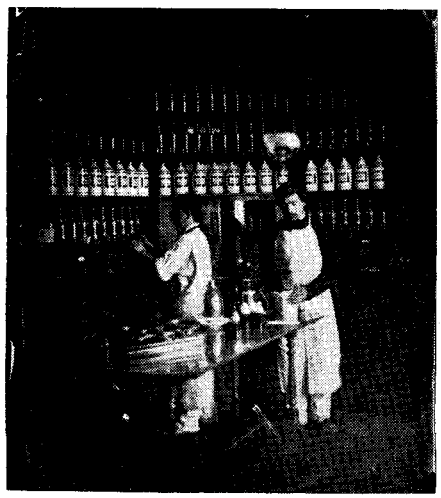
With cameras keeping the images flowing, illustrated art and travel books boomed. The Bisson brothers published albums on Rembrandt and Dürer, and Blanquart-Evrard kept his small Lille factory working on an assembly-line schedule to fill publishers' orders for prints reproducing artists' complete works. Photographic expeditions organized to bring back pictures from all parts of the globe exposed the world to inquiring scholars and a curious public. Here, too, the realism of the lens effected changes: The appeal of travelers' tall tales, literary exoticism, and the romantic view declined; visions of colonialism and tourism were stimulated. Maxime Du Camp in Egypt and the Middle East, Louis De Clercq and archaeologist Auguste Salzmann in the Holy Land, Charnay in Mexico and South America, Trémaux in the Sudan, the naval surgeon Gustave Viaud in Polynesia—these were among the many whose camera explorations opened up new horizons for their countrymen to contemplate.

Not only places but faces were subject to close scrutiny in these photographic documents. There was much visual information to be gleaned from the anthropological research missions for the Musée d'Histoire Naturelle, Prince Roland Bonaparte's scientific camera studies of Laplanders and North American Indians, the work of the Musée de Paris ethnologists portraying Japanese and Chinese embassy officials (in full face and profile long before such paired poses were associated with criminal identification), the



Nadar (Gaspard Félix Tournachon): Gustave Doré, c. 1854

Charles Nègre: Little Girl Giving Alms to the Organ Grinder, 1852



Charles Nègre: The Dispensary, Imperial Asylum at Vincennes, 1860

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Gustave Le Gray: Officers Watching Zouaves Play Cards, Châlons, 1858

systematic recording of facial muscles and expressions by Duchenne de Boulogne. And added insights into the human countenance and character came from portraiture for its own sake—Bayard's self-portraits, Regnault's photographs of family and friends, the portrait studies by Gaspard Félix Tournachon, whose credit line "Nadar" was to become as famous as the names of his illustrious sitters.

Many of the primitives had strong ties to the art community of Paris or actually were painters themselves—Le Gray, Nègre, the elder Bisson, Charles Marville, Louis Robert, among them. Corot, Delacroix, Millet, Théodore Rousseau, and Daubigny all tried their hand at the *cliché-verre* technique invented by their colleague, Constant Dutilleux. In this calm before the storm that later polarized art and photography, the painter was willing to experiment with a technique borrowed from the photographer, while the latter appropriated certain painterly effects in his camerawork. Viewing Regnault's landscapes of Sèvres, it is difficult to believe that his professional training was not at the easel but at a laboratory table where his experiments in physics led him to the presidency of the Academy of Sciences. Similarly, Le Gray's seascapes and Fontainebleau forest scenes, or Edouard Baldus's rustic windmills and city fountains reflect the perhaps unconscious emulation of the painter's tradition.

But by 1859 Baudelaire and other art-for-art's-sake exponents were decrying "the new sun-worshipers" and relegating photography to a status of "the very humble servant, like printing and shorthand which have neither created nor supplanted literature." Flaubert, who ten years earlier had happily accompanied Du Camp on his Egyptian expeditions, thereafter lamented that Du Camp's calotypes had earned a Legion of Honor while poets were allowed to languish in exile.

With mannered pictorialism replacing the simple, intuitive grace of the early photographers, and portraiture veering from the Nadar style to the formula pose and props typical of the work of Disdéri (one of whose *carte-de-visite* portraits—handpainted by A. Wiertz—appears on the cover), primitivism all but disappeared. Only one type of primitive continued—the *flâneur* who tirelessly strolled pavements and roads to capture his small vignettes of life. At the turn of the century, Atget worked in this idiom—the simplistic, straightforward approach that those later fellow-*flâneurs*, André Kertész, Brassaï, and Cartier-Bresson, were to employ with kindred *esprit de camera*.

The exhibition of "French Primitive Photography" closes in Philadelphia on December 31, but many of its images may be enjoyed long after in the impressive show catalogue that Michael Hoffman is publishing in hardcover edition as well.

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Germ Warfare and the Arms Race

The story made headlines in some newspapers but it excited little editorial comment and even less public discussion. The story told of President Nixon's unilateral decision to renounce the use and manufacture of bacteriological weapons. The President also declared that even if germ warfare were to be loosed on the United States, we would not retaliate in kind. It is important to assess the significance of this decision.

The world arms race did not begin in the early 1950s, as is generally supposed. It began before the Second World War was ended. Many leading scientists connected with the development of atomic explosives had tried to persuade President Harry S. Truman not to use the bomb on living targets. They were looking beyond the end of the war to the overriding problems that would confront America and the world. They knew that once the U.S. nuclear bomb was used, it would be difficult, if not impossible, for this country to take the position that the bomb was too horrible to be permitted in the arsenals of the nations. So they urged the President to demonstrate the power of the bomb, perhaps by exploding one on an uninhabited island in the Pacific Ocean, in view of neutral observers. This example of U.S. restraint, the atomic scientists believed, would give us powerful leverage in heading off a dangerous world nuclear arms race.

The most significant characteristic of that arms race, from the time it began to the President's recent announcement about our new policy on bacteriological weapons, is that none of the agreements in the field of arms control provided for rollbacks or cutbacks or destruction of existing stores. The limited treaty between the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. to ban the atmospheric testing of nuclear weapons had been the most important single measure for slowing down the arms race in the twenty years since the end of the war. But even that historic agreement did not require the signatory nations to stop making or developing nuclear bombs, some of which are thousands of times more powerful than the ones that pulverized Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Nor did the agreement call for the reduction or elimination of existing nuclear stockpiles, the destructive power of which was the equivalent of thousands of pounds of TNT for every person on earth.

The principal significance, therefore, of the President's declaration on germ warfare is that it establishes the most essential of all precedents. It not only provides for a ban on further manufacture and use, but calls for the destruction of existing stores. Equally important is the unilateral announcement that we will not resume such manufacture even if germ weapons are used against us.

The unilateral position taken by the President on germ warfare does not, of course, exhaust the possibilities for further initiatives. But the term "unilateralism" has come under such a cloud in recent years, with connotations ranging all the way from soft and impractical to unpatriotic, that the President will need substantial evidence of strong support in order to take further such steps. It must not be supposed that all an American President has to do to create or change policy is to make the decision to do so. In the field of military policy especially, as both President Kennedy and President Eisenhower attempted to explain, the President is confronted with prodigious pressures from inside the government itself. He needs effective support and counter-pressure if he intends to pursue a different course. Such support is essential today if the President is to extend his policy on bacteriological weapons to the entire field of chemical and radiological warfare.

The Vietnam war also offers a wide field for morally imaginative unilateral measures. The deadlock at Paris today appears to be over the difficulty in negotiating a cease-fire. The Christmas holidays may be especially propitious for breaking this deadlock. In the past, the United States has not attempted to negotiate Christmas cease-fires. We have simply declared that we would engage in no military operations during the Christmas period. These standstills have been respected by North Vietnam and the National Liberation Front. Similar standstills have taken place, without benefit of negotiation, during the Buddhist holidays. This year we should announce that we are prepared to extend the holiday cease-fire from Christmas right through the Buddhist holidays. We can also declare that we are willing to maintain the freeze on military operations indefinitely, if North Vietnam is prepared to do the same. We should declare we will not be the first to resume hostilities.

Further, we can say that we intend to begin a program of rehabilitation, reconstruction, and development, given any reasonable indication that the military standstill can be maintained. We can make it clear that we are prepared to carry out such a massive program in the war-torn areas, both North and South, and leave it up to Hanoi to decide to what extent, if any, it is willing that its own territory should be included.

No nation is in a better position than the United States to take the kind of moral initiatives which can help bring sense to a world that knows how to put a man on the moon but that seems incapable so far of keeping its own terrain from becoming a desolate moonscape. The President has made that kind of sense with his unilateral action on germ warfare. He needs to be encouraged by the American people to do more of the same. —N.C.

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Letters to the Editor

University of Tomorrow

I SHOULD LIKE to register my complaint against Jacques Barzun's article "Tomorrow's University—Back to the Middle Ages?" [*SR*, Nov. 15]. How grizzly Professor Barzun makes the college of 1969 seem. How torturous we all must be to ask our teachers to step down from their pedestals and talk *with* us instead of above us, learn *with* us instead of for us.

As a sophomore in college I find myself greatly dissatisfied with the state of education as it is offered today. By state I mean the system of learning, i.e., teacher force-feeds pupil, pupil regurgitates fed knowledge. Is this Barzun's idea of "reciprocity"? Is this the ideal of American education? Is our aim to spit back stale thoughts of used ideas? I think not. The educational system as it exists now draws circles around the professor, throws beams of light on great bodies of knowledge. While all the time the student sits tucked in his shadowy corner, wrapped in the cellophane garb of scholasticism, hungry for grades and graduate school recommendations. Is this education? The college students of 1969 think not.

If learning is to be for the benefit of the student, then the college must be created and structured for the student. It must interest itself in not only the height and breadth of the individual's knowledge, but in the depth of his feelings, insights, and human imagination. Students should not be asked to fulfill requirements but the reverse: the requirements should be suited to fulfilling the individual student. And because no two students are born with the same needs, we ask that each one be allowed the grace of testing, experimenting, and searching for the answers that will satisfy the questions each individual asks of himself.

If the process we plead for—the process of learning by growth, by experimentation, by life—is a return to the Middle Ages then I sincerely hope that such a return will come to pass before my college days have slipped by to a mere memory of hand-me-down ideas. And I pray that Jacques Barzun and others like him will stop for a minute to listen well to the rage and cries of those who storm administration buildings, to those who fight against the stagnation of immovable ideals; listen, and hear the words of frustration and the simple request for a more perfect world of learning.

BARBARA LYNNE ZEISES,
Mount Holyoke College,
South Hadley, Mass.

JACQUES BARZUN might have been more convincing if he had not omitted discussing three important factors that seem to me to make the comparison he draws not quite complete. He says nothing about *black* student power in the university, nothing about the increased intrusion of government into the university (through the underwriting of a large part of university research today), and nothing of the fairly recent enlargement of the independence and decision-making powers of the university faculty.

If the thrust toward wider student participation in university governance were solely in the hands of the generally white, middle-class student body, then the issue would be almost exclusively academic, and the parallel drawn by Professor Barzun would be valid. But, since in many instances the initiative, momentum, and leadership for increased student power are in the hands of the blacks, the issue is more than academic; it is social, political, and economic, too.

Secondly, Barzun speaks of the complete hands-off role of the government in the medieval university. Does he actually believe that most of our universities today are that free of government control or influence?

Finally, many battles still have to be fought to give many of our university faculties the dignity, independence, and decision-making power that Barzun has assumed to be the secured rights of many of his less-favored colleagues throughout the country.

SAMUEL BECKOFF,
Sunnyside, N.Y.

Bar Railings

I PAID a visit to Costello's, a bar/restaurant on Third Avenue featured in David Butwin's tour around "Manhattan's Hibernian Haunts" [BOOKED FOR TRAVEL, Nov. 22].

I found three large American flags hanging from the walls and smaller flag-decals with super-patriotic mottos posted elsewhere. I asked the bartender why, and he said it was to keep the liberal-hippie bunch away and encourage patronage by 100 per cent Americans.

Is this the sort of Birchite bar Mr. Butwin urges readers to visit?

ALVIN NIZEL,
New York, N.Y.

HOW DID David Butwin miss McSorley's Old Ale House on E. 7th? No less an honest drinking man than Brendan Behan once wrote of the place:

Here I was at McSorley's
Becoming a veritable souse,
We left for Decatur;
We'll return later
To take back the cheese to the mouse.

ROBERT M. FEATHERSTONE,
New York, N.Y.

Cost of Living and Laundry

RE: Richard L. Tobin's "The Laundry Box" [PHOENIX NEST, Nov. 22]. Young people in college have so little money these days that they have to send their laundry out, to be done professionally, because during the Inflation, when I am an undergraduate, only wealthy sons of Detroit millionaires, daughters of doctors, and the downright profligate send their laundry home.

MICHAEL GRIMALDI,
Marquette University,
Milwaukee, Wis.

"We'll have to figure some other way of meeting, darling. Romeo has decided to come an hour earlier."

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SR Goes to the Movies

Roland Gelatt

J'Accuse

TWO REMARKABLE films of indictment have arrived this month from France —one of them directed against political repression, the other against religious fanaticism.

Z, the political film, takes the form of a suspense thriller. I found it persuasive at a first viewing in Cannes this spring ["Cannes After the Events," *SR*, June 21] and am pleased to report that it holds up splendidly on reacquaintance. The film derives from a novel by Vassilis Vassilikos and is directed by Costa Gavras — both exiled Greeks in their mid-thirties, both committed opponents of the present military dictatorship in their native land. The director makes no secret of his intentions. The film, he says, is "an indictment against a system that calls itself revolutionary, but in which everything is a parody, including justice." Fortunately, he and his collaborators have not been content to stand solely on the strength of that indictment but instead have meshed their message within a taut and absorbing drama.

The story it tells happens to be true. We are advised in the opening titles that "any resemblance to real people and events is purely *intentional*." The real event in this case was an episode in recent Greek history known as the Lambrakis Affair. Grigorios Lambrakis was a professor of medicine at the University of Athens who had become prominently identified as an articulate and tireless spokesman for liberal-pacifist causes—a figure not unlike our Dr. Spock. On May 23, 1963, Lambrakis presided at an assembly of the Friends of Peace in Salonika to protest against the deployment of Polaris missiles from that port. As he left the hall, he was run down by a three-wheeled delivery truck and died a few days later without ever regaining consciousness.

The local police called it a regrettable accident; his supporters called it an assassination. A lengthy investigation ensued (this was at a time when Greece still enjoyed a measure of democracy), and the facts that were revealed threw the country into turmoil. An autopsy showed that Lambrakis had died, not from the impact of the truck, but from a blow on the head delivered by a blunt weapon. And as various witnesses were examined and re-examined, it became increasingly clear that both the police and army were closely implicated in a plot to murder Lambrakis.

The scandal caused the government of Premier Konstantinos Karamanlis to fall midway through the investigations, and soon thereafter several high officers as well as the two thugs directly responsible for the assassination were jailed and brought to trial. But the sentences were light, and after the military *coup d'état* in April 1967, the five senior officers who had been relieved of their duties went back into active service.

The film re-enacts this sordid history with superb lucidity and power—from the plotting and accomplishment of the murder, through the exciting twists and turns of the investigation, and on to the final anti-climactic denouement. Although such accomplished performers as Yves Montand (the victim, known in the film as Z), Irene Papas (his distraught wife), Jean-Louis Trintignant (the unsmiling and unswerving investigating judge), Pierre Dux (the corrupt General), and Marcel Bozzufi (the perverted killer) figure in the cast, never are we pointedly aware of celebrated actors doing their thing. Montand (the disenchanted Spanish revolutionary in another, more philosophical, political film, *La Guerre est Finie*), Trintignant, and the others blend into the proceedings so completely that we are almost oblivious of their real identity.

Other elements should be mentioned: the frighteningly realistic crowd scenes, the ambiguity of the assassination (one is reminded of Dallas), the look and feel of a tawdry Mediterranean port city, the music of Theodorakis (purportedly smuggled to France from the Greek island where he is being held under house arrest). But it does *Z* something of an injustice to consider its parts away from the whole. What makes the film so convincing is its overall sense of commitment, its irresistible momentum, its inspired simplicity.

The Milky Way is altogether different. Luis Buñuel calls it his final film, but since he also said that of the preceding *Belle de Jour*, we may be permitted to have our doubts. At any rate, his latest work—Opus 28 in the Buñuel filmography—is deliciously *sui generis*: irreverent, eccentric, sardonic, and cinematic to the nth degree.

This time we are back in familiar Buñuel territory. The subject is again Catholicism, its dogmas, its heresies, and the cruelties that men have inflicted on one another in its behalf. Two tramps (Laurent Terzieff and Paul Frankeur) are making a pilgrimage to Santiago de Compostela in Spain, the shrine of Saint James, hitchhiking there via the age-old route known as the Milky Way. We pick them up on the outskirts of Paris and leave them on the outskirts of Santiago. But what a journey in between! Buñuel skips about gleefully from place to place and century to century, holding us fascinated with his impudent strokes of fantasy.

In point of time, the movie goes from today back to Jesus Christ (depicted here as a handsome and voluble young man who obviously delights in bestowing oracular pronouncements on his noisy band of followers). Between these termini there are numerous stopovers. We encounter the fourth-century Bishop Priscillian, who preaches salvation through orgy; a seventeenth-century Jansenite and Jesuit dueling over a detail of dogma; the Marquis de Sade torturing a lady in chains and exclaiming, "If God exists, how I hate Him!"

The scenes in contemporary France are no less extravagant. There is a prelate arguing the fine points of transubstantiation until a pair of asylum attendants come to take him away; an urbane headwaiter who lectures his staff on theology while showing them how to set a table; the mistress of a girls school who has her young wards cry "Anathema" in unison; a village priest who—with much licking of chops—tells a delightfully Buñuellian story about a wayward nun.

Buñuellian? Actually, everything here is based on history. "In this film," the end titles tell us, "all that concerns the Catholic religion and the heresies to which it has given rise is rigorously exact, especially in the matter of dogma. The texts and quotations are either direct from scripture or from ancient and modern works of theology and ecclesiastical history." If this sounds tedious and abstract in the telling, it is anything but in the seeing. Though *The Milky Way* may be "intellectual" in the sense that it eschews a story line and deals with concepts rather than characters, it is far from dull. Buñuel's wit and imagination, his mastery of color and composition, his acute cutting, his sheer joy in the cinematic process give this film a rare sparkle.

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An essay review of "Anatomy of Error: The Inside Story of the Asian War on the Potomac, 1954-1969," by Henry Brandon (Gambit, 178 pp., $4.50), and 'The Limits of Intervention," by Townsend Hoopes (McKay, 245 pp., $5.95)

Miscalculation Unlimited

by DANIEL M. GRADY

Townsend Hoopes, whose impeccably Establishment credentials include a stint as Under Secretary of the Air Force in the Johnson Administration, and Henry Brandon, chief Washington correspondent for the London *Sunday Times* and author of *SR*'s own *State of Affairs* column, have produced "inside" accounts of how Lyndon Johnson's Vietnam policy came to grief, which though similar in content really ought to be read together. Each book fills gaps in the other and each confirms the other in important details.

In a sense, too, each balances the other: Brandon is relatively detached, while Hoopes is angry; Brandon's charitable view of the principal policy-makers as well-intentioned men caught in an all-too-human web of personal pride and erroneous assumptions contrasts with Hoopes's tendency to divide his former colleagues into clear-eyed good guys on the one hand and myopic semi-competents on the other. McGeorge Bundy, a Hoopes good guy, is "a brilliant and self-assured pragmatist of the highest ability," while Dean Rusk, a bad guy, is "the very embodiment of the embattled Cold Warrior . . . possessed of a special mania about China and of a knack for arguing by dubious analogy." General Westmoreland, also a bad guy, is "precluded from serious comparison with the leading generals of World War II and Korea by an unmistakable aura of Boy Scoutism." LBJ himself is "the Lone Ranger" and Walt Rostow, who comes across as dangerously wrongheaded in both books, is, according to Hoopes, "a fanatic in sheep's clothing."

Strong stuff, but perhaps it needs to be said. The war has been such a monumental botch that doubts about the people responsible for it are certainly in order, as, indeed, are more fundamental questions about American national interests, Presidential decision-making, and the proper role of the military in foreign policy formation. To what extent, for example, do we still treat Communism as if it were an undifferentiated international monolith even though we know that it is no longer anything of the kind? If we think it is in our interest to resist Communist insurgencies in underdeveloped countries, then is it not necessary to devise a more sophisticated approach than simple-minded use of force, either on the pre-1965 level of advisers and Special Forces or on the post-escalation level of massive intervention?

Why did people join the NLF in the first place? Were they all press-ganged and terrorized, or is there something to the contention that the NLF not only inherited Viet Minh nationalism, but was able to skim the countryside of talent by offering the ambitious peasant a new social mobility which the Saigon élite could not or would not match? If so, then might it not have been possible at one stage to have made American assistance conditional on opening up Vietnamese society in order to co-opt the social revolution? Shouldn't we also have given more thought to South Vietnam itself rather than directing such massive efforts against Hanoi? Was Hanoi really the source of all our troubles in South Vietnam, or is trouble perhaps implicit in the present social and political context?

As Brandon points out, the policy of gradually building up American troop strength in South Vietnam while

DANIEL M. GRADY is assistant professor of political science at Antioch College.

SR: BOOKS

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slowly intensifying air attacks on the North was based on a misapplication of the highly rationalist Kennedy-McNamara doctrine that force should be used to attain objectives at minimum risk and cost by demonstrating to the adversary that it would be more practical for him to back off than to suffer the consequences of the next inexorable turn of the screw. This approach —graduated response—worked beautifully against the Soviet Union in the Cuban missile crisis, so it no doubt seemed logical to assume at the time that it would work even better against a small, underdeveloped country like North Vietnam. The problem was, of course, that the Soviet Union was engaged in a ploy in Cuba and, unlike the United States, did not have vital interests at stake. The United States also had the advantage of geographical proximity and the wisdom to ask that only the missiles, and not Fidel Castro, be removed.

In North Vietnam, however, American power confronted an adversary whose very weakness was a strength of sorts and whose willingness to take enormous punishment without bending was, from Washington's point of view, irrational in the extreme. Perhaps, as Hoopes suggests, our definition of rationality was that of a rich man who thinks it reasonable to compromise when the going gets too dangerous in order to preserve what he can of his comfort, while the North Vietnamese, by contrast, adopted a strategy of the weak in terms of which, simply by refusing to submit, they invited the United States to carry escalation to its logical conclusion and to destroy them totally.

Certainly, there is something to this. Hanoi must have been aware that the United States could not take such ultimate steps as bombing the irrigation system, upon which rice cultivation in the Red River delta depends, without inviting consequences totally out of proportion to even the most inflated estimates of U.S. interests in Vietnam —in this case, civilian starvation on a massive scale. ("If they hit people," Brandon quotes LBJ as having said about the Air Force at a less-than-ultimate stage of escalation, "I'll bust their asses.") Similarly, we could not invade North Vietnam unless we were willing to risk a much larger war, quite likely with Chinese and possibly with Soviet involvement.

Even what we could realistically try to do through bombing — disrupt the economy, force massive manpower diversion from military and production tasks to air defense and road repair, and halt the movement of men and supplies from North to South—could not really be done successfully. The underdeveloped and decentralized nature of the North Vietnamese economy permitted it to function after sustaining damage to the transportation and communications systems that would have disastrously dislocated a more advanced and interdependent economy. Hoopes estimates that direct bomb damage ran to about $400 million, a not inconsiderable sum in terms of Hanoi's meager total resources, but tolerable and easily made up via foreign aid. Manpower diversion amounted to 300,000 men according to Hoopes, 500,000 according to the U.S. military. A substantial percentage of the work force in either case, but enough underemployment exists in a peasant-based agricultural country like North Vietnam to permit fairly large diversions without affecting production levels seriously.

As for the movement of men and supplies from North to South, Hoopes argues very convincingly that American experience in Korea and in Vietnam itself demonstrates that no amount of bombing can prevent a determined enemy from moving substantial quantities of supplies overland. That, combined with the astonishingly low levels of re-supply which North Vietnamese and NLF forces require to sustain operations in the South (less than 100 tons a day) made interdiction effectively impossible. Hoopes also maintains that the limited capacity of the Vietcong infrastructure to process troops and equipment provided an upper limit on possible infiltration in any case, so the claim by the U.S. military that a bombing halt would lead to higher American casualties was not valid. This last argument seems legitimate, except perhaps as it applies to the two northernmost provinces in South Vietnam, Quang Tri and Thua Thien, which are under the operational control of the North Vietnamese army rather than of the NLF command and presumably have a more sophisticated logistics apparatus than exists in most other places. Bombing may have been of some marginal usefulness in reducing casualties there.

It should also be mentioned in passing that the port of Haiphong, popular opinion to the contrary, was not the critical bottleneck in the North Vietnamese supply system. Haiphong handled non-military goods almost entirely, as American photo-reconnaissance flights showed, while arms shipments came in by land routes from China. Admiral Ulysses Grant Sharp, in a performance worthy of *Catch-22*, once advanced the theory that the North Vietnamese were smuggling all manner of weapons ashore at night, when U.S. aircraft were not around to detect it. He therefore ordered a special night photo mission, which brought back excellent pictures of total inactivity. Nonetheless, the Admiral, along with General Wheeler and others who should have known better, continued to insist that attacks on Haiphong were necessary to stop the flow of arms. This, Hoopes says, "reaffirmed the human truth that conviction is often more a matter of faith than fact."

General Westmoreland's ground strategy in South Vietnam, meanwhile, was based on the same kind of assumption as was the bombing of the North: that massive American firepower could so "hurt" the NLF and

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

NICKNAMES

Each blank stands for a masculine or feminine nickname having the same (or approximately the same) sound (and in most instances the same spelling) as the word defined alongside (e.g., *convey*: Carrie). Blame Mary Coyle Schafer of E. Arlington, Vt., if you must have recourse to the answers on page 41.

1. small whirlpool _____
2. beam _____
3. cudgel _____
4. handcart on small wheels _____
5. not so much _____
6. dowry _____
7. short crowbar _____
8. bring legal action _____
9. mournful sound _____
10. lifting device _____
11. hawk strap _____
12. ravage _____
13. sortie of troops _____
14. not as fat _____
15. weight on a pendulum _____
16. pool of money _____
17. buzzer _____
18. volition _____
19. notch _____
20. gritty _____

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North Vietnamese that, as Henry Cabot Lodge used to enjoy saying to anyone in earshot, they would simply "fade away" into the jungle some fine morning and never be heard from again. The essence of the strategy was attrition, with highly mobile American units roaring around the country under orders to "seek out and destroy the enemy"—or, in the words of Colonel George S. Patton III, the American officer whose outrageous utterances have come closest to matching those of General Ky, "find the bastards and pile on." This usually meant finding them on their own terms, but even so there is no doubt that the "kill-ratio" has been heavily favorable to the United States and its allies.

All of this amounted to a military rather than a political strategy, in which destroying organized enemy units was more important than dealing with the NLF infrastructure, and in which the South Vietnamese were relegated to a distinctly secondary role in the war. Pacification in this context meant palliative aid rather than fundamental social reform, and the kind of political "stability" which the junta brought to Saigon seemed preferable to the divisive squabblings of civilian politicians and inscrutable monks. General Westmoreland, although he apparently had a free hand to conduct the war in the South more or less as he saw fit, was under strong pressure from Washington for quick and decisive results, and so does not deserve all the blame for what turned out to be a most unfortunate approach. The fact remains that given North Vietnam's manpower resources, which are sufficient to carry on the war at the present level indefinitely, the attrition strategy could probably not have succeeded militarily even had the war been fought in a political vacuum.

The political context was hardly a vacuum. As public criticism of his war policies mounted throughout 1967, President Johnson became increasingly reliant on a small inner circle that included Rostow, Rusk, and Abe Fortas. Poor Hubert Humphrey was exiled from the war council for his doubts, and Robert McNamara, once an insider, fell from grace when in testimony before the super-hawkish Senate Armed Services Preparedness Subcommittee he publicly disputed the Rostow thesis that bombing North Vietnam was the key to victory. Hoopes reports that McNamara was by no means alone in his dissatisfaction with the course of events in Vietnam; disaffection was widespread among high-level civilians in the Departments of State and Defense, to the point that several officials, Hoopes and Paul Nitze included, were prepared to resign in mid-March 1968, when it appeared that Clark Clifford would not be able to turn LBJ around.

Clifford, who had become Secretary of Defense in what seems to have been an attempt by the President to replace the loyal but skeptical McNamara with a reliable ally, played what was probably the crucial role in convincing Johnson to de-escalate. It is doubtful, however, whether he could or perhaps even would have done so had it not been for the Tet offensive of February 1968 and the subsequent request from General Westmoreland and the Joint Chiefs of Staff for deployment of an additional 206,000 men in Vietnam over the following twelve months. Regardless of how the request was generated (and General Westmoreland apparently feels that his end of it was misinterpreted) the granting of it would have required an over-all mobilization of about 400,000 men, a call-up of the reserves, and an increase of $10 billion in the military budget—all in all, a political crisis of the first order. Still, the committee which the President established to study the request seemed likely to recommend that the first 100,000 troops be sent immediately, with the remainder, as requested, to follow by June 1969. Only Clifford held out against it, much to Lyndon Johnson's dismay.

Meanwhile, what Brandon aptly calls "the revolt of the elders" was taking shape. LBJ's old friend Dean Acheson had gradually come to believe that the President was being misled by his advisers, and had the temerity to tell him so. Characteristically, Johnson told Acheson to prove it and gave him the authority to talk to anyone in the Administration. Also characteristically, Acheson avoided the top-level people and went a bit further down in the hierarchy to find men who were in direct touch with Vietnam. These included George Carver, the CIA's Vietcong expert; Phillip Habib, long a political officer at the Saigon embassy, and Lieutenant General William DePuy, once commander of the First Infantry Division in Vietnam. Their reports confirmed Acheson's suspicions.

The "elders," a distinguished group which Johnson had called together from time to time in the past to consult with him on Vietnam, met on March 25. Acheson held forth for a bombing halt and general de-escalation, and, to his surprise, received strong support from McGeorge Bundy as well as from such known doves and semi-doves as George Ball, Arthur Goldberg, and Cyrus Vance. The President was disturbed by it all. "Who poisoned the well?" Brandon quotes him as having asked.

Clark Clifford continued to urge the President to abandon escalation, which may have had some effect on the eventual decision. Or perhaps it was Eugene McCarthy's showing in New Hampshire, Robert Kennedy's entry into the Presidential race, and the pre-primary polls from Wisconsin. Whatever it was, Johnson finally chose to work from a draft that included the partial bombing halt, rather than from an alternative hard-line draft, for

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the speech he was to deliver to the nation on March 31—to which he appended his announcement of withdrawal as a candidate for re-election.

The whole story has a high drama about it which both authors capture well. The Hoopes book will probably have the greater effect, because Hoopes, as an insider, has a certain credibility that even the best-informed journalist cannot attain. Hoopes also conveys a sense of urgency and outrage about what happened and how, which is missing in Brandon's more balanced but also blander treatment. Still, taken together, these books are devastating.

If only by showing just how right some of the critics have been about Vietnam all along, these two books may also help to blunt what appears to be the domestic pacification phase of President Nixon's vaunted peace plan, which seems to be little more than a mixture of late Johnson and early Agnew. Clearly, Mr. Nixon has to rally substantial popular support for his policies if he is to present a credible negotiating face in Paris. It is also clear that there is a substantial body of opinion in the country which he will probably not be able to reconcile no matter what he does. He therefore seems to have decided to rally the right wing via the Spiro Agnew route—flag-waving chauvinism, anti-intellectualism, and lumping in all dissenters with the sandbox revolutionaries of the New Left. Simultaneously, Mr. Nixon appears to be trying to hold the middle via draft reform, judicious troop withdrawals, and Vietnamization of the casualty lists.

In Vietnam itself, meanwhile, the chosen route is apparently to Americanize the South Vietnamese forces by leaving our weapons of mass destruction, with troops to man them, in place and at their disposal. This will mean that American troop strength can be reduced at least by half even if the President decides to leave a rapid intervention force like the First Air Cavalry behind in order to rescue the South Vietnamese from particular battles if necessary.

If this works, it may also be possible to fight on at a reduced level of American participation indefinitely if Hanoi and the NLF cannot be persuaded or coerced into a politically acceptable settlement.

Perhaps President Nixon will be able to carry off at least the early phases of this plan. His chances for temporarily placating American public opinion, given his determined use of the persuasive powers of the Presidency, must be rated at least fair-to-middling, and the ARVN is bound to show some im-

(*Continued on page* 42)

Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Hesse vs. Beckett

SINCE HERMANN HESSE has been such an active topic in *SR* lately, I think you might appreciate comparing a quote by him with one of Samuel Beckett's that was used by Tom Bishop in his article in the Nov. 15 issue. If the two quotes in juxtaposition seem like a foot race of expressing the inexpressible, then in my opinion Hermann Hesse—after a slow start—passes his fellow Nobel Prize-winner and is never headed.

BECKETT: "The expression that there is nothing to express, nothing with which to express, nothing from which to express, no power to express, no desire to express, together with the obligation to express."

HESSE [from *Narcissus and Goldmund*]: "Oh, it was all hard to understand, and all sad, although it was so beautiful. Nobody really knew anything. People lived; they went here and there about the earth and rode through forests; so much seemed to challenge or to promise, and so many sights to stir our longings: an evening star, a blue harebell, a lake half-covered in green reeds, the eyes of beasts and human eyes; and always it was as though something would happen, something never seen and yet sighed for, as though a veil would be pulled back off the world; till the feeling passed, and there had been nothing. The riddle was still unsolved, the hidden magic unrevealed, so that in the end, people grew old, and looked comic, like old Fr. Anselm, or wise like old Abbot Daniel, though really perhaps they still knew nothing, still waited, pricking up their ears."

JOHN DOLAN,
Randallstown, Md.

The Importance of Mr. Penrose

I MAY BE A SLOWBURNER, but I have resented the superficial, flippant, and inept comments by Iola Haverstick [*SR*, June 21] on *Mr. Penrose*: *The Journal of Penrose, Seaman*, a book of considerable intrinsic importance.

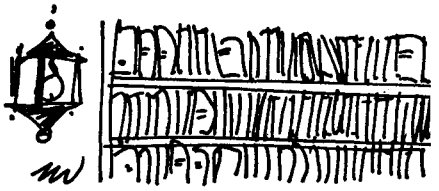
I didn't write it—I found the MS and edited it; the author was William Williams (1727-1791), a colonial American artist whose paintings (recently discovered) are owned by the Du Pont Winterthur Museum, Colonial Williamsburg, the Metropolitan, Brooklyn, and Newark Museums, and private individuals. His unique novel, *Mr. Penrose*, was printed from the original manuscript for the first time. And for Miss Haverstick to turn it off as a purely commercial project because I stressed its early appearance in our literary history—"Not only is this type of conjecture distracting, it has the ring of a sales pitch"—is a peculiarly unscholarly and irresponsible attitude for a reviewer to adopt.

As a parting fillip, Iola Haverstick asserts that if *Mr. Penrose* "actually does have historical significance, it is only as a contribution to a special genre that came into being long before America was discovered." Come, come, Miss Haverstick! How many pre-Columbian New World travel narratives in English, and more particularly novels in the *Crusoe* genre, can you find?

DAVID H. DICKASON,
Bloomington, Ind.

Absolving the English

IN HER REVIEW of Bernadette Devlin's autobiography [*SR*, Nov. 8] Maisie Ward *en bonne anglaise* suggests that the Protestant population of Northern Ireland is completely of Scottish origin, and appears content that they should bear all the opprobrium, while she manages to imply that English settlers were quite different. Let us not forget that Londonderry, home of the Bogside, was colonized by the London guilds, as its name attests, and that Englishmen of that time, such as Edmund Spenser and Sir Arthur Chichester, reg-



ularly advocated famine as "a better weapon than the sword" in solving the Irish question.

Miss Ward—perhaps yielding to a subconscious feeling that the only good Irishman is a dead Irishman—appears aggrieved that Bernadette Devlin and her followers did not accept martyrdom but chose instead to resist. Hitler must at times have felt a similar sad perplexity.

MARY C. BEAUSOLEIL,
Las Vegas, Nev.

Against Aggression

HAVING BEEN FOR TWENTY YEARS now involved in a predominantly masculine profession, I read the October 11 issue of *SR* with more than casual interest. Though I have encountered instances of tacit, if not outright, discrimination, I am increasingly convinced that overt and aggressive frontal attacks probably do more to strengthen the opposition than to allay it. (In subsequent years it seems the suffragettes have aroused more amusement than admiration! To be wildly indignant about injustices to oneself is to be mildly ludicrous?)

The solution perhaps lies neither in becoming more masculine nor in becoming a martyr, but rather in demonstrating, with whatever skills one can muster, that it can be done, that, given the initial opportunity, a woman can make as valuable and as unique a contribution as her male counterpart.

(REV.) RUTH H. POWELL,
Townshend, Vt.

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The Publishing Scene

David Dempsey

Exciting values! Now only $1 each! To most bargain hunters, part of the fun of buying a remaindered book is to take advantage of publishers' mistakes, or at least of their over-optimism. To publishers, all the fun is in salvaging the production costs from books that seemingly can no longer be sold at regular prices. Although exact figures are unavailable—publishers are understandably shy on the subject—by reasonable estimate fully three-quarters of all novels and 35 per cent of nonfiction titles eventually suffer this fate.

Books by and about politicians are especially vulnerable. John V. Lindsay's *Journey Into Politics*, which was remaindered last spring when Lindsay lost the Republican mayoralty nomination, sold briskly in the cut-rate market during his campaign on the Liberal-Independent ticket. Books on Lyndon Johnson and Hubert Humphrey vanished from publishers' lists when their subjects vanished from office. Foreign statesmen do no better: the first two volumes of Harold Macmillan's *Memoirs* were on the remainder counters before the third and final volume was off the press.

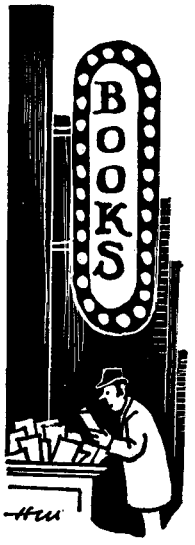
Does the book trade ordinarily use the term "remainder"? Of course not—it's "publishers' overstock." This year the Harlem Book Co., largest and oldest firm in the remainder field, will decant five million volumes through its various retail pipelines, at prices ranging from 49¢ (for novels) to $125 (for a facsimile of the first edition of the King James Bible published at $200). Harlem employs fourteen salesmen, who also handle posters, prints and reprints. It keeps an average of 2,000 titles in stock at all times, selling direct to chain, drug and department stores, most of them in smaller cities throughout the country. The present owners, Sidney Feldman and Norman Blaustein, both veterans in this salvage work, will "package" a timely assortment of remainders for their clients, and even prepare the retail advertising.

As publishing has prospered since World War II, so has the remainder business. For one thing, prices have gone up, and book buyers wait for them to come down. For another, more money has been available for writing projects of doubtful value. Publishers take more chances, many of which, by hindsight, they should not have taken. But the reason that intrigues us most has little to do with a book's ultimate salability: warehousing (which used to be free in most binderies) now costs money, and for a publisher to maintain a large backlist becomes expensive. With total production growing, and more books piling up in the warehouse, something has to come out. What survives is the fittest—or, maybe, the smallest.

Remaindering as a way of life in the book trade began in earnest when the late Max Salop started the Harlem Book Co. in the early days of the century. Salop was a familiar figure in publishers' offices all through the Twenties, and when the Depression hit he was a welcome figure, too. Casing the bookstores, he would sniff out the turkeys; then, his pockets full of cash, he would sally forth. "It was the green stuff that made the difference," one publisher recalls nostalgically. "We didn't see much of it then, there were payrolls to meet, credit was tight, and Salop was the next best thing to a pawnshop. It was hard to resist his offers."

Most of Harlem's purchases were sold in Salop's store on 125th Street. (The company moved downtown in 1929.) Harlem's big contribution to book retailing, however, came when Feldman induced the United Cigar Stores to stock left-overs as a sideline for their faltering tobacco sales. When United merged with the Whelan drug chain, the remainders went along, and by the mid-Thirties Harlem had developed a whole new secondary market for hardcover books, especially important in hundreds of small cities that did not even boast a primary market.

Today, publishers auction much of their overstock to the highest bidder. Compared to list prices, the books are still bargains. Harlem resells most novels at 20¢ each (for a retail mark-up that may run as high as $1.49). Nonfiction is sold at 10 to 50 per cent of the original wholesale price. The Marboro Book Company has refined the operation by opening its own retail outlets, although two-thirds of its volume is in mail orders. Handling about 3,000 titles a year, Marboro de-emphasizes the idea that their books were flops the first time around. "Publishers sometimes go back to press just once too often," co-owner Fred Weitzen says. "That's when they come to us." Marboro's most expensive item—and biggest bargain—is *Great Drawings of All Time* in three volumes, published at $375, remaindered at $125.



One of the curious results of these clearance sales is a revival of interest in a book. Delayed, and favorable, reviews will give a publisher second thoughts after he has already unloaded his inventory. Result: he calls the remainders back. On one occasion a warehouse shipped a consignment of new books to Harlem by mistake. "They were actually being remaindered before they had been published," Sidney Feldman recalls wistfully.

"Appearance counts," Feldman adds. "Years ago, some merchants bought by the pound. They don't any more, but there is no doubt that big books sell better than small books. They look like more of a bargain." Unexpectedly, "hard to sell" books such as poetry, mysticism, etc., are often popular on the remainder counters—perhaps because poetry-lovers and mystics are usually poor. Moreover, such books receive a much wider distribution through drug and department stores than they ever had in bookstores, which are apt to be too busy with greeting cards. Unexpectedly, too, the paperback revolution has actually helped the remainder business: publishers want to dispose of their hardcover stock before the reprint comes out.

What happens to books that even the remainder house can't sell? Good question. Many of them are re-remaindered to novelty firms, at which point they are made into lamp bases, or hollowed out and tricked up with hotdogs on springs. Thus is literature submitted to its ultimate indignity. Remainder people regret the necessity for this, and try to pick items that won't have to be eviscerated. Harlem executives, for instance, visit the annual convention of the American Booksellers' Association, where forthcoming titles are displayed by the publishers. Their presence is not a matter for rejoicing. "We're here to look over next year's remainders," Feldman tells the booth attendants.

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The Groovy Revolution

by HENRY S. RESNIK

According to a biographical sketch in *Woodstock Nation*, Abbie Hoffman, who describes himself as a "revolutionist," was thrown out of high school for hitting his English teacher. It seems that Abbie has always had a brilliant sense of theatrical irony—the class was probably discussing *Silas Marner* at the time. Abbie's grammar still isn't very good, but that hasn't stopped him from writing books of his own. *Woodstock Nation* is his third.

Abbie Hoffman has been in an excellent position, in fact, to document, through books and articles, the "youth" movement so vividly represented by the Woodstock Music and Art Fair of August 1969, for he has been consistently at the center of the action during the last several years. He was involved in the "exorcism" of the Pentagon in October 1967, for example—an attempt to levitate the dread polyhedron three feet in the air by surrounding it with a magic number of chanting people, and thus rid it of its evil spirits. (The Pentagon stayed put.) Abbie lent his own special élan to the "Festival of Life" in Chicago during the 1968 Democratic Convention, which culminated in a police riot. And now he is one of the Chicago Eight, whose trial on charges of conspiracy he calls "the World Series of Injustice." Wherever Abbie goes these days, there is magic—and theater and media and, if possible, dancing and sex and laughter. As Abbie himself often says, it's a groovy revolution. He lives it all the time, even, as the following will show, during taped interviews.

H.R.: Who do you want to buy your book, anyway?

A.H.: I don't want anybody to buy it—I want them to steal it.

H.R.: Okay, who do you want to *steal* your book?

A.H.: Seven-year-old kids, cause that's who I write for. They're the vanguard of the revolution.

H.R.: But why write books at all?

A.H.: I don't write books. *Woodstock Nation* is a talk-rock album—it's a record album. They're all songs and cuts . . . I paint books . . . and sing them . . .

H.R.: Are seven-year-olds reading books? Are *fifty*-year-olds reading books?

A.H.: No, but they're listening to albums, and since this is an album they'll listen to it.

H.R.: Is this thing meant to be on a record?

A.H.: It's meant to be swum in, it's meant to be sung, it's meant to be looked at. In Woodstock Nation there's nobody who's gonna read it from front to back unless you're over seventy. You read it from blue to green to red and then you look at the written part and you look at the pictures and then you read the end to see how it ends and then you go and look at the list of song titles and then you look at the back—that's how you do it; that's how I *wrote* it.

Abbie wrote *Woodstock Nation*, the jacket copy proudly announces, "in longhand while lying upside down, stoned, on the floor of an unused office of the publisher." Don't underestimate Abbie; he *could* lie upside down. But don't expect *Woodstock Nation* to herald a cultural revolution, either. The book is more of the "revolutionary" same: a slick, pseudo-media mix, with several different colored papers and myriad type faces and text-over-picture pages, and an apocryphal "last letter" in longhand from Che Guevara, and a film scenario in "sprocketed" frames. You will find every turned-on trick in the book in this volume (derived, no doubt, from the work of Quentin Fiore, Marshall McLuhan's designer-collaborator), and by now you ought to be catching on to the fact that books like *Woodstock Nation* only aspire to being outasight — Quentin Fiore's remarkable vision loses all its power when it becomes just another gimmick.

—*From "The Free People."*

"A way of living and surviving . . ."

For the sake of those septuagenarians who are likely to read *Woodstock Nation* as if it were a book, at any rate, some explanation is in order. First of all, and most important, it gives relatively little attention to the Woodstock Music and Art Fair. Most of it is about Abbie Hoffman's adventures as a revolutionary culture hero and enemy of the state—the United States of America, which he calls "Pig Nation." And the record is impressive: Abbie was busted on one charge or another ten times in 1968 alone, and in the past five years or so he has been beaten and jailed so often that he could be a leading candidate for martyrdom if he didn't make people laugh so much. On the surface, Abbie's life is one fabulous put-on; at another level, there is a certain dreary routine to having a lawyer as a traveling companion. Abbie and his friends really *do* get hassled.

A.H.: All the money from the book goes to the trial—what else is there? Except a little for dope. I ain't paid taxes in eight years; I don't keep the money. I got ten grand advance, I got rid of that in less than five hours. That money went to, like, the John Sinclair defense fund, to try and get him out of prison—he got ten years for having two joints of marijuana, and it's an important case. The rest went for the conspiracy trial in Chicago.

The main idea of the book, in short, is that Woodstock Nation was not just a music festival, but that it continues to be a way of living and surviving within the confines of Pig Nation. The citizens of Woodstock Nation are those who either think of themselves as cultural revolutionaries or have dropped out of the predominant culture—they are the mind-blown "hippies" and the

---

HENRY S. RESNIK, frequently reviews books about the counter-culture.

WOODSTOCK NATION:
A Talk-Rock Album

by Abbie Hoffman

Vintage, paperback, 154 pp., $2.95

THE FREE PEOPLE

Photographs by Anders Holmquist, introduction by Peter Marin

Outerbridge & Dienstfrey/Dutton, $6.95, paperback $2.95

THE MAKING OF A COUNTER CULTURE

by Theodore Roszak

Doubleday, 303 pp., $7.95, paperback $1.95

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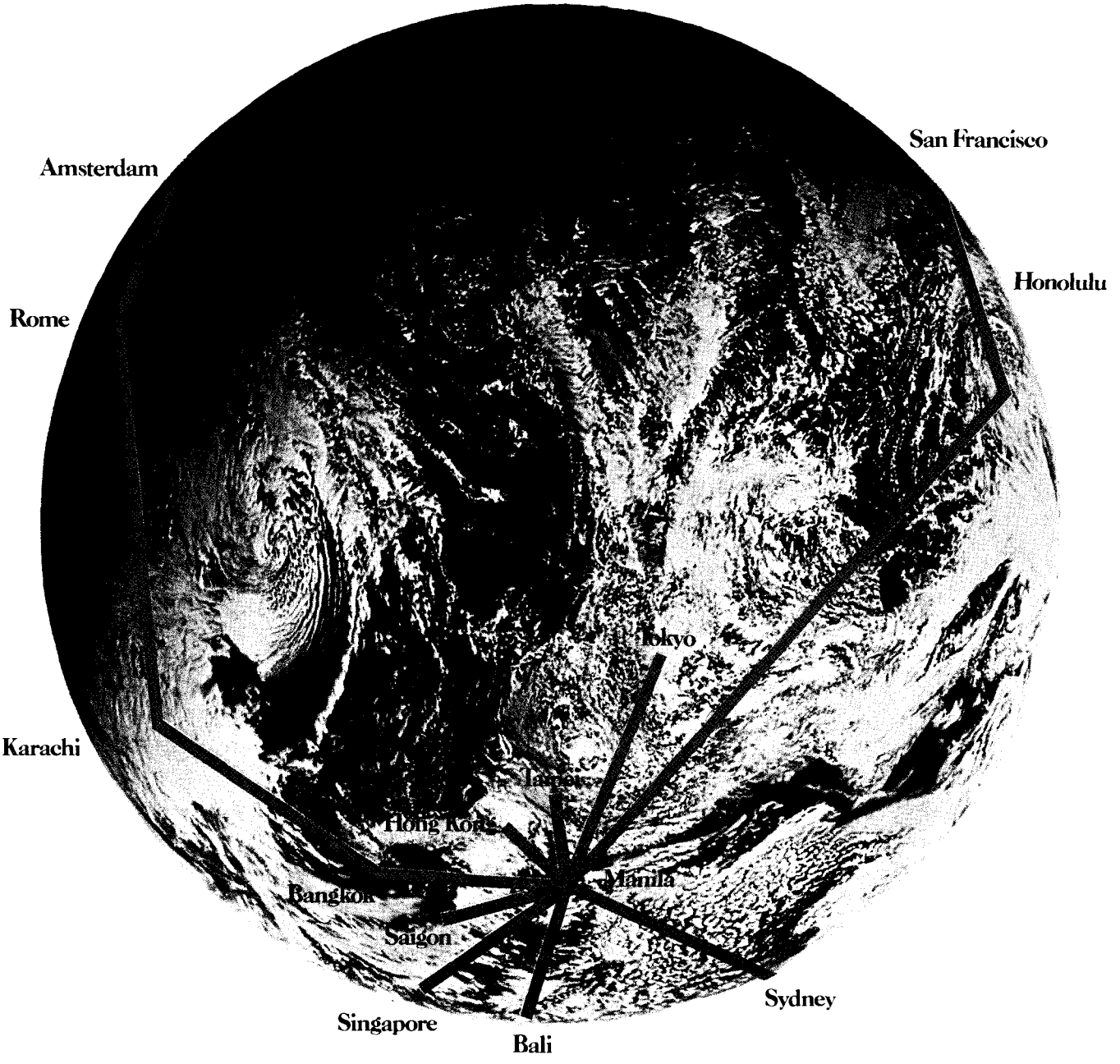

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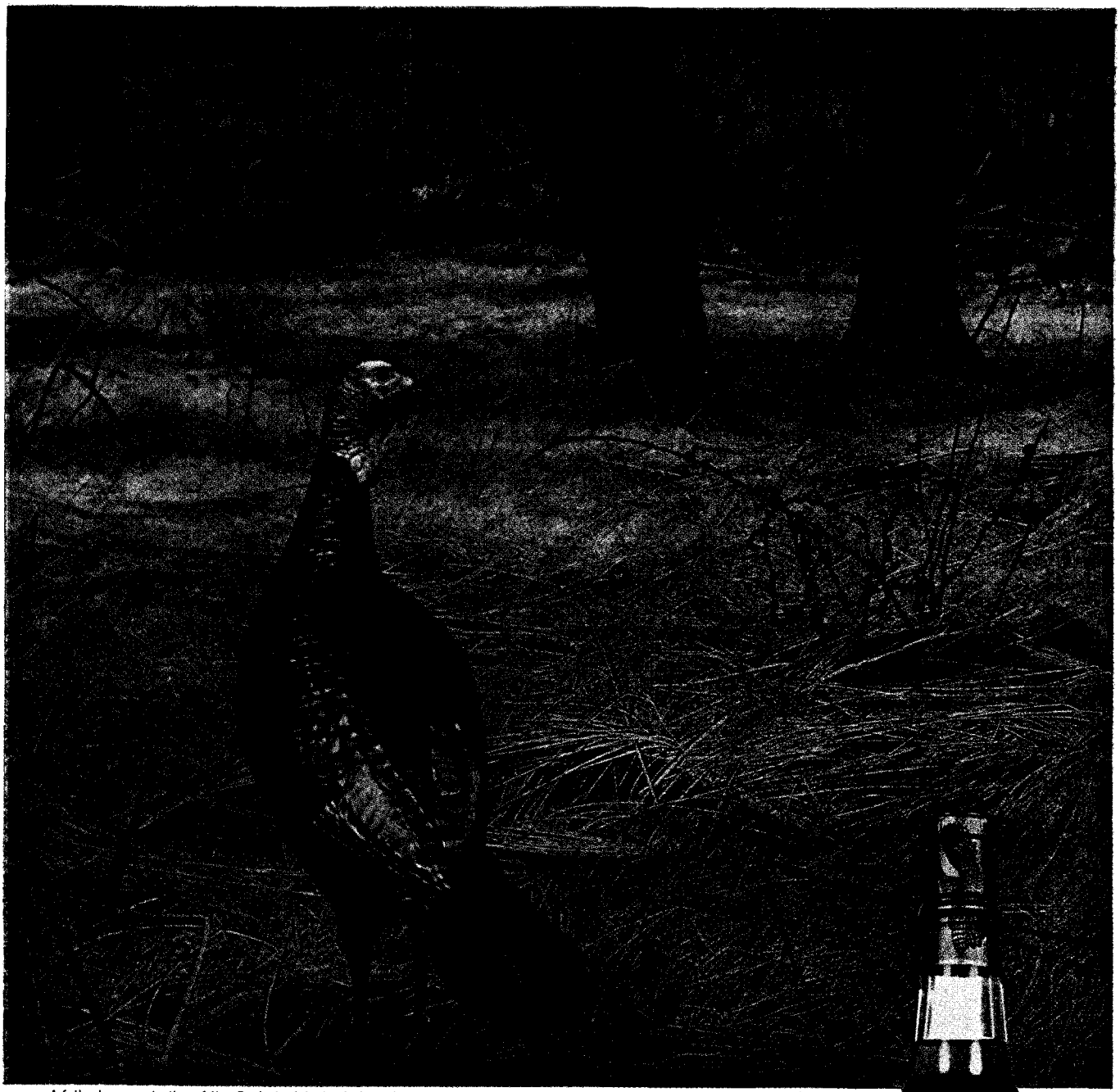

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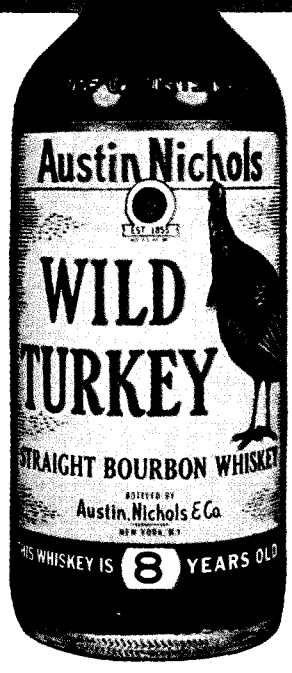

101 Proof—8 Years Old—AUSTIN, NICHOLS & CO., INC. New York-New York

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radical activists; their numbers constantly grow.

Woodstock Nation did not really begin to dawn on Abbie as a political fact until "the rains came" on Saturday of that mad August weekend—then, suddenly, the 600 acres in White Lake, New York, were no longer the setting of a festival but a palpable enemy and threat. "Those that stayed," Abbie writes, "are better for it all, including me. When you learn to survive in a hostile environment, be it the tear gas parks of Chicago or the mud slopes of Woodstock Nation, you learn a little more of the universal puzzle, you learn a little more about yourself . . ."

And it is here, when Abbie gets into a description of his experience at the festival (including a bad acid trip), that the monumental egotism of his writing glares, that his prejudices and his staged reality come sharply into focus. "Everything was so beautiful," Abbie says earlier in the book, describing a visit to ultra-liberal Antioch College, "I was completely bored after three hours. The school lacked the energy that comes from struggle." For the Abbie Hoffmans of America the absurd overkill of modern communications and the domination of technology has made only one kind of struggle really interesting: guerrilla theater, play-revolution, and ultimately the mock wars of the SDS Weathermen. All other struggles are a bore; action is the key, violence the reward. There are no writers in Woodstock Nation, Abbie tells us—only "poet-warriors."

Abbie may be fine as a media clown, and his courage and idealism are admirable, but he cannot qualify as a poet in anyone's nation. His strings of wordy sentences, spun out in a number of styles so blatantly conflicting that the over-all effect can only be called schizophrenic, amount to one huge, leaden rap. *Woodstock Nation* is, in fact, little more than clumsy propaganda for a "revolution" that Abbie takes with what seems to be great seriousness—the overthrow of the United States government. If such a revolution ever occurs, however, it will need better propaganda than *Woodstock Nation.*

There is some kind of awful yet unfathomable tragedy here, and Abbie may yet emerge a unique kind of hero that Orwell and Huxley never dreamed of. The purpose of the propaganda, after all, is to raise money for the Trial. And the Trial is one absurdity that Abbie Hoffman didn't invent—he has been completely upstaged, in fact, by the United States Department of Justice. Nor, for that matter, is Vice President Agnew the mere fantasy of some diabolical cartoonist. Abbie's book is ridiculous, but he and his comrades are the leading figures in a crisis that can only widen the schism dividing our country. We may have to defend him soon whether we take him seriously or not.

A.H.: I don't think I have much to say. I think I have a lot to do and I think I'm pretty clever and I know how to do a lot of things, but I don't think I have much to say. I don't think there's anything more to *say*. I think the ideas are already in.

H.R.: Do you have much to *give*?

A.H.: Yes, I have my life to give.

While *Woodstock Nation* does not satisfy either as poetry or as propaganda, the authors of *The Free People* have struck just the right note in presenting a genuinely poetic view of the counter-culture that Abbie Hoffman symbolizes. A collection of 154 black-and-white photographs of young rebels in their many natural habitats—Berkeley, the Lower East Side, Chicago, beaches, roads, woods, and music festivals (including Woodstock)—*The Free People* has a tender, loving quality that manages to avoid the usual slick simplemindedness of most journalism sympathetic to the subject. Even Peter Marin's introduction, unabashedly lyrical in tone, has a solid earthiness quite foreign to the usual media treatment. Perhaps this is the book that Abbie Hoffman would have made if he didn't find words such useless things while insisting on using them anyway. For if the old adage has any validity, *The Free People* is worth approximately 154,000 words. This book is probably more relevant, in fact, than any treatise on the counter-culture to date; its pages are filled with vitality, beauty, and joy.

Though conventional in form and scarcely revolutionary, Theodore Roszak's *The Making of a Counter Culture* is the most comprehensive and sophisticated analysis of what is happening among the young people of the Western world yet to emerge from the ever-increasing flood of speculation. A frequent contributor to *The Nation*, a teacher of history at California State College, and a leader among the self-proclaimed radicals who maintain their ties to the academy, Roszak has an aggressive, clear-headed way of summing up phenomena that the media have made blurred or shapeless, or merely unreal, and putting the whole counter-culture in perspective. Roszak's premise is that "the rivalry between young and adult in Western society during the current decade is uniquely critical" and that we should consider, first of all, why this situation exists and, secondly, where it is likely to lead.

Roszak has strong leanings towards the counter-culture himself; admirably, he lays his prejudices on the table: ". . . to make my own point of view quite clear from the outset, I believe that, despite their follies, these young centaurs deserve to win their encounter with the defending Apollos of our society. For the orthodox culture they confront is fatally and contagiously diseased." What Roszak and the counter-culture oppose is the absolute domination in the Western world, particularly in America, of science and technology—a "technocracy" that is subtly totali-

—*Wide World.*

Abbie Hoffman—a new kind of hero?

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tarian, yet beyond conventional politics.

This predominating super-rationality and dependence on the authority of science is contrasted with the personal, mystical, anti-intellectual culture of the rock-drug-beat-"hippie"-Zen generation and the search for true liberation, humanity, and community. But the counter-culture is more than new art forms and philosophies, in Roszak's view; it is also a political phenomenon, an "insistence on revolutionary change that must at last embrace psyche and society." It is a movement that includes much of the New Left and the hippies as well, communes and free universities, music festivals and anti-war demonstrations. And, Roszak insists, the counter-culture is not so mindless as some technocrats might fear: evidence for this is "the strong influence upon the young of Eastern religion, with its heritage of gentle, tranquil, and thoroughly civilized contemplativeness." Thus, the essence of the crucial early chapters, in which Roszak picks through the garbage-heap of information that the media have piled up in the last decade, and, more often than not, sets matters unequivocally straight.

> A.H.: The reality is that no politician in this country, in Pig Nation, is going to endorse what happened [in Woodstock Nation] . . . The people that make up the military-industrial complex in this country, they're shittin about the Woodstock Festival. They're uptight about it. They got three enemies—Nixon laid em out—they got the Vietcong, they got niggers, and they got drugs. Drugs don't mean penicillin, it means *us*.

Roszak believes that the counter-cultural revolution is nearly inevitable, but he admits early in his discourse a number of serious obstacles. One of these is perhaps best illustrated by Abbie Hoffman himself: it is the idea, widely popularized in this country by Herbert Marcuse (whom Roszak contrasts in the book's most thoughtful chapter with Norman O. Brown), that the liberal technocracy is infinitely capable of absorbing dissent—through the attention of the media and commerce, through the overwhelming idolization of youth, even through the modification of existing laws (the legalization of marijuana, for example, which is much more likely now than it seemed a decade ago). The Nixon-Agnew maneuvers are an exception, of course, but they could well be a merely unfortunate episode, a spasm in the unfolding of technocracy's destiny. Nixon and Agnew lack vision, after all; they may have to jail and batter thousands of youthful dissenters before

(*Continued on page* 42)

The Questing Mind

THE UNEXPECTED UNIVERSE

by Loren Eiseley

Harcourt, Brace & World, 239 pp., $5.75

FOLLOWING UPON THE SUCCESSES of his widely read *Darwin's Century*, *The Firmament of Time*, and perhaps especially *The Immense Journey*, Dr. Loren Eiseley continues to reward his faithful readers with still another account of our cosmos as viewed and contemplated through the eyes of a poet disguised as an anthropologist. Or might one more aptly describe this nearly unique genre as poetic anthropology? The question is academic, because, even in this far from tranquil era, sensitive humanists will find in this charming collection of new writings combined with modified earlier lectures and essays the always difficult to present "delicate mystery" in which all of us find ourselves immersed. Since, for such readers, pregnant myth is fortified by the authority of Dr. Eiseley's unquestioned scientific training, they will recognize immediately of what he is writing.

At the same time, those who are more inclined toward direct scientific analyses will find themselves enriched *if* they realize that these essays are indeed science in a humanistic language. Lest these potential readers be apprehensive, permit me to state unequivocally that Loren Eiseley has researched his material well and that it is wisdom to understand that the very finest scientific findings need not be reported solely in formulae and jargon.

But I sense a possible stylistic problem for some. This is not to state a thesis apropos writing styles, yet to those who are unacquainted with Dr. Eiseley's genuinely captivating style—I personally could not pause in the middle of any of the ten chapters—it should be said that they may experience an initial (and quite false) impression that they have been "had." That is, they may feel that what the author has reported as a naturalist is probably new in detail, but that a common thread running throughout, reflecting man's utter isolation if not desolation, is scarcely new. The difference, of course, is that Dr. Eiseley is basically optimistic. In addition, he has wisely not labeled this work as either a scientific report in the customary sense or as a medieval philosophical *questiones*. This is a book that elucidates precisely what its title implies: the *unexpected*—not necessarily the unexplored, or even the yet to be understood—universe.

Perhaps the heart of the stylistic matter to which I allude—and this is mentioned only in the hope of explaining it, and not to condemn it—is the author's repeated usage of extended metaphors. Let me cite as an example the brief yet telling description of the universe of the orb spider as related in a chapter called "The Hidden Teacher." After happening upon a spider and its web in some Western Gulch while fossil hunting, Dr. Eiseley paused to consider this creature who turned out to be a hidden teacher. Almost as anyone else might do out of sheer curiosity (though I dare say with far more expertise), he gently prodded the web:

> A pencil point was an intrusion into this universe for which no precedent existed. Spider was circumscribed by spider ideas; its universe was spider universe. All outside was irrational, extraneous, at best, raw material for spider. . . . I realized that in the world of spider I did not exist.

At this moment the reader is sure to realize what is to come. Not the unexpected psychology of the orb spider, not the tensile strength of its web, but the inevitable lesson: "The spider was a symbol of man in miniature." But further, this most elastic metaphor enables the author deftly to arrow home the ramifications of this thought. Are man's thoughts while contemplating war and peace, or stars, or uncontrolled populations, or viruses *really* unbridgeably different from the concerns of the spider (substitute phagocytes, or DNA coils, or . . .)?

Similar metaphors focus our thoughts in chapters entitled "The Ghost Continent," "The Unexpected Universe," "The Star Thrower," "The Angry Winter," "The Golden Alphabet," "The Invisible Island," "The Inner Galaxy," "The Innocent Fox," and "The Last Neanderthal."

One must presume that positivistically oriented readers may tend toward impatience with Dr. Eiseley's lack of "answers," or even theories to explain his thoughtful observations. Perhaps

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such readers must be simply but quietly dismissed. They are in large measure those who do not understand the profound difference between a mystery and a puzzle. They are those who keep expecting with each new book to find the reduction of life's mysteries to mere puzzles—and puzzles are always capable of solution. Yet these same potential readers are the young inheritors of this earth. If for no other reason, let us hope that they may pause to contemplate the vital message of this excellent book.

William D. Stahlman

William D. Stahlman, who teaches the history of science at the University of Wisconsin, is at present preparing a three-volume study of the works of Claudius Ptolemy.

TO WILL & TO DO:
An Ethical Research for Christians

by Jacques Ellul, translated from the French by C. Edward Hopkin
Pilgrim Press, 310 pp., $10

IT WOULD BE DIFFICULT to find a book more wildly inconsistent than *To Will & To Do,* one less clear about what its author wills to do and at the same time more willful in its opinions.

The subject Jacques Ellul has chosen to expatiate upon is ethics, as seen from the perspective of a fixated Barthianism. His argument is divided into three parts: first, an ostensibly theological demonstration that the only good is the will of God, so construed as to mean that all human attempts to know and to do the good in general (*i.e.,* moral) terms are vain and sinful; second, a description of various philosophical and social moralities (the term is used as synonymous with ethics), all of which are shown to be inadequate and to compound human sinfulness; third, a self-contradictory argument that a Christian ethic is as bad as any other (hence, "impossible") and also that the development of a Christian ethic is an urgent necessity.

Here the book stops. The reader wishes the author had begun where he ends and had thus devoted himself to a constructive task.

That all moral systems betray inconsistencies, that their philosophical bases are often shaky, that they tend to alienate man from himself—all this is not easy to demonstrate, and has been stated many times. Likewise, it is not news to the Christian (be he theologian or layman) that moral codes are the very sign of broken rapport between God and man and that they tend to become substitutes for the devotion of the whole self to God. The problem, however, as M. Ellul gets around to admitting in his final chapter, is that "It is not enough to have a good theology. The latter must also lead to good action, and that does not take place automatically."

What needs examining here is the assumption that "good theology" does not, on its own terms, take up a constructive approach to ethics. That assumption, on which most of the book is predicated, is Protestant "justification by faith" with a vengeance. At this late date it should not require me, a Protestant, nor some Catholic or Jewish thinker to point out that the doctrine is altogether too transcendental to be relevant to social or even personal ethics. But the problem of how we are to think ethically is real, and it hardly seems useful to write a book that spends 244 pages disposing of it and twenty-three restoring it to the position it was assumed to have had at the start.

In point of fact, the author's theology is woefully inadequate, as is that of others who have fallen in love with the earlier portions of Karl Barth's *Church Dogmatics.* Such theology begins by scorning philosophy and ends unable to cope with the very problems its own analyses uncover.

It is hard to know for whom *To Will & To Do* is intended. The subtitle calls it "An Ethical Research for Christians." The author's introduction says it is not intended for Christians at all, and that the author expects "all its value to come from a confrontation." I imagine that the intended audience is none other than M. Ellul, that he is slowly convincing himself of something he prefers not to acknowledge —that theology of the sort he has espoused is of little or no help for constructive social thinking. This theology, which in America has been called Neo-Orthodox, was useful in resisting Nazism. It is inadequate whenever the task is to build rather than to fight.

M. Ellul, who was once a member of the French Resistance, cites Reinhold Niebuhr often, yet he has hardly an ounce of Niebuhr's worldly wisdom. I find this surprising, since M. Ellul is not an ivory-tower theologian but a professor of history and sociology at the Faculty of Law at Bordeaux. He is a convert to Christianity in its French Protestant form, and it appears that his zeal is not yet sufficiently informed by sweet reason. I hope he will soon talk himself into a more rational, less purely assertive mode of Christian thinking.

Tom. F. Driver

Tom F. Driver is professor of theology and literature at Union Theological Seminary in New York.

Fiction

THE GUILTY HEAD: Genghis Cohn Is Alive and Dancing in Tahiti

by Romain Gary
World, 255 pp., $5.95

ROMAIN GARY'S GENGHIS COHN is still doing his thing, this time in Tahiti, where he now and again wags his guilty head and wonders what kind of face he had "before the world was made." He will never find out, though, and neither will anyone else; it is far too late, far past the point of return, as Gary sees it in his latest novel, *The Guilty Head,* a satiric sequel to *The Dance of Genghis Cohn.*

Cast this time as a Polynesian picaro, Cohn is magnificent in the sand and sex sequences, ably assisted by his *vahine,* Meeva. He is equally superb as the conscientious rebel, the nonconformist with a cause. Introduced as the apotheosis of the anti-hero, almost as an anti-Christ, Cohn acquires and abandons identities as if they were so many pairs of socks. Sometimes he is a spiritual successor to Paul Gauguin, demonstrating against the "misuse of our intellectual powers." Sometimes he is the new Adam, demonstrating

against the "overinflated conscience" of the idiot world. On occasion he is an enemy alien, a double agent pursued by the Russians, the Chinese, and, alas, the CIA. But always and forever he is the spastic conscience of mankind, the unsuccessful instrument of moral survival.

During the crazy course of the novel Cohn manages to drive to bewilderment the establishmentarian savants who would, for whatever reasons, capture him, kill him, enshrine him as the father of the bomb, or simply damn him categorically as a sinner, a spy, a dedicatee to the proposition that the "megaloguilt" of man is reason enough for the revenge he takes against society and himself—against his own guilty head.

It is a wild, bawdy, rambunctious book. On one level Gary barrels merrily along the sure road to censorship, and on another he carefully dissects the diseased society that permits it. He deplores the manic absurdity that dissembles as civilization and, through Cohn, asks an extremely important question: "... since when does a man need a reason to feel afraid?"

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There is no real answer; but it is certainly time to be afraid when we begin to wonder whether we could save a little tax money if "the great Powers got together each year and agreed on the names and the number of scientists each of the Powers would undertake to rub off among their own nationals, so as to keep the balance of terror in perfect equilibrium." It is time to be afraid when man tries to "become a cur" since there might be "peace and innocence in being a cur." And then, it just might scare the daylights out of all of us if we could—just once—take a look at that face of innocence we had "before the world was made."

William C. Hamlin

William C. Hamlin is professor of English at the University of Missouri, St. Louis.

BARNETT FRUMMER IS AN UNBLOOMED FLOWER

by Calvin Trillin

Viking, 98 pp., $4.50

So BARNETT FRUMMER is an unbloomed flower, according to his friend and mentor Roland Magruder—and friends and mentors like Roland Magruder, who always do everything right, who needs? If your every scheme to get close to Rosalie Mondle—she who is always *avant* of the *avant garde*, the girl with "the only natural-blond Afro haircut on East Seventy-fourth Street" —was nipped in the bud, you'd be an unbloomed flower, too.

To me, however, Barnett Frummer is a blooming joy, and so are Rosalie Mondle, Roland Magruder, and their friends, all of whom populate these ten short stories that mesh to create a hilarious, satiric swipe at what passes for life among the social and socially conscious, ever *au courant* of the middle class on the Manhattan-to-East Hampton run. These are the people who are always with it, always In, who always know where it's at—the con artists of self. They are people like Elliott and Myrna Nardling, who got "their six-year-old daughter accepted at a fashionable and overapplied progressive school by formally declaring her a Negro," and whose dinner parties are in honor of the person whose book has the front-page review in *next* Sunday's *New York Times*; or else they are people such as Rosalie Mondle, who one-ups the Nardlings by skipping their party in order "to help Roland Magruder sew some insignia on his Army Reserve uniforms."

The big bleeding heart who ties it all together is Barnett Frummer, scion of a family awning business. Can he hope to catch up or keep up with a lady whose typical escorts for one evening's nightclubbing are "a United States senator, a fabulously successful sixteen-year-old designer of African earrings for men, and a pretender to the Serbian throne"?

Poor Barnett is always a country mile behind Rosalie. By the time he had heard about an insurance company's plans to create jobs for blacks outside of Harlem, Rosalie was saying that the answer lay in providing investment capital inside. Naturally, Barnett joined with a group of white businessmen in backing a Negro designer and a Harlem dress store. "'How does it feel to be a neocolonialist?' Rosalie asked."

My favorite adventure has nothing to do with Barnett and Rosalie. It concerns Lester Drentluss's attempt to identify with his Jewish roots, no mean feat for a boy whose family boasts only of their five generations in Baltimore, Maryland, and who once spanked Lester "for doing an imitation of Al Jolson in *The Jazz Singer*." It's not that Lester cares about his heritage, it's just that he's a guy who can spot a trend. When Yiddish expressions crop up in the speech of his firm's top editor, Douglas Drake, a Methodist minister's son from Eau Claire, Wisconsin, it's time for Lester to get with it.

Did I tell you this is a very funny, biting book, and that Calvin Trillin has an eye and an ear that can nail a phony to the wall (don't give me from mixed metaphor when I'm happy!) before you can say, "Please, Mr. Bookseller, I'd like a clean copy of *Barnett Frummer Is an Unbloomed Flower*"?

Haskel Frankel

Haskel Frankel is a free-lance critic who frequently contributes to SR.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1. Eddy. 2. Ray. 3. Billy. 4. Dolly. 5. Les. 6. Dot. 7. Jimmy. 8. Sue. 9. Nell. 10. Jack. 11. Jess. 12. Harry. 13. Sally. 14. Lena. 15. Bob. 16. Kitty. 17. Bea. 18. Will. 19. Nick. 20. Sandy.

HOUSE ON FIRE

by Arch Oboler

Bartholomew House, 249 pp., $5.95

ARCH OBOLER'S FIRST NOVEL opens with the winning of a $5,000 "National Science Scholarship" by a Los Angeles boy genius, aged twelve. Radio-TV reporters descend on him and his family. But something is wrong: Robin Shepherd, a girl magazine writer, feels a weird, unpleasant warmth in the presence of the boy and his seemingly angelic younger sister.

Eventually this adorable pair bring about the murder of a businessman uncle, a spinster aunt, a drunken uncle, and finally, in one glorious holocaust, their parents and all the other occupants of a supermodern California luxury apartment building thirty stories high.

Were the children possessed by the still-active spirit of their dead grandmother? Or were the older members of the Elias family ungrateful offspring of the grandmother? Lacking filial love, did they destroy themselves? Or were the two children so diabolically clever as to be capable without spirit intervention of pre-recording their grandmother's voice and razing the building by a high-frequency flame?

There are also some sideline outrages—the photographing of a drugged Robin for commercial pornography; a revolting painting the sight of which makes her faint.

If Mr. Oboler had filled in the interstices between these events with deeper portrayals and new ideas on the existence of ghosts, he might have produced a novel to rival Henry James's *The Turn of the Screw*. As it is, all of the characters are amusing types limned with some individual features.

House on Fire might make an excellent movie. Indeed, it is easy to see in the rather thin characterizations Oboler's previous dependence on live actors to flesh out his scripts.

Peter Rowley

Peter Rowley has written for many English and American periodicals, and is currently working on a novel.

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Groovy Revolution

Continued from page 38

they finally realize that dope and rock and electricity are bigger than all of us.

Roszak is a passionate humanist, but in the light of such problems he can do no more than warn that the survival of the counter-culture is by no means certain. In a chapter on drugs, this warning is very near to despair:

> What if the psychedelic boosters had their way then, and American society could get legally turned on? No doubt the marijuana trade would immediately be taken over by the major cigarette companies—which would doubtless be an improvement over leaving it in the hands of the Mafia . . . And surely the major pharmaceutical houses would move in on LSD just as readily. And what then? Would the revolution have been achieved? Would we suddenly find ourselves blessed with a society of love, gentleness, innocence, freedom? If that were so, what should we have to say about ourselves regarding the integrity of our organism? Should we not have to admit that the behavioral technicians have been right from the start? That we are, indeed, the bundle of electrochemical circuitry they tell us we are—and not persons at all who have it in our nature to achieve enlightenment by native ingenuity and a deal of hard growing.

Though *The Making of a Counter Culture* is often a defense, even a vivid example, of the counter-culture, as well as a reasoned explanation, Roszak never confronts the major problem of how that culture will elude the subtle forces that threaten it. The book has an air of having been written for those technocrats still capable of being swayed, as if Roszak were saying, "Here it is; try it!" Perhaps there is a future for revolution through seduction, in fact—it may well be the only way.

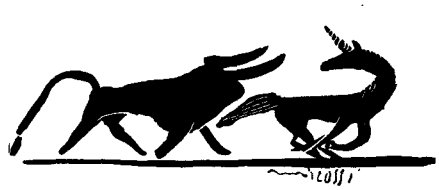
But Roszak is still in the academy; his style is still basically analytical and rational; and his attitude toward the counter-culture is, in the long run, profoundly ambivalent. Throughout the book there is a palpable straining, almost a duel, between rationality and passion, and it is a problem of which Roszak is painfully aware. Roszak does not even begin to believe, moreover, that the counter-culture has attained a healthy balance. In a chapter on the influence of Eastern culture, he is forced to admit that the entire beat-Zen movement is terribly superficial: "Perhaps what the young took Zen to be has little relationship to that venerable and elusive tradition; but what they readily adopted *was* a gentle and gay rejection of the positivistic and the compulsively cerebral."

In the chapter on drugs, he sounds like a nagging grandmother: "Perhaps the drug experience bears significant fruit when rooted in the soil of a mature and cultivated mind. But the experience has, all of a sudden, been laid hold of by a generation of youngsters who are pathetically acultural and who often bring nothing to the experience but a vacuous yearning. . . . I think one must be prepared to take a very strong line on the matter and maintain that there are minds too small and too young for such psychic adventures. . ." Who, then, should be allowed to use drugs? Theodore Roszak and other dissenting academicians? Scientists in laboratories? Over-thirties?

What Roszak wants is an ideal combination of humanity and politics, tolerance and activism, and reason balanced by passion. As an example of this harmony he cites Paul Goodman, whom he lauds in a chapter that has the solid tin quality of public relations copy. Goodman has long been one of the prime intellectual movers of the counter-culture, of course, but when Roszak starts to preach rationality, one can easily envision the teenyboppers turning away in boredom. Roszak is clever and hip indeed, yet the counter-culture seems at times to be slipping away from his reasonable grasp as fast as he can describe it. The growth of the counter-culture has been toward irrationality, not away from it. Irrationality has become a last defense against the cold manipulativeness of the everyday world.

Finally Roszak takes the plunge himself, concluding with a lengthy plea on behalf of shamans as culture heroes (magical, imbued with ancient wisdom and ritual, even better than Goodman) that verges on silliness. Stylistically the book is most uneven, in fact, despite the validity and strength of its important insights, for it spans the spectrum from logical essay to impressionistic blur, from hard-headed critique to mass-magazine slickness. One suspects that Roszak is quite capable of blowing his mind entirely, that he might even be happier as a Dionysiac reveler than a dissenting academician.

But the threat of the turned-on concentration camp—the infinitely tolerant technocracy—cannot be taken lightly by those who understand it. The teenyboppers and the utterly mindless have not had the problem of choosing; for the rest of us, the balance gets more delicate every day.



Vietnam

Continued from page 32

provement in performance as it receives more and better weapons. The critical weakness in this whole iffy proposition, however, is the inherent contradiction between President Nixon's expressed willingness to accept a compromise peace and his continued support of the Thieu régime, which probably cannot survive without total victory.

If anything, the Thieu government has grown worse rather than better in the past few months. Persecution of the non-Communist opposition seems to have increased; and in early September General Tran Thien Khiem, a close friend of Thieu's and an outrageous opportunist even by junta standards, replaced Tran Van Huong, a civilian, as prime minister. The Khiem cabinet is uniformly right wing, hawkish, and, some say, markedly Diemist in nature. It is a war cabinet that fails to represent large parts of the Vietnamese version of the silent majority, and which could not compete effectively with the NLF were the war to end.

As the Thieu régime has become more repressive, the NLF has made a major effort to win over dissaffected elements. Representatives of the Alliance of National, Democratic and Peace Forces, a transparently pro-NLF "third force" which was formed after the Tet offensive, were given visible if not terribly powerful positions in the Provisional Revolutionary Government. Ministries were also offered to several prominent non-Communists, who did not, for the moment at least, accept. The NLF has tried with some success to convince such people as Saigon intellectuals and militant Buddhists that a united front of all authentic nationalists is the only real alternative to continued domination by Thieu and the Americans.

Recently, Mme. Nguyen Thi Binh, chief PRG negotiator in Paris, went so far as to announce that the PRG would be willing to talk seriously with a peace cabinet headed by General Duong Van "Big" Minh. Mme. Binh may only have wanted to sow discord among her enemies, secure in the knowledge that her offer would not be accepted; but since formation of a peace cabinet might be taken to imply that talks could proceed within the bounds of the present Vietnamese constitution — that Thieu would not have to be replaced as at least nominal President—it would seem that American interests might be served by encouraging the South Vietnamese, NLF included, to work something out among themselves on the basis of the

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present balance of forces. Big Minh, Senator Tran Van Don (a former general and a prominent Catholic), the Buddhists, and many other Vietnamese seem willing after all to take their chances. If the NLF should prove perfidious and intractable, President Nixon will probably be able to make a far stronger case for continuing the war than he can now and the government in Saigon will certainly be stronger politically than it is at present. The United States might find it useful to discuss with Hanoi, while the South Vietnamese talks are in progress, such matters as reunification of Vietnam on a federal basis and neutralization of all of Indochina. In my own opinion this is about the best we can hope for in Vietnam.

If the above analysis is correct, or nearly correct, and if the United States continues to support General Thieu without insisting on a major expansion in his political base (which would mean his sharing power with some of his present enemies, not just giving them showcase ministries), then there is a good chance that the NLF will win notable converts in the near future. In that case, the Thieu regime might eventually collapse with disastrous consequences for Mr. Nixon's prospects for employment between 1972 and 1976. Obviously, the administration reads all of this differently; but one cannot help wondering whether a review of a book by some Republican Townsend Hoopes on the decline and fall of the Nixon Vietnam policy will appear in these pages a couple of years from now.

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT No. 1375

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1375 will be found in the next issue.

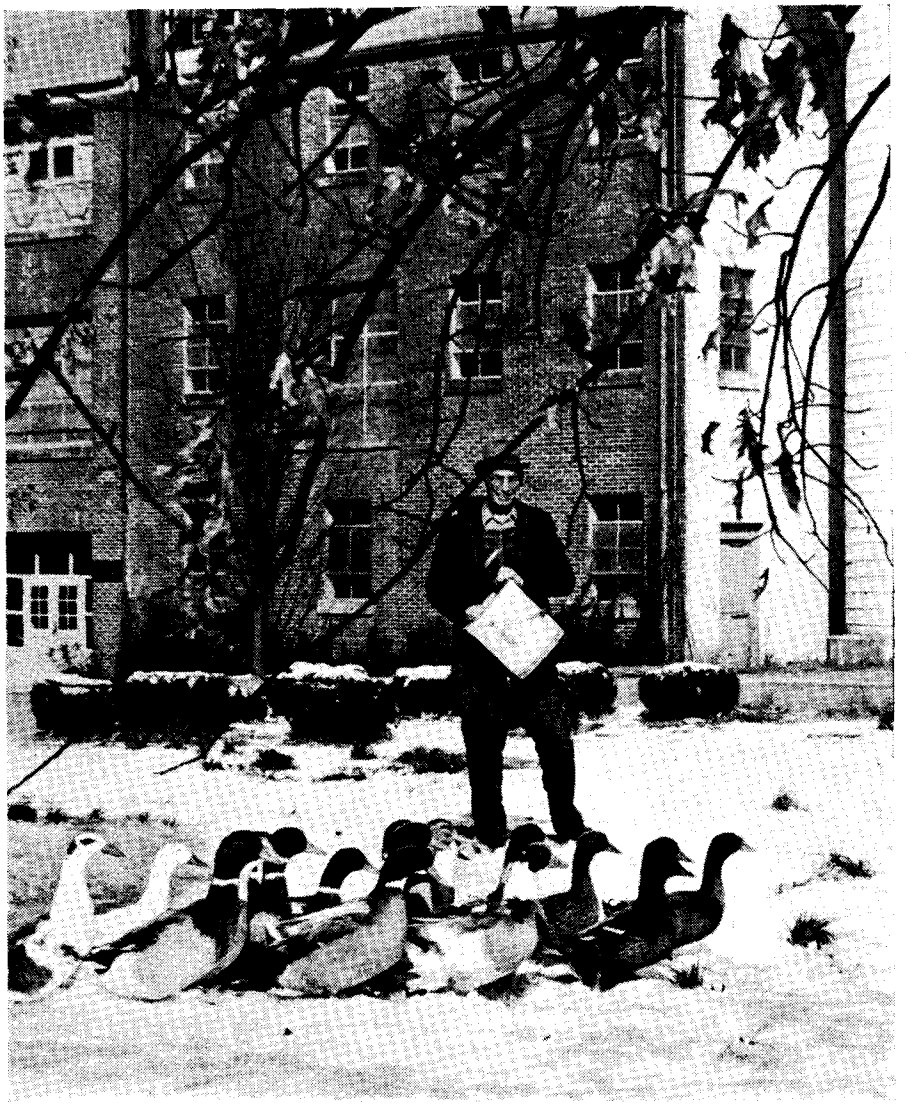
LK PCB UNHBOEWBEP QSG SG SKOSLT NK TLGPYOALEU PCB JNEGYWBO SG LP LG NK TLGPYOALEU AYGLEBGG, PCLG QNYMT AB GNWB TBWNJOSJI.

—CYAASOT

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1374

The world was made before the English language and seemingly upon a different design.

—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.



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Palmy Days in Ireland

SOMETIMES A STRANGER arrives in a new town and senses even before he has stepped out of his car that the place is alive and he will not be bored. My built-in action meter had already jumped 10 points before I crossed a bridge over the River Slaney on the road into Wexford, a seacoast town in the southeast corner of Ireland.

This feeling, I confess, was not altogether intuitive. My arrival coincided not only with a Halloween Friday night but with the closing weekend of the Wexford Festival, Ireland's answer to Spoleto. Opera is the festival's main event, and has been for eighteen years, but the people who yearly threaten to burst the town's crumbling Norman seams doubtless show more interest in the extracurricular activities. At no small enticement, hotel bars waive their customary closing regulations during the ten-day assault.

Wexford on that last weekend in October was blessed with a streak of unseasonably balmy weather, and although the wind blew stiffly off the coast, it carried an almost tropical scent. This was not imagined, for when my eyes had adjusted to the light of the following day I perceived a species of palm tree posted ever so often along the shoreline, causing me to wonder how far I had really traveled the night before. Ireland's southernmost extremities support several subtropical flora, including the strawberry tree and the cordyline palm. These were introduced by nineteenth-century landowners who must have been inspired by County Wexford's mild winters, a relative absence of frost, the magical powers of the Gulf Stream, and perhaps a vision of Waikiki on the Irish Sea.

Another mystery one might have pondered that weekend was where all the celebrants put themselves after the pubs had closed and the singing had died away. Wexford's two worthy hotels, the Talbot and White's, hold a combined 128 rooms, and three others within stumbling distance of town—the Castle Motor Inn, Strand Hotel, and Great Southern Inn—pack an additional 200 or so. That left a few score of private houses dusted off for the occasion by the good ladies of Wexford, but it's doubtful that Mrs. Fortune, Mrs. Kehoe, Mrs. Malone, Mrs. Murphy, Mrs. Walsh, and their neighbors found room for all the strays.

Even in a town of Wexford's cramped proportions and limited amenities, it was difficult to settle into one drinking station, knowing another might be hitting a higher key. A consolation, for those in a sampling mood, was the close proximity of the three or four traditional spots. My weekend began at Des Corish's pub on Main Street, a byway barely wide enough to accommodate two passing tipplers, let alone a pair of vehicles. Des Corish's father was once mayor of Wexford for twenty-five years, and his brother Brendan is the leader of Ireland's Labor Party; so the atmosphere, on any weekend, is abrim with political talk.

Brendan was home for the holiday, holding forth at the bar. He is a big man with bushy eyebrows and white hair. His features and his politics, too,

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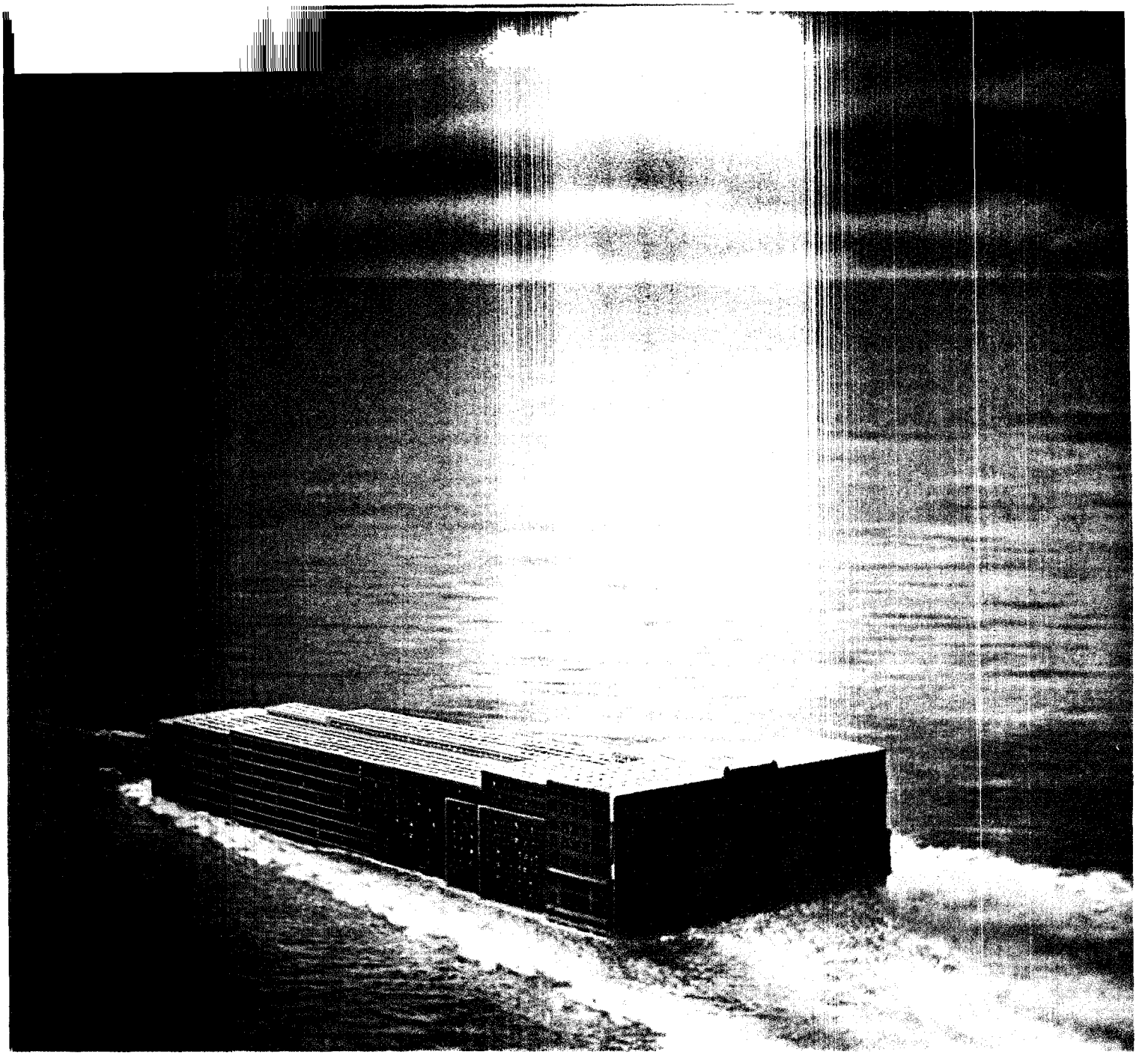

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remind one of New York's Paul O'Dwyer. The pub was filling up by the minute. Along the walls housewives and other townsfolk sat at small tables and lifted their steins with mechanical regularity, looking only slightly bemused by the waves of outsiders surging before them.

I thought the man standing next to me appeared a bit awed by the commotion, until he was introduced as T. F. Byrne, the mayor of Wexford. No doubt he had stood a similar watch at festivals past. Lounging against a wall, dragging on a beer, he seemed to relish the anonymity of a bystander. One might have expected a mayor to plunge into a crowd of visitors and apply a backslapping promotion job, but Byrne looked content.

He did assert his executive authority moments later when a band of yelping children pushed through the side door and began to scream for Halloween booty. I threw a few coins their way, but that only turned them into bigger game hunters. I said I was out of money. "If you don't have no money," shrieked a tiny blonde lass, "you wouldn't be in there drinking beer." With that the mayor stepped in. "Come on now," he said calmly, "mind your fingers," and turned the little smudge-faces into the night.

From behind, I felt a draft issuing from the front door, and looked around to see a parade of men and women in formal evening attire filter into the room. Bangled and spangled, they had trooped down from the Theatre Royal to seek refreshment during an intermission of Verdi's *Luisa Miller*. Corish's always does a big business during opera season because it is the closest pub to the theater, a two-minute walk at a brisk, gown-raising pace.

When the opera crowd had left, the Corish brothers cleared a channel through the sea of patrons and led the way around the back of the bar to an adjoining room, where a singing contest was about to erupt. I talked with Brendan Corish while the room filled up, and he recalled Saint Patrick's Day speeches he had made in America and a snub he had received from a Midwest state because of his socialist beliefs. I asked if he admired any American politicians, and he lowered his head and thought for a long moment. "Well, you see, he's dead."

"Jack?" I asked.

"Yeah, Jacky."

John F. Kennedy was—and perhaps still is—the most popular figure in County Wexford. He is the favorite son. Kennedy's great-grandfather left the little thatched homestead at Dunganstown near New Ross more than a century ago, but the people of Wexford talk of the Kennedys as though they had never departed Ireland, as though Jack and Bobby were still alive. One topic you seldom hear discussed in Ireland these days is the Chappaquiddick incident. Many Irish seem to think, if they don't talk about it and don't read about it, Teddy's trouble will go away.

In the back room, Des Corish led off the contest with "Swanee," and Philly McGuire, a local pudding vendor, followed up with "Scarlet Ribbons," Anna Dillon, Corish's fetching barwoman, belted out "I Enjoy Being a Girl," and I was beginning to wonder if this was Ireland. The bar stopped pouring drinks during the singing, to the considerable dismay of an old man with ruddy face and black brows. Afterward he was still complaining bitterly, instead of ordering a round or two to catch up with lost time. "But couldn't you have served me on the q.t.?" he asked the barman over and over. From Corish's I went to White's, and last to the Talbot; there was no letup.

Wexford's summery breezes provided rejuvenation on Saturday, All Saints' Day. I drove to the palmiest corner of Ireland, passing on the way huge heaps of sugar beets piled beside the road like wooden blocks. Rosslare, ten miles from Wexford, boasts the most sunshine and least rainfall in Ireland, and on this first day of November it was pleasant enough to lie on the beach and contemplate a swim. Remembering even calmer days than this, Bernard Shaw once said: "I was lost in dreams there. One cannot work in a place of such infinite peace."

Back at the Talbot in midafternoon, I joined Brian O'Kennedy, a comical Wexford man who leads tours of the surrounding countryside in his red minibus, doubtless benefiting from his astonishing resemblance to the Kennedy brothers, particularly Jack. "I did look like him until I got my teeth kicked out," O'Kennedy said, baring a gap caused a few weeks earlier by an aggressive horse. Though he can't trace his ancestry directly to the Kennedys, Brian is rather convinced of the kinship, and to look at his profile—the nose, the head—one would hesitate to argue the matter. O'Kennedy has perhaps extended the image by styling his hair like the late President's, but one could not otherwise accuse him of exploiting the sentimental attraction. He is a puckish sort, not given to maudlin reflections.

Brian drove the twenty-five miles southwest from Wexford to the John F. Kennedy Park, a rolling 140-acre meadow overlooked by the brooding escarpment of Slieve Coillte. Trees and shrubs from five continents are slowly climbing above the tender green acreage, some still centuries away from full growth. The park was opened on

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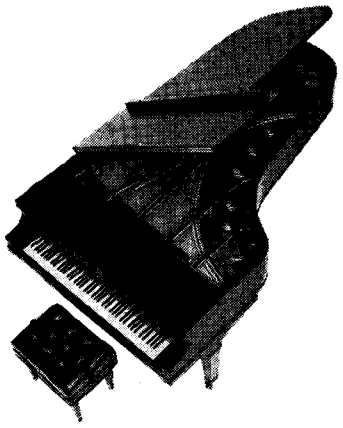

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May 29, 1968, by Eamon de Valera, the President of Ireland. Mrs. Sargent Shriver was there to attend the dedication; the first choice, Bobby Kennedy, begged off so he could campaign in California. From a ridge near the peak of the sloping park we looked down on the valleys of the Barrow, Nore, and Suir Rivers ("the Three Sisters") glinting in the late afternoon sun, and across to neighboring Kilkenny County.

Mary Ryan, a second cousin to the late President Kennedy, lives a short distance from the park in a house beside the Kennedy homestead. On her walls are posters of Jack and Bobby and photos of the President's visit in June 1963. Mary Ryan sat in a chair and looked straight ahead. She is an old woman, too old to burden with questions.

In the tiny Kennedy homestead of whitewashed stone and green trim, there are Kennedy key chains and other trinkets for sale, going items during summer's tourist pilgrimages. I couldn't wait to get back on the road, the very road Patrick Kennedy must have taken the day he left Dunganstown for good. We swept past hoary oaks and chestnuts, stone houses decaying by the roadside, and around a bend we came upon a farmer, a gun over his shoulder and two dogs at his side.

That night I crowded into the Theatre Royal with 450 or so temporary abstainers to see the Haydn comic opera *L'Infedeltà delusa*, by far the more popular of the two works performed this year. Neither escaped the barbs of Irish newspaper critics, who lit into the director, Brian Dickie, for bad costuming, psychedelic settings, and the extensive use of candles and torches in a theater susceptible to fire. Probably the lightest moment of a weightless evening was provided by a young lover who, inspecting the contents of his picnic basket, held aloft a familiar brown bottle and piped: "Guinness is good for you?" That's an old Guinness sale's slogan, but its resurrection on stage didn't please officials of the Dublin brewery that rescued the festival from extinction six years ago and has helped bankroll it ever since. "We didn't make it up," a Guinness man told me. "Somebody in the cast dreamed it up during a rehearsal. We tried to stop it."

I can attest to the theater's low safety standards, for once or twice the connected row seats in which I was sitting nearly tumbled over with laughter, and when the show let out, we 450 waited interminably to clear the narrow exits. The sad result was that Des Corish's had closed by then.

Manner of Speaking

Continued from page 16

clean-cut, high-minded, shoulders-back, chin-out air of busy hypocrisy that I hadn't seen or talked to Ague in weeks, and that whatever he had said, he was the only one who had said it.

Please don't think I admire you less if I suggest that maybe you have had enough practice on the domestic scene. Isn't it time for a little applied sneakiness on the international level? I know you have a whole mess of sneaky handy men that came with your lease. Couldn't you send one to out-sneak Hanoi, and maybe one to Greece and the Middle East, and some of the rest to Cuba, Biafra, Russia, Taiwan, Red China, and so forth? Bring that off, and I don't see how anyone could doubt your peerlessness.

Meanwhile I certainly would be grateful if you would send me some pamphlets on how to be peerless around the house, and on how to get all my querulous commentators to gag themselves.

I've tried, my secretary has tried, Spiral Ague has done as well as anyone could expect, and I even hid a tape player in the dummy of my Silent Majority. The trouble is that dummies talk only when the button is pressed, and the button always makes a loud click. This generation of kids, alas, has a fantastic ear for the sound of a button-click. Drat their impudent snobbery, they have even memorized all the tapes, and they chant them at me in rock-rhythm whenever I switch my dummy on.

That's why I keep dreaming of a dummy with a real voice in it. That would make those impudent snobs sit up and listen! Besides, if you put a real voice into it, there is always a good chance that it might stop being a dummy. I guess I really want to say that I hunger for a real voice. I know that if I once heard one I might stop waking up in the morning feeling at least inadequate and probably fictitious. I think I might even begin to feel real, even if I had to give up the dream of being peerless.

There must be a real voice somewhere inside one of your unused PR images. I write in the hope you might be persuaded to try it sometime. The man in the biggest house in the world should be able to say something real to the people in the little houses. I, for one, would like you to know that I will be waiting to hear what it might be, and that I will be more than eager to cheer for anything real.

In sympathy and admiration, sir, I remain,

Yours hopefully,
John Q. Citizen

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World of Dance

Walter Terry

Festival in Brooklyn

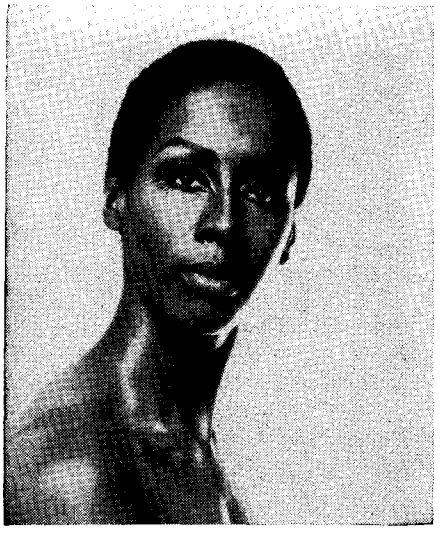
THE Alvin Ailey American Dance Theater, in peak form with the finest complement of dancers it has ever had, was the third major company to take part in the ten-week Festival of Dance (the second annual festival and one supported by a substantial grant from the Rockefeller Foundation) held at the Brooklyn Academy of Music. The groups, each allotted a two-week season, are the new Eliot Feld American Ballet Company, the Harkness Ballet, and the Ailey troupe (their stint is completed), the American Ballet Theatre (now ending its engagement), and Merce Cunningham (to come on January 5).

The major new work of the racially integrated, but mainly black, Ailey company was *Masekela Langage*, choreographed by the director himself to music of the South African trumpeter Hugh Masekela, with costumes by Christina Giannini and lighting by Gilbert Hemsley. It is a notable work, quite as powerful as Ailey's *Revelations*, rooted in Negro spirituals, now a classic in the world of dance, but different. *Revelations* is folk recollection, sad, devout, funny, joyful. *Masekela Langage* is *now*-commentary, biting and restless and even violent at times, about people instead of folk.

The setting is a saloon, in a tropical or semi-tropical climate. The ceiling fans turn sluggishly to stir the sultry air, and slatted blinds keep out the sun and the heat. There are chairs, a table, a juke box, and the action is separated into vignettes, seemingly distinct personal dramas or reactions, but all encompassed by the dance hall, all strangely intermingled.

A girl, comfortably stoned, swings her hips as she crosses and recrosses the floor; two men pull chairs before the juke box and worship it; a girl, all in black, lets us see her lonely soul; there is itinerant courtship, and there is a man, bloodied, who comes in to die.

Watching and hearing *Masekela Langage*, one might say that here is a club in a native section of South Africa. But then, there are whites present; so could it be America in a sordid but gaudy scene? Or is Ailey saying that this is life with introspection, introversion, loneliness in the midst of conviviality, shaking hips, and the shudder of death? It is a stirring work, for it succeeds in being entertaining and disturbing at the same time, and that, in the classical sense, is what theater is all about.



Judith Jamison, principal dancer with the Alvin Ailey American Dance Theater — "Bravissima!"

Praise is due every performer in *Masekela Langage*, but I would be remiss if I did not single out Judith Jamison for special attention. Her solo of agonized, but curiously contained, loneliness was brilliantly conceived—but then this might have been expected of a young woman who is darkly beautiful, whose technique is dazzling, and whose artistry makes her the undisputed *prima* of the Ailey company.

Miss Jamison, handsomely assisted by Dudley Williams, was there to be watched in Michael Smuin's new *Pa-nambi*, but, unfortunately, it is a ballet that completely misses its mark. Smuin, one of the best of our newest (and highly selective) crop of choreographers, was defeated by two elements: the first was the music of Alberto Ginastera, which is so overwhelming aurally that it makes anything of a kinetic nature seem like a feeble echo; and the second was a surface treatment of the primitive (this approach trapped Eliot Feld in his *Pagan Spring*) that settled for surface patterns instead of dynamisms, for attitudes instead of contents. What the dismally inappropriate choreography failed to perceive was captured in Jim Housley's projected settings, especially the final one that celebrated the results of innocent fructification in brilliant leaves, in glorious flowers, in nature's unmatched patterns.

Founder-director-choreographer-boss, Alvin Ailey.

Another new work was Pauline Koner's *pas de deux* in modern style, *Poeme*, exquisitely danced by Linda Kent (white) and George Faison (black). Miss Koner, a choreographic craftsman of high repute and a sensitive artist, fashioned her movement patterns on the shapes and on the gestural characteristics of these two dancing bodies. The result was a work that was polished to a delicate luster and in which flowing movement gave a songlike cadence to the total action. Indeed, the flow is literally given physical substance in the form of a filmy pink scarf—it is not only sewn to the costume (and is an integral part of it) that Miss Kent wears, but it disappears, at the other end, in the general direction of heaven (in this case, upstage left).

The scarf is most effective as part of this lyrical composition. Miss Koner herself, some years ago, used a scarf of heavier material that stretched across the stage, but used it for terrifyingly dramatic effects in her own solo, *Cassandra*. The musical setting for the new *Poeme* is the second movement of Samuel Barber's Concerto for Piano and Orchestra (this is the movement in which the flute assumes dominance).

A fourth new work, Richard Wagner's *Threnody*, to music of Tadeusz Baird, completed the roster of new additions to the repertory, and I shall hope to comment upon it on another occasion. But for the moment, it is important to cheer Mr. Ailey himself for a brilliant new creation, *Masekela Langage*, and to hail the Ailey dancers for giving hardy travelers to Brooklyn a cornucopia of good dance reasons to make the journey worthwhile time and time again for the two-week period. So *bravo* to the dancers and the fine stage crew, and an extra special *bravissima* to the captivating Miss Jamison.

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Music to My Ears

Irving Kolodin

Casadesus chez Szell; Curtin for Finnila

ALMOST ANY performance that brings George Szell as conductor together with Robert Casadesus as piano soloist is occasion for a celebration, but the most recent was particularly so. It provided for a New York observance of the pianist's seventieth birthday, in a style suitable to his worth. It was spent among friends (four Philharmonic audiences), with Casadesus performing music to which he is devoted (the D-major Concerto of Mozart) or listening to music he had composed (the B-flat Suite for Orchestra). Last, if this time perhaps least, he also got paid for it.

What matter if Casadesus is now nearer seventy-one than seventy, inasmuch as the date of his birth was April 7, 1899? This only added slightly to the admiration he merits for commanding as much agility as he possesses knowledge. This need not be viewed as some historical phenomenon, for the late Wilhelm Backhaus was giving recitals only a week before he died recently in his eighty-fifth year, and there is no telling how long Artur Rubinstein, who was entering his teens when Casadesus was born, will continue to concertize. He is merely moving upward toward an even more exclusive company than the one he leaves behind.

It was appropriate, in the circumstances, that the choice of a concerto was the happy one that Mozart wrote in 1788, a radiant, coruscating, seraphically beautiful work that reflects in every detail the practiced hand that had previously produced twenty-five or so similar scores. As Shakespeare alternated comedies and tragedies among his output, so Mozart was capable of injecting his subjective state of mind into what he wrote, or rejecting it completely, without in the least compromising a grain of the artistry with which a particular result was accomplished.

In this instance, though his personal fortunes were low, his artistic impulses were of a height to accommodate every flight of which Casadesus and Szell were capable. Rejecting the temptation either to dramatize the undramatic or to prettify the exquisitely decorative, they made a delight of the work's science, and a science of the work's delight. Nothing unimportant was slighted, nothing important overstated. The outcome was an exhilarating instance of craft seasoned by experience, the interpreter's age enlivened by the perpetual youth of what he interpreted. As an instance of experienced collaboration, was it an illusion that Casadesus trilled for an extra beat (after the cadenza in the first movement) before Szell picked him up, or did the collusion occur a fraction sooner? Whatever it was, the narrow gulf was quickly bridged, the pieces falling swiftly into place as the necessary adjustment was swiftly made and deftly sustained.

The most gratifying moments came in the slow movement, about whose notation Mozart was either so rushed or so casual that he did not write out the left-hand part for the soloist, or even add the designation *Larghetto* (which it now bears). But there was nothing in the least casual about the Szell-Casadesus reconstruction of the patterns with which they had to work, from the beautifully even, rhythmically regular articulation of the opening melody to the maintenance of mood throughout. Should one be determined to find, in the musical patterns, the justification for the title the work bears in several languages (for which "Coronation" is the closest English equivalent), the gaily scintillating finale typifies the crown it wears. The jeweled execution was accordingly appropriate.

Casadesus had his moments of misgauged pianistic aim here and there, indicative, perhaps, of the tribute age pays to youth for experience. In the aggregate, however, it was a performance of a quality that the little girl sitting two seats away, who was bobbing and weaving to each rhythmic impulse, may remember when she is older (if she is fortunate) than either principal. The program began with a sophisticated if staid playing of Haydn's G-major (No. 88) Symphony, and after the well-designed, non-distinctive suite of Casadesus, concluded with the second suite Ravel made from his *Daphnis et Chloé* ballet score.

The following space was reserved for a comment on the debut recital in Alice Tully Hall of Birgit Finnila, a Swedish-born mezzo who has performed with an increasing number of orchestras in this country. However, Miss Finnila became a virus victim and was unable to perform, Phyllis Curtin deputizing for her.

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Majority

Continued from page 22

ther can it flout massive sentiments, expressed in major elections, without polarizing the country. And it makes the situation worse when its high officials look down their noses at citizens who, having tried elections and found them not sufficient to produce a significant change in policy, then go into the streets to demonstrate.

Mr. Nixon has pushed this process of squeezing out the middle still farther. He has identified support of his policies with devotion to the best interests of the nation. Spiro Agnew, more crudely, has told people that they have a choice between lining up with impudent snobs and joining the ranks of honest, faithful, accepting Americans. To put the alternatives in this way is to shut reasonable men, who think there are really other options, out of the debate. Overt physical repression isn't necessary to produce a silenced majority. All that is necessary is to pose choices between "honor" and "humiliation," between "impudence" and "loyalty," and then to make enough noise so that the voices of those who reject these alternatives aren't heard. When a government does this, it fails in its obligation to the people who represent the best hopes of the country.

Unhappily, on the other side of the fence the pressures that make for a silenced majority have also grown. The mutter of the mob, derisory, indignant, shutting out the dissenter from the circle of human respect, can be heard in places once known as citadels of reason. On scores of university campuses militant minorities have managed to define the issues under debate, to establish the vocabulary of discussion, and to draw the battlelines. Their technique has been to use the word "morality" in the way that the right wing uses "patriotism." It is not employed to call attention to individuals' rights, to the relation of ends and means, or to the need to weigh a variety of values before adopting a common course of action. It is employed to reduce a problem to a single, simple issue, and then to browbeat people into taking sides.

Yet, the majority, silenced under these conditions, belong to a vastly abused and greatly under-rated portion of the human race: people who are not apathetic but who are repelled by fanaticism, people who are not evasive but who prefer, when they take sides, to treat their opponents as though they were sane and sincere. It is people of this sort who, in this country, brought off the Birmingham bus boycott, and who, in the Soviet Union, have managed to alter just a little the heritage of Stalinist terror. It is people of this sort who, across the borders, have managed slowly to persuade their fellows that there must be some better destiny for the human race than an indefinite era of cold war and ideological fury.

A President's primary obligation is to the public opinion of this group—not to its opinion about this issue or that, but to the conditions that allow its opinion to be heard. For these are the conditions that make for constitutional process and civil order. And it is desperately plain, or so at least it seems to me, that each day that the United States remains in Vietnam without a definite timetable for withdrawal the ground will shake under the people who compose this group. They will have to live with reports of bloody atrocities in Vietnam, and with abusiveness and violence at home. The supporters of the President speak of the honor of the country. There will be less and less honor in the country so long as the war continues. The war is steadily making this nation, and the world at large, safer for zealots. And the majority on whom the democratic process depends for its civility, on whom daily life depends for its decency, will have to stand by, frustrated and silenced. This is not a prescription—if I may still be permitted to use a phrase from which our foreign policy has been draining the meaning—for the security of this country.

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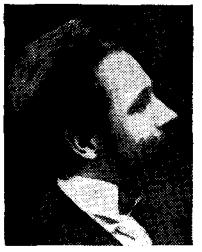
A Musical Bookshelf for the Christmas Shopper

Musical books have been more than commonly common in 1969, the range both wide and varied. Herewith is a survey of some of the best (excluding those which have been reviewed or mentioned in prior issues of SR).

St. Denis



Scriabin

Scriabin, *by Faubion Bowers (Kodansha International Ltd., $25).* Alexander Scriabin is one of those composers, long committed to oblivion, who have been recently rediscovered and re-evaluated. To a new generation steeped in psychedelic mixed media, "highs," and "flower culture," Scriabin is an especially meaningful figure, full of innovations and mystical thoughts early on in this century. Bowers's commitment to the subject and to the whole late-Romantic milieu and culture makes for engrossing reading. He has looked upon his subject—a man of great contrasts and contradictions—with compassion and endows his two volumes with careful research based on previous publications, personal reminiscences, letters, and theses. As a boy, Scriabin was fragile, and this trait endured through his torturous forty-three years, yet his music was erotic, matching his love life. With this element walked Scriabin's painful soul-searching with its seeds in Dostoevskian "walking around yourself and watching"—which led to the ultimate proclamation of the composer's divine right and his need to achieve through his music the highest ecstasy. Of interest are the photographs, selected discography, and catalogue of works.

Those Fabulous Philadelphians, *by Herbert Kupferberg (Charles Scribner's Sons, $7.95).* "Whether the Philadelphia Orchestra is *the* greatest orchestra in the world is one of those unanswerable questions which serve little purpose except to provoke a lively discussion among music-lovers," writes Kupferberg. Yet on the occasion of the orchestra's seventieth birthday, it is time to reaffirm the fact that for at least half a century it has set a standard against which other orchestras have been (and still may be) measured. What is unique is that this standard was achieved and maintained by two men, Leopold Stokowski and Eugene Ormandy, who represent nearly sixty years at the helm. The whole story of "The Life and Times of a Great Orchestra" is absorbingly told—from the early beginnings and first concert under Fritz Scheel, the emergence of the glamorous, pioneering Stokowski in 1912 and the building of his instrument, and the remarkable career of Ormandy, who has continued to mold his "Philadelphia Orchestra Sound" and expand its horizons in recordings and on world-wide tours. There are interviews with both men, and appendices include a dossier of the personnel, a list of important premieres, and a current discography.

Twentieth-Century Music, *edited by Rollo E. Myers (The Orion Press, $7.50).* A symposium devoted to the forms, trends, and interpretations of twentieth-century music, Myers's thoroughgoing book is intended to close that widening gap of understanding between the composer and his audience that began when Debussy changed the whole course of music and ushered in a new era of exploration and emancipation. Among the various topics covered are "The Nineteenth-Century Pioneers" by Eric Blom, "Serialism and Developments in Western Music Since Webern" by André Hodeir, "The Composer and His Audience" by Roberto Gerhard, "Some Recent Trends in Opera" by Arthur Jacobs. Part Two consists of a survey of contemporary music in Europe, the U.S., and Latin America. Myers's hope was "that it may encourage those who are interested in contemporary music but puzzled, perhaps, by certain of its manifestations in recent years, to feel at least that it is a living force and, whether they like it or not, a vital element in the culture of our time."

Serious Music and All That Jazz, *by Henry Pleasants (Simon & Schuster, $5.95).* Nearly fifteen years ago, Henry Pleasants threw the music Establishment into a tailspin with his *Agony of Modern Music,* in which he dismissed recent developments in serious music; many readers never recovered. Because modern music is so esoteric, noncommunicative, and nonmusical, it is being supplanted by the far more relevant, expressive, and imaginative sounds of the evolving Afro-American idiom of jazz, blues, rock, pop, and soul. Pleasants is a Jeremiah for jazz, seeing it, after thirty years, as an "orgy of self-indulgence and self-congratulations," a reversion to the dichotomy between Serious and Popular. The healthiest thing in music in several hundred years, he says, is music close to life, derived from a blend of African and American strains; and rock is the revitalizing force in music. He argues for rules that stem from general sense and taste of mankind, rather than art for art's sake, summing up that the public "is a capricious and fallible arbiter; but it is the least fallible of any and, in the long run, the only one that matters." Pleasants is again stirring up a hornets' nest.

Music: Mirror of the Arts, *by Alan Rich (Frederick A. Praeger, $15).* Rich traverses the whole history of Western art and music—and aptly dedicates it to Lucie Bigelow Rosen, who knew and valued both. In this handsome, thoughtful volume, he traces simultaneously the course of music from antiquity to the current trends and the equivalent changes of expression in painting, sculpture, architecture, etc. As he explains, "Every work of art presents to the onlooker a long and subtle chain of reflections." Its creator is mirrored, as is his general artistic outlook. The artist mirrors his times, the prevailing intellectual currents, and, "besides reflecting the artist and his times, the art works of a cultural era reflect each other, as well." So the grandeur of Baroque music is paralleled with St. Peter's in Rome; the richly ornamented churches of the Middle Ages have their counterpart in the new, richly detailed music of the period; the blossoming of Renaissance music is matched by the flowering of music and painting; a Mozart symphony embodies certain ideals of classical architecture; and twentieth-century Expressionism has its counterpoint in Kandinsky and Kokoschka.

Musical Impressions: Selections from Paul Rosenfeld's Criticism, *edited by Herbert A. Leibowitz (Hill & Wang, Inc., $7.95).* Despite certain stumbling blocks in his way of thinking, Paul Rosenfeld was a man who loved music and art, and who wrote with passion, conviction, and knowledge of his subject. Instead of cool, calculated analyses, he gave devotion to his subject and a rich style of writing. His essays are directed more toward the interested listener than toward the specialist or professional. In this volume, writings are taken from the period 1917-1936 and arranged under the general headings of "The Viennese Tradition," "Impressionism, Primitivism, and Neoclassicism," and "American Music." Although he recognized Ives and Varèse early as prophets of American music, there are considerations which seem quite stubborn and silly today, particularly when it came to the late Romantics—Mahler and Bruckner were naïve, banal, and vulgar, Richard Strauss was "the false dawn of modern music." Leibowitz writes that Rosenfeld "championed the modern . . . as a lucid and strict-minded humanist who compared the works of his contemporaries with the high achievements . . . of the past."

The Business of Music, *by Ernst Roth (Oxford University Press, $7.50).* Dr. Roth, born in Prague, entered the great music publishing house of Universal Edition in 1922. In 1938, he joined Boosey & Hawkes in London, of which he is now chairman. He looks at the enormous changes that have come over both serious and popular music in these years—and the commercial implications of these mechanical and electronic changes in the complex matters of

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copyright and performing rights, as well as how the music business is organized and the new problems confronting both publisher and composer. In Part Two, he writes about music, his personal recollections of composers and their music: the last years of Strauss, the premiere of Stravinsky's *Rake's Progress*, the genius of Bartók, the revolutionary Schoenberg and Webern. Britten is singled out as a leader since World War II: "One would like to believe that, in the face of all the innovators, he would vindicate all that is 'traditional' and dear in music—inspiration, expression, melody." New music he accepts without passing approval as " . . . neither the destruction nor the salvation of art."

Miss Ruth *by Walter Terry (Dodd, Mead & Company, $6.95).* Ruth St. Denis was a phenomenon, and it is highly unlikely that she could or will ever happen again. At the turn of the century, dance was cocooned in the formality of classical ballet, but "Miss Ruth" freed it and unleashed a whole new way of dance expression, waves of which are still being felt today. Walter Terry knew and admired her for over three decades, and before her death she authorized him to tell the story of what she termed her "more living life" and provided him with previously unpublished material for it, as did Ted Shawn and Brother St. Denis. The history of "Miss Ruth" is the history of dance in America for ninety years—she began on the New York stage in vaudeville and later joined the companies of David Belasco as an actress-singer. A cigarette poster with a Turkish figure changed her life, for it inspired her to create a new kind of dance based on the ethnic styles of Egypt, India, and Japan. In time came her historic partnership with Shawn and their creation of the Denishawn school and companies, whose tendrils reached around the globe.

Where's the Melody? *by Martin Williams (Pantheon Books, $4.95).* Williams has written a unique listener's introduction to a subject in which he is well versed, articulate, and enthusiastic: jazz. Among the basic questions his primer deals with are how to listen to jazz, what jazzmen do with a melody as they improvise, how jazz is composed, where jazz came from—each with examples for recommended listening. A basic library of jazz recordings complements a brief history showing how jazz developed through the contributions of such major figures as Louis Armstrong, Duke Ellington, and Charlie Parker. After the basics of the evolution and language of jazz have been dispensed with, specifics of personalities performing and recording introduce readers to Thelonious Monk at the Five Spot Cafe, Milt Jackson in the studio, "Big Joe" Williams recording, and Jimmy Giuffre at home. The final section is given over to Williams's personal comments as a listener and critic—"The Tenacious Craft of Horace Silver," "The Triumphant Decline of Billie Holiday," "Krupa Collected," and notes on pianists Shearing, Peterson, Jamal, and Brubeck. He ends with some new developments in the medium during this decade.

—ROBERT JACOBSON.

THE STORY OF THE BLUES

by Paul Oliver

Chilton, 176 pp., $12.50

ALTHOUGH THE BLUES have been popular for many years, this book marks the first serious attempt to write a comprehensive history of the subject. The author is English, and, as with jazz, much of the most detailed research was done in Europe, where a white audience for the blues comparable to that in this country now exists.

The current widespread interest derives to a considerable extent from the acknowledgment of sources made by such popularizers as the Rolling Stones and the Beatles and their counterparts here. However disparate the rewards, their success *has* benefited the models, such as Lightnin' Hopkins, B. B. King, Muddy Waters, and John Lee Hooker. The presence of black blues singers on TV is now more than a rumor, and their frequent appearances at blues festivals, colleges, and coffeehouses is something few of them could ever have anticipated.

The blues express much more than despair, but their association with melancholy is understandable. The origin of the word itself as used to describe music is obscure, but to look "blue" in Elizabethan England meant what it does today, while to have the "blues"—a contraction of "blue devils"—implied a depression of spirits. During the past century, when the blues as we now know them were born and shaped, the American Negro had plenty of cause for depression of spirits.

Oliver's lavishly illustrated book reveals the rough, grim, and grimy milieu from which the blues came. The worn, prematurely aged faces of many of the singers reflect that milieu, yet side by side are others lighted by vitality and a kind of dauntless bonhomie. The paradox of the blues is in those faces, because the songs themselves are both sorrowing and defiant. Certainly, as Duke Ellington insists, most blues are concerned with "romantic failure," but there is a world of irony in the farewells, the singers' plaints being more often accusatory than repentant.

The blues world remains essentially black, despite the ambitions of many young white singers today. Up to World War II, blues records were carefully segregated in the catalogues under such euphemistic category labels as "race," "sepia," and "rhythm and blues," and they were mainly purchased by the underprivileged sections of the Negro communities, which also happened to be the chief supporters of the performing artists. There was always a tendency among the more secure—the better educated, the more sophisticated, the wealthier—to look down upon the blues. In some cases their prejudice had religious undertones. W. C. Handy's father, for instance, regarded the guitar as "one of the devil's playthings," and that instrument is of paramount importance in blues. To others, however, the blues simply brought back memories of a past they preferred to forget.

The increasing commercial success of "rhythm and blues" led to the recognition of blues as a potent ingredient that could be marketed advantageously on a much larger scale if freed from the restrictive category label. Elvis Presley and Bill Haley, both of whom used the blues astutely, were the prophets, in effect, of rock 'n' roll, that immensely profitable amalgam of blues, jazz, gospel, and country corn.

Oliver traces these developments with the care and attention to detail those familiar with his four preceding books on blues subjects will expect, but in this case he provides a complete factual panorama from field hollers to Chicago electronics. In it, he relates people, time, and place in a way that has not been done before. But even this work cannot be regarded as definitive, for blues research proceeds at an astonishing pace. New discoveries result in reassessments that constantly change the perspective. Blues criteria, in fact, are as fluid as those of jazz, and it is often difficult to account in retrospect for the popularity of singers who recorded prolifically—until it is remembered that their blues were "pop music for a certain segment of the people at a certain time."

Folklorists, fascinated by the early and relatively naïve country blues, have always been much concerned with regional differences. Considering the extent to which the bluesmen rambled, local traditions remained amazingly distinct. The migrations north and experience of urban conditions brought great changes, but for a long time country values dominated Chicago. The divisions between rural and urban blues are usually somewhat arbitrary in essentials. It is one of Oliver's great achievements that he gives the reader such a clear idea of where the blues came from, where they've been, and where they're at now.

A bibliography, discography, and index complete a reference work that will prove an invaluable supplement to any collection of blues records. It is only unfortunate that CBS has not yet seen fit to release the double-record album compiled by Oliver and issued in England in conjunction with the book. Meanwhile, the discography lists many admirable anthologies that are already available here.

—STANLEY DANCE.

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Jazz LPs

Data	Report
Barney Bigard and Art Hodes: *Bucket's Got a Hole in It.* Bigard, clarinet; Hodes, piano; Nap Trottier, trumpet; George Brunis, trombone; Rail Wilson, bass; Barrett Deems, drums. Delmark stereo, DS-211, $5.98.	Like any of the great musicians associated with Duke Ellington, Bigard tends to sound diminished in other contexts. A more sophisticated accompanying group than that employed here might well have proved more inspiring, but his early New Orleans background enables him to adjust easily to its limitations. The full scope of his artistry, the beautiful tone and fluid phrasing are best revealed on such numbers as "Makin' Whoopee" and "Three Little Words," which he plays with only the rhythm section in support.
Eubie Blake: *The Eighty-Six Years of Eubie Blake.* Blake, piano and vocal; Noble Sissle, vocal. Columbia stereo, C2S-847 (two records), $9.96.	This two-record set, produced by John Hammond, does overdue justice to an artist who has seldom had proper recognition in the jazz histories. Blake began his professional career more than seventy years ago, and he is Willie "The Lion" Smith's senior by a decade. Fortunately, his memory and fingers are fully capable of bringing the distant past to life. The first record, entitled *Rags*, is a marvelous compendium of early piano styles. The second, entitled *Theatre*, introduces his friend and lyricist Noble Sissle. The part they played in returning the Negro musical to Broadway is well documented in the music and informative notes. Sissle once enjoyed a considerable reputation as a singer, but Blake surpasses him in, for example, the moving vocal on "Blues, Why Don't You Leave Me Alone?" a number worthy of revival. The set ends appropriately with a definitive version of the pianist's biggest hit, "Memories of You."
Sonny Criss: *I'll Catch the Sun.* Criss, alto saxophone; Hampton Hawes, piano; Monty Budwig, bass; Shelly Manne, drums. Prestige stereo, 7628, $4.98.	Although they had not recorded together since 1949, Criss and Hawes immediately prove a refreshing team. What annotator Ira Gitler refers to as "pure, clean alto lines" are always a striking feature of Criss's work, but they are not achieved at the expense of emotion. The conviction and assurance on the eight-minute, slow blues, "Blue Sunset," recall Lunceford's Willie Smith, while on the uptempo "California Screamin'," the saxophonist's breadth of interest is further indicated by references to both Smith and Benny Carter. Besides these two blues, there is an extremely successful version of "Cry Me a River."
Snoozer Quinn: *The Legendary Snoozer Quinn.* Quinn, guitar; Johnny Wiggs, cornet. Fat Cat stereo, FCJ-104, $5. (Postpaid from Fat Cat Jazz Records, Box 458, Manassas, Virginia, 22110.)	Quinn, who died in 1952, was a legend in his profession like pianist Peck Kelley. Thanks to the good offices of Bix Beiderbecke and Frank Trumbauer, he was briefly a member of Paul Whiteman's orchestra in the late Twenties, but there were no records to justify his reputation. This wholly unexpected collection was recorded by Wiggs in a hospital shortly before the guitarist's death. The circumstances undoubtedly account for the subdued nature of some of the playing, but an attractive talent is revealed, and Quinn's authority and spirit are impressive on "You Took Advantage of Me." Wiggs plays on six tracks and manifests an affinity with Beiderbecke, not least on the first of two takes of "Singin' the Blues."
Thad Jones and Mel Lewis: *Central Park North.* Jones, flugelhorn, arranger, and conductor; Davis, drums; with seventeen-piece band. Solid State stereo, SS-18058, $5.98.	Despite personnel changes, this is a remarkably consistent band, but it lacks the tonal subtlety of Basie's and Ellington's. Sensitive dynamics are not its specialty, and the power of its splendid brass section is overemphasized. Although apparently played for the first time in the studio, "Groove Merchant" proves enjoyable, perhaps because the reeds for once are put in the foreground. Among the more rewarding soloists heard in this thoroughly annotated set are Jones himself, Jerome Richardson (piccolo), Roland Hanna (piano), and Jimmy Nottingham (trumpet).
Houston Person: *Goodness!* Person, tenor saxophone; Sonny Phillips, organ; Billy Butler, guitar; Bob Bushnell, fender bass; Frankie Jones, drums; Buddy Caldwell, conga. Prestige stereo, 7678, $4.98.	"Sort of a modern oldtime thing" is how Person aptly describes his music. With every album, he appears more relaxed and confident. There is nothing pretentious about any of the six performances, but they swing loosely, Butler and Phillips providing admirable support as soloists and accompanists. Almost as good, and with similar instrumentation, is Willis Jackson's *Gator's Groove* (Prestige 7648), on which the guitarist is the dependable Bill Jennings. If only there were a device for tuning out the subversive conga!
Horace Silver: *You Gotta Take a Little Love.* Silver, piano; Randy Brecker, trumpet and flugelhorn; Benny Maupin, tenor saxophone and flute; John Williams, bass; Billy Cobham, drums. Blue Note stereo, BST-84309, $5.98.	A typical Silver set, this contains long solos and scant ensemble passages on six of his originals and a ballad by Maupin. The playing is good, and the material interesting enough, but the method of presentation now seems overworked to anyone familiar with Silver's recording career. The addition of at least one horn, and backgrounds to the soloists, could do much in terms of color and variety. Conversely, another trio album like those of 1952-53 might be timely, because it is Silver himself who continues to have most to say. The unsung lyrics printed in the liner provide an intriguing insight into his motivations.
Various artists: *Blues from Big Bill's Copa Cabana.* Muddy Waters, Buddy Guy, guitar and vocal; Sonny Boy Williamson, Howlin' Wolf, harmonica and vocal; Otis Spann, piano; Willie Dixon, bass and vocal; unidentified saxophones and drums. Chess stereo, LPS-1533, $4.98.	The Copa Cabana is described in the notes as "a rough, cavernous, second-floor dancehall-turned-nightclub on Chicago's near West Side," and this excellent recording, made live there, is loaded with atmosphere. When in the mood, as he is here, Muddy Waters is hard to top, and Guy and Wolf are not in his class as singers, but the one track by Williamson is the album's best. An understated train blues, with insidious harmonica playing, it has an intimate and dramatic quality that is surprising in the circumstances. Spann plays superbly throughout and is well recorded. —STANLEY DANCE.

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A New Music of Political Protest

Bassist Charlie Haden and pianist Ran Blake, two prominent members of the once-controversial avant-garde jazz scene, have concurrently released recordings that offer direction and vehicle for many of the jazz innovations of the early 1960s. They have channeled their efforts and talents into a new, instrumental form of political protest music.

Without riding the merry-go-round of semantics and values, suffice it to say that this music is not dependent upon its political connotations. But the fresh, passionate spirit of the music is a direct result of its inspiration: strong concern for humanity and anger in the face of the atrocities and inhuman conditions that politics have created or perpetuated throughout history.

Charlie Haden amassed a wide range of material and assembled a dozen of New York's leading jazz musicians for his *Liberation Music Orchestra* (Impulse AS-9183). The first side of this disc consists of six songs, welded together by arranger Carla Bley. Hans Eisler's "Song of the United Front" and three folk tunes from the Spanish Civil War of 1936 are beautifully encased by two brief Bley compositions. There are excellent solos from tenor saxophonist Gato Barbieri, guitarist Sam Brown, trombonist Roswell Rudd, trumpeter Don Cherry, and bassist Haden. But Miss Bley's distinctive writing is the major asset. Her voicings are amazing—wide yet rich, dissonant yet beautiful. She has the ability to fuse the contemporary and the traditional with due reverence to both. The orchestra executes these arrangements with empathetic expression and precision.

The second side contains five separate pieces, including a short Bley interlude, a passionate reading of "We Shall Overcome," and Charlie Haden's moving "Song for Che," which offers some fine improvisations from trumpeter Cherry, saxophonist Dewey Redman, and the composer.

The two masterpieces of the album are Ornette Coleman's "War Orphans" and Haden's "Circus '68-'69." "Orphans"

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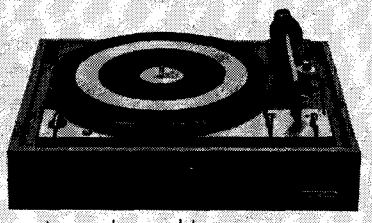

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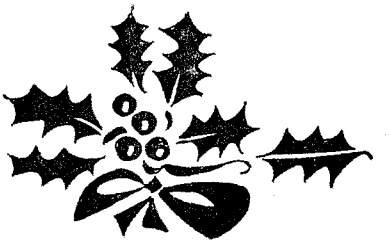
is Carla Bley's showcase. Her sensitive arrangement couples her own unique voicings and phrasing with the dark, rich, impressionistic style of Gil Evans's orchestrations. Miss Bley at the piano is the principal soloist, and her brilliant improvisation befits the mood and meaning of the piece.

"Circus '68-'69," which reveals the Ivesian aspect of Haden's musical mind, is a musical re-creation and interpretation of the 1968 Democratic National Convention. The blindly joyful "Happy Days Are Here Again" and the insistent "You're a Grand Old Flag" are played against "We Shall Overcome," an organ dirge, and the angry cries of screaming horns. This is an awesomely penetrating piece of music.

Each component of Haden's music (i.e., the original concept, the material, the arranging, the ensemble work, and the improvisations) works extremely well. Excellent music and excellent commentary.

Ran Blake is of another musical breed. On *Blue Potato and Other Outrages* (Milestone MSP 9021), he works as a solo pianist, creating moods, using melody and texture as his principal tools. Harmonic progression and rhythmic pulse are irrelevant and often nonexistent in Blake's music.

But, if the pianist-composer is only a painter of moods, he is a master at his art. On this disc, he reworks several familiar pieces of music to give them relevance to the times. The lively standard "Chicago" is played with a grotesque and sinister twist on its nostalgic frivolity, eventually falling into dissonance as reality stamps out the American dream. Likewise "Never on Sunday" is attacked with the same violence that the junta used in its takeover of Greece. The insipid "All or Nothing at All" becomes a revolutionary threat, as Blake states the theme with thick, strong tone clusters, then explores fragments of the melody, building tension all the time.



All the pain and tragedy of Billie Holiday's life are recalled in the pianist's mournful and ironic interpretation of her "God Bless the Child." Charles Mingus's "Fables of Faubus" and Max Roach's "Garvey's Ghost" are given meaningful performances.

This disc also contains some interesting Blake originals, including "Three Seeds," a suite of musical portraits of Roger Debray, Malcolm X, and Che Guevara. "The Blue Potato" has a childlike, burlesque flavor, revealing Blake's view of the policeman's mentality.

Political overtones play a more essential role in Blake's recording than in Haden's. Yet, it is an excellent, creative work by a unique innovator.

From a sociological point of view, jazz has usually been considered the American black man's protest music. With these two albums, a more explicit and more universal protest music has been introduced, which successfully weds avant-garde jazz with various traditional forms of music. The topical folk songs of Pete Seeger et al. have a new and admirable companion.

—MICHAEL CUSCUNA.

THE YEAR'S BEST IN JAZZ—MAINLY MAINSTREAM

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Kenny Clarke & Francy Boland: Fire, Heat, Soul and Guts	Prestige 7634
Sonny Criss: Rockin' in Rhythm	Prestige 7610
Baby Dodds: Baby Dodds Trio	GHB (mono) 50
Duke Ellington: Flaming Youth	RCA (mono) LPV-568
Duke Ellington: Hot in Harlem	Decca DL-79241
Urbie Green: 21 Trombones, Vol. II	Project 3 5014-SD
Bobby Hackett: Bobby Hackett and Vic Dickenson	Project 3 5034-SD
Lionel Hampton: Steppin' Out	Decca DL-79244
Coleman Hawkins & Mary Lou Williams: Jazz Pioneers	Prestige 7647
Woody Herman: Concerto for Herd	Verve V6-8764
Earl Hines: Hines Rhythm	Epic EE-22021
John Lee Hooker: Simply the Truth	Bluesway BLS-6023
Illinois Jacquet: The King	Prestige 7597
Thad Jones & Mel Lewis: Monday Night	Solid State 18048
Little Walter: Hate to See You Go	Chess 1535
Gary McFarland: America the Beautiful	Skye SK-8
Jelly Roll Morton: I Thought I Heard Buddy Bolden Say	RCA LPV-559
Robert Nighthawk: Masters of Modern Blues, Vol. IV	Testament T-2215
King Oliver: Papa Joe	Decca DL-79246
Johnny Otis: Cold Shot	Kent 534
Duke Pearson: Now Hear This	Blue Note BST-84308
Django Reinhardt: The American Jazz Greats	Prestige 7633
McCoy Tyner: Tender Moments	Blue Note BST-84275
Fats Waller: African Ripples	RCA (mono) LPV-562
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—S.D.

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The Cossums aren't trying to save the world. Just a little piece of it.

Lester Davis is a friendly, dark-eyed little boy whose smile can light up an entire room. But for most of his six years, he hasn't had much to smile about.

Lester lives in Laurel Creek, an Appalachian town of 200 people in a county with a per capita income of $557 a year. Like most of the other people of Laurel Creek, Lester lives in a three-room weatherboard house, along with his mother and father and nine brothers and sisters. They have no well, and of course no inside plumbing. So Lester's mother, Tressie, carries all the family water up from the nearby creek.

Lester's father, Ray, used to work in the coal mines, but since the mines "played out" he's been unemployed. As Tressie admits, "It's awful hard going. We never could get us a good start before." They still wouldn't have a "start" if it weren't for the Cossum family.

Ed and Martha Cossum live in a suburban community of contemporary homes. Looking out back you can see one of those large, above-ground plastic swimming pools. And you can see the beginnings of a redwood deck around the pool, which Ed and his two children, Bill and Carol, are building themselves.

Ed is a systems analyst. He spends most of his day thinking about third generation computers. Fortunately, Ed and Martha also think about this generation of children living in Appalachia.

Through Save The Children Federation, the Cossums are helping Lester and his family. They contribute $15 a month. Though it's not a lot of money, the Cossums could probably have done a lot of other things with it.

The Cossums' contribution will be made available to the Davises not as a gift, or charity; but as a loan. An interest-free loan which Lester's father can borrow to begin a self-help project.

Mr. Davis already has a project in mind. He plans to use the Cossums' money to buy and feed two cows, then sell the calves as they come along. As Mr. Davis says, "A man likes to find ways to take care of his own family."

Already there is a new feeling of hope in the Davis family, and confidence and pride in their ability to help themselves.

That really is what Save The Children is all about. Although contributions are deductible as a charity, the aim is not merely to buy one child a new pair of overalls or a warm coat. Instead, your contribution is used to give people a little boost to start helping themselves.

Sponsors are desperately needed for other Appalachian children and American Indian children, as well as children in Korea, Vietnam, Latin America, Africa and Greece.

As a sponsor you will receive a photo and history of the child, progress reports and a chance to correspond.

The Cossums know they can't save the world for $15 a month. Only a little piece of it. But maybe that is the way to save the world, if enough people care. How about you?

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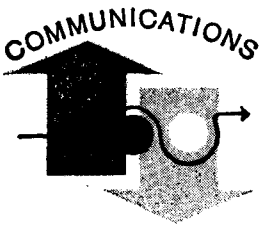

The Mirror of the News and Big Brother

Communications Editor:
RICHARD L. TOBIN

SR Communications

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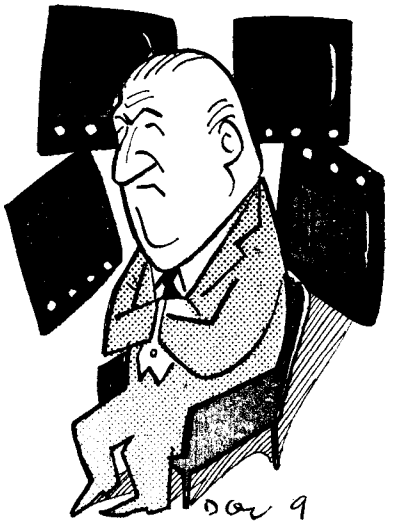

Since last we communicated through this column, a perfectly amazing number of incidents have exploded in headlines having to do with the right of communicators to express themselves and, on the other hand, warnings by those in authority that press censorship is very much alive in this world. Most dramatic has been Vice President Agnew's controversial but long overdue case against monopoly press and monopoly broadcasting. But there have been others, too; so let's take them in the order in which they occurred.

First, a drastic new press law in Greece gives any editor convicted of inciting through print a prison term of five years to life. The trouble is, of course, that sedition, as the Greek junta defines it, is just about anything that disagrees with the ruling colonels, who have handed the Greek press a long list of forbidden subjects. Even a cartoon or small article believed to have relighted political controversy in Athens can now mean prison and a heavy fine, while a news story judged to jolt public confidence in the economy can bring an editor, or writer, a fine of $3,000 and six months in jail. Restoration of democracy and freedom, not to say an unfettered press, is apparently as far from reality now as it was during the military coup of 1967 in the unhappy land that first spawned the idea of freedom of speech 2,500 years ago.

In Rome a few days later, the Vatican threatened to withdraw accreditation of any reporter showing an "incorrect attitude" toward Pope Paul VI, the Holy See, or the Roman Catholic Church. This threat against newsmen declares that credentials of all journalists covering the Vatican can be withdrawn by the "unchallengeable decision of Vatican authorities." Monsignor Fausto Vallainc, official spokesman for the Vatican and its chief press officer, says that a threat to withhold accreditation applies only against those who "might use expressions contrary to the truth." It is perfectly obvious who shall decide what truth is, as is the case in Athens.

The third and most prominent attack on the right of a people to hear criticism against authority came, of course, from the Vice President, and the best thing we've read on this subject was written by Fred Friendly, the former CBS news boss and now a professor at the Pulitzer School at Columbia. We are printing Mr. Friendly's words in full in this month's Communications Supplement (see index). At the same time, Herbert Brucker, who also taught at Columbia as well as Stanford, recently having been editor of the *Hartford Courant* and once president of the American Society of Newspaper Editors, says of Agnew's outburst: "This is just Big Brother wired for sound, and Big Brother has been around a long time. Kings and prime ministers and priests and potentates of all kinds have from the beginning sought to have only their word reach the public." Where history departs from the Vice President, Mr. Brucker says, and indeed from the President himself, is on the need of a system for reporting that is independent of government, and upon occasion hostile to it. That the administration has not read its American history, or its Constitution, any more than have the authoritarians in Rome or in Athens, is to belabor the point.

After Mr. Agnew's two speeches, James Reston wrote in *The New York Times*: "Watchful commentators from the beginning of the republic have tended to be critical of the party in power, and the greater the power of the Presidency, particularly the power to make war, the greater the skepticism and the harder the criticism." On the other hand, Mr. Agnew is dead right when he said that journalists tend to play up the unusual

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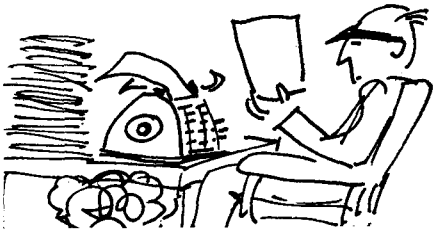
and the contentious, which, as Scotty Reston adds, is why Agnew is being played up now. He is probably already the most controversial Vice President in our history, and, let's face it, much of what he says about network commentators and stuffy monopoly newspapers is on target. We think it is a good thing for journalism that he said what he said a couple of weeks ago and that the public generally is shaken out of its torpor. Taking freedom of the press and speech for granted is the only certain way to lose our democracy, and, though the method was odd, the Vice President has given the more conservative element of this country a voice it has not had in this century.

The case against the networks and giant press monopolies is largely a case of geography and background. Newsmen come from all over the United States to New York and Washington, the centers of journalism in this country, electronic and print, and within a few months they begin to write, think, and expound just like every other journalist in New York or Washington. Unfortunately, though, New York and Washington are not the United States. They can be as provincial as the smallest Kansas township, and they can be as biased. They simply do not reflect the whole American people in the daily mirror of the news. Yet all U.S. network broadcasting is headquartered in New York or



Washington and so are the great press services. Most of the magazines published in this country and almost all of the books are seeded in Manhattan. Two of the truly great newspapers of the nation, with tremendous influence far beyond their constituencies, the *Washington Post* and *The New York Times*, are first of all local, as all good newspapers must be. The result of this concentration of journalistic power between two Eastern Seaboard communities is an inevitable distortion of news values, and the Atlantic cliché that anything west of the Hudson and the Potomac doesn't really matter is probably nearer the truth in the area of news and comment than in any other component of the American democracy. This is, in translation, what the Vice President tried clumsily to say when you cut through the Big Brother threats and overtones of his two controversial speeches. —R. L. T.

Letters to the Communications Editor

Newspaper Antitrust & Dirty Pool

WALTER B. KERR indulges in dirty pool in "Price-Fixing, Profit-Pooling, and the Newspaper Business" [*SR*, Nov. 8]. Mr. Kerr writes about the Tucson antitrust case and the proposal for special legislation arising out of it as if it were all recent history. He writes about "facts" that he says "are quite well known," but he omits the one most important pertinent fact: The agreement for the joint operation of two newspapers in Tucson was made in 1940, and there were similar agreements made in other cities prior to that. Tucson was not the first. It was because the agreements in those cities apparently had the tacit approval of the Justice Department that similar agreements in other cities were reached.

On the basis of its victory in the Tucson case, the Justice Department would thus break up similar joint operating agreements in twenty-one other cities. The proposed legislation is designed to prevent this, because for more than thirty years these agreements were thought to be legal, and there is practically no way to restore them to their former status.

ROBERT U. BROWN,
Publisher and Editor,
Editor & Publisher,
New York, N.Y.

WALTER KERR's analysis of the behind-scenes forces pushing for enactment of the so-called Newspaper Preservation Bill (formerly Failing Newspaper Bill) is both interesting and helpful. It should be noted, however, that there are not twenty-three cities involved, but twenty-two, as Mr. Kerr himself testified before the Hart subcommittee in the Senate. Apparently he includes St. Louis, which has never been considered a petitioner for the antitrust exemption, since the joint arrangement there is entirely mechanical, with no price-fixing or profit-pooling involved.

Although the spectacle of the Commerce Department backing the exemptive legislation in the face of the Justice Department's opposition would seem ludicrous, it is actually symptomatic of the entire issue. The administration's schizophrenia reflects that of the industry, which hates to see papers die, but cannot quite bear to admit that the daily newspaper has become what economists call a "natural monopoly." Of course, if only one can survive (as is the case in 96 per cent of the cities' dailies), then the other must die—unless it is saved by special legislation such as that now under consideration. The dilemma has only two horns.

The proposed legislation is unwise for reasons other than its technical defects, alleged avarice of publishers, mythical "new competitors," and other irrelevancies. It should be defeated, because its essential justification is its fatal flaw: preserving a "second voice" of editorial opinion in the affected communities. The agency agreements under which the "Desperate Twenty-two" now operate usually do preserve that second voice remarkably well.

But if the corrective law is predicated on that premise, it must eventually look to enforcement of the principle. The law, therefore, would give Congress the precedent necessary to inquire into whether conditions of the mandate preserving the second voice are being fairly carried out. Congress would have to examine the substance of editorial opinion, in the manner of recent FCC regulations in the television and radio fields. Giving Congress a wedge to move into this traditionally sacrosanct area would not be in the long-range best interests of the newspaper industry. Nor would granting these powers, in the present context, seem to be in the best interest of freedom generally.

VICTOR JOSE,
Editor & Publisher,
Richmond, Ind.

Madison Avenue Banana Peel?

THE CORRESPONDENCE pertaining to Fairfax M. Cone's article "Memo to Tomorrow's Madison Avenue" [*SR*, Oct. 11] reminded me of a story related by David Frost and Antony Jay in their book *The English*. After suggesting that "advertising men use statistics rather like a drunk uses a lamppost—for support rather than illumination," they relate the story of one Squadron Leader Barclay. Complaining about advertising ruses in a letter to a newspaper, he wrote: "Why do advertisers continually announce a '17 per cent more' without adding 'than what'? A few months ago I wrote to a well-known tire company whose advertisements announced 'twice the grip, twice the mileage.' I asked, 'The grip and mileage of what?' and added that I had invented a rubber with 847 times the grip and 943 times the mileage, but as my basic test piece was a banana, I doubted whether I had a commercial proposition."

GEOFFREY J. D. HEWINGS,
Seattle, Wash.

REGARDING the pro and con of dishonest advertising, give me retail advertising any day in preference to the Madison Avenue type of advertising. He who is without sin, throw the first stone! The truth of the matter is we are forced to be honest whether one desires to be or not! On one side we have the Better Business Bureau with its eagle eyes, and on the other side we have the customer—usually a woman—with the ad in her hot little hand. If it ain't what it should be, the irate customer is back in the store at the exchange window with fire in her eye and the merchandise in her hand. Once she's burned, you are through, brother! The illustration sells them, they look for the bare facts of life (size, color), and if the price is right, the cash registers ring steadily. Methinks, as a retail copywriter, many products sold

(*Continued on page* 75)

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Some Sober Second Thoughts on Vice President Agnew

by FRED W. FRIENDLY

In defending Vice President Spiro Agnew, one of the most fair-minded men in the United States Senate said, "It is the pig that is caught under the fence that squeals." The analogy may be partly accurate, but the question is who is stuck under the fence —the broadcast journalist or the administration? Long ago, when broadcasting was fighting for its right to be responsible, Edward R. Murrow, then under attack, spoke words that might be paraphrased today: When the record is finally written it will answer the question, who helped the American people better understand the dilemma of Vietnam — the administration or the American journalist? History, of course, will decide that question. But I would suspect that in the struggle between the news media and the last two administrations, the record has been with the journalists.

The American people are worried about Vietnam, race, and youth, the three crucial stories of our time. What the Vice President of the United States is attempting to do is create doubts in the minds of the American public about the motivation and background of those charged with the responsibility of trying to understand and explain these complicated and sensitive controversies.

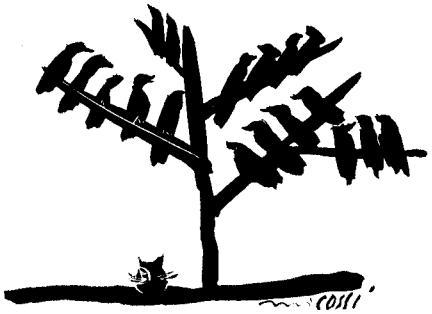
When Mr. Agnew asks, "Are we demanding enough of our television news presentations?" he is certainly asking a question that others, including many inside the profession, have asked for a generation. For some, the Vice President's question seemed to be about raised eyebrows, caustic remarks, and too much news analysis. For me, his speech was really about too little analysis. In fact, the Vice President may have provided a most valuable service in his Des Moines speech. He sharpened an issue that has been diffuse for too long, inviting us all to consider once again the state of broadcast journalism.

Agnew and I share the view that television journalism leaves something to be desired. We both fear the concentration of great power in a few individuals in the broadcasting industry. But we are apparently in profound disagreement on not only the nature of the networks' coverage of President Nixon's Vietnam address, but even more importantly, on our crying need for more, not less, interpretive reporting. We require bolder, not blander illumination of the issues that divide men of reason.

Where Agnew went astray, in my view, was in his suggestion that the media ought somehow to be a conduit for the views of the government, or merely a reflector of public opinion. He was not the first nor the last high official to equate fairness and the possession of great power with the obligation of conformity.

The Vice President has forgotten history when he criticizes ABC's journalistic enterprise in arranging for Ambassador Averell Harriman to participate in the broadcast that followed Mr. Nixon's speech of November 3. I don't think President Kennedy rejoiced in having the Republican Senator from Indiana, Homer Capehart, critique his Berlin crisis speech of 1961 nor in having Ladd Plumley, president of the National Chamber of Commerce, pursue him after his controversial 1962 speech on the state of the economy. How many times after a major address did President Johnson have to listen to the cutting remarks of Minority Leaders Everett Dirksen and Gerald Ford? It was all part of the democratic process. After all, the President had had prime time on all three networks, and a small measure of counter-fire from the loyal opposition was hardly stacking the deck. In the end of the day, perhaps ABC might not be faulted for having invited Ambassador Harriman, an experienced negotiator with the Hanoi government, but rather for not having asked him enough hard questions.

The Vice President doubts that President Kennedy, during the Cuban missile crisis of 1962, had his words "chewed over by a round table of critics" immediately following his address to the nation. Would the Vice President believe Sander Vanocur, Ray Scherer, Frank McGee, David Schoenbrun, Roger Mudd, George Herman, Richard C. Hottelet, and Douglas Edwards? The date on that was October 22, 1962. The Vice President did not mention the Bay of Pigs, but certainly he must remember the news analyses and the GOP counter-briefings that followed. President Kennedy, who earlier had called upon broadcasters for self-censorship of the story in the national interest, later told the managing editor of *The New York Times* that revelation of the Bay of Pigs plan might have saved the nation "a colossal mistake."



A generation ago the most savage denouncements against news analysis involved Senator Joseph McCarthy. In an inflammatory speech in Wheeling, West Virginia, in 1950 he declared there were 205 Communists in the State Department. Good news analysis, in fact, good reporting, would have required that the journalist not just hold up his mirror to that startling event, but that he report that the Senator had not one scrap of evidence to substantiate so extravagant a claim. It took broadcasting several years during the McCarthy period to learn that merely holding up a mirror could be deceptive, as in fact holding up a mirror to a riot or a peace march today can be deceptive. It took the shame of the McCarthy period and the courage of an Ed Murrow to elevate broadcast journalism to a point where it could give responsible insights to issues such as those raised by the junior Senator from Wisconsin.

For generations, editors and students of journalism have tried to define news analysis and interpretive reporting. The late Ed Klauber, one of the architects of broadcast news standards, offered the most durable description. I have always kept it in my wallet, and I provide copies to all my students at the Columbia Graduate School of Journalism:

> What news analysts are entitled to do and should do is to elucidate and illuminate the news out of common knowlege, or special knowledge possessed by them or made available to them by this organization through its sources. They should point out the facts on both sides, show contradictions with the known record, and so on. They should bear in mind that in a democracy it is important that people not only should know but should understand, and it is the analysts' function to help the listener to understand, to weigh, and to judge, but not to do the judging for him.

If the Vice President would test the

The above article is based on a speech delivered by Mr. Friendly at the California Institute of Technology.

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brief analyses of November 3 against Mr. Klauber's criteria, I think he might agree that the correspondents did not cross the line in any attempt to make up the viewer's mind on a course of action. Agnew felt that the response to the President on November 3 was instant analysis. But it seems fair to remind the Vice President that the administration had provided correspondents with advance copies of the speech for study earlier that evening, and there had been a persuasive White House briefing on the content. While the comments of the correspondents were clearly appropriate, my own personal opinion is that only those of Eric Sevareid and Marvin Kalb were probing and thoughtful. Kalb conceivably erred in not quoting pertinent paragraphs from the Ho Chi Minh letter that he believed were subject to different interpretation from that of the President.

Part of our Vietnam dilemma is that during the fateful August of 1964, when the Tonkin Gulf Resolution escalated the war, there was little senatorial debate worthy of the name, and there was a dramatic shortage of news analysis. If I am inclined to give the networks an A for effort and a B for performance the night of November 3, 1969, let me tell you that I give CBS News and myself a D for effort and performance on the night of August 4, 1964, when President Johnson, in his Tonkin Gulf speech, asked for a blank check on Vietnam. In spite of the pleas of our Washington bureau, I made the decision to leave the air two minutes after the President had concluded his remarks. I shall always believe that, if journalism had done its job properly that night and in the days following, America might have been spared some of the agony that followed the Tonkin Gulf Resolution. I am not saying that we should have, in any way, opposed the President's recommendations. But, to quote Klauber's doctrine of news analysis, if we had "out of common knowledge or special knowledge . . . [pointed] out the facts on both sides, [shown] contradictions with the known record," we might have explained that after bombers would come bases, and after bases, troops to protect those bases, and after that hundreds of thousands of more troops. Perhaps it is part of the record to note that Murrow, who understood the value of interpretive journalism from his years as a practitioner, and from his experience as director of the U.S. Information Agency, called minutes after the Johnson speech to castigate me and CBS for not having provided essential analysis of the meaning of the event.

One key aspect of the Vice President's speech did strike me as relating to the public interest as distinguished from the administration's political interest. This was his concern over the geographic and corporate concentration of power in broadcasting. Here he had the right target, but a misdirected aim. His criticism of broadcasters for centralization and conformity better describes the commercial system and its single-minded interest in maximum ratings and profits.

To some extent, it may be true that geography and working out of New York and Washington affect the views of Dan Rather of Wharton, Texas, Howard K. Smith of Ferriday, Louisiana, Chet Huntley of Cardwell, Montana, David Brinkley of Wilmington, North Carolina, Bill Lawrence of Lincoln, Nebraska, and Eric Sevareid of Velva, North Dakota. But I, for one, simply do not buy the Vice President's opinion that these responsible decision makers in news broadcasting and the professionals who work with them are single-minded in their views or unchecked in their performance. There is an independent, sometimes awkward complex of network executives, station managers, producers, and reporters whose joint production is the news we see. They represent a geographic, ethnic, and political profile nearly as far ranging as American society itself, with the tragic exception of blacks. The heads of the three major network news bureaus find their constituencies and their critics among the station managers they serve, the correspondents they employ, sponsors they lose, and in the wider public they please and occasionally disappoint. The news program emerges from a complicated system of argument, conflict, and compromise.

Beyond that, the record suggests that the best professionals recognize and acknowledge their limitations. Walter Cronkite was the first to admit that he erred in some of his reporting at the 1968 Democratic convention. It was David Brinkley, admitting that no reporter could always be objective but could only strive for fairness, who gave the Vice President a high visibility target. In his commentary of November 3, Eric Sevareid clearly noted that his views were "only the horseback opinion of one man and I could be wrong." Yet, if the Vice President's aim was wild, his target of concentrated power is valid and endures. The "truth" of commercial broadcasting is that it maximizes audiences by maximizing profits. This system minimizes the presentation of hard news and analysis, leading the broadcast journalists into occasional oversimplification in the interest of time, overdramatization in the interest of impact.

If such distorting tendencies do exist, and I believe they sometimes do, the proper measure is not to subject the performance of professional journalists to governmental direction nor to majority approval. Rather, the task for government is to apply its leadership and authority to expand and diversify the broadcasting system and environment in which professional journalists work.

I do not see these public actions as inconsistent with or disruptive of the protections of the First Amendment. When Congress passed the Communications Act enabling the FCC to restrict a limited number of frequencies and channels to a limited amount of license-holders, everyone's freedom was slightly qualified because everyone cannot simultaneously broadcast over the same television channel. The Communications Act insisted that license-holders operate their franchise "in the public interest, convenience, and necessity." By every definition I have ever heard, that includes responsible news coverage. Selling cancer-giving cigarettes and not providing enough news and public affairs programing is certainly ample reason to reconsider a station's license, and doing so has nothing to do with the First Amendment. The FCC would be fulfilling long-standing national policy by demanding more, not less, public service broadcasting from the commercial systems, as well as by accelerating development of a publicly supported noncommercial alternative.

The Vice President quotes Walter Lippmann to make a case that the networks have hidden behind the First Amendment. He does not add that Mr. Lippmann's point was that this demonstrated the necessity for just such a competitive, alternate system that most commercial broadcasters today support. Lippmann has also said that "the theory of a free press is that the truth will emerge from free reporting and free discussion, not that it will be presented perfectly and instantly in any one account." Public television, with national interconnection due in part to a new ruling by the FCC, now has a chance to make that "free reporting and free discussion" 25 per cent more widespread and more effective.

In the days since the Vice President's speech, I have been jarred by the strange coalition of Americans who find an assortment of reasons for identifying with parts of the Vice President's remarks. The mobilizers for peace don't like the way the peace march was covered or, as they put it, left uncovered. My Democrat friends point to the Humphrey defeat, which they say happened at the hands of the

(*Continued on page 75*)

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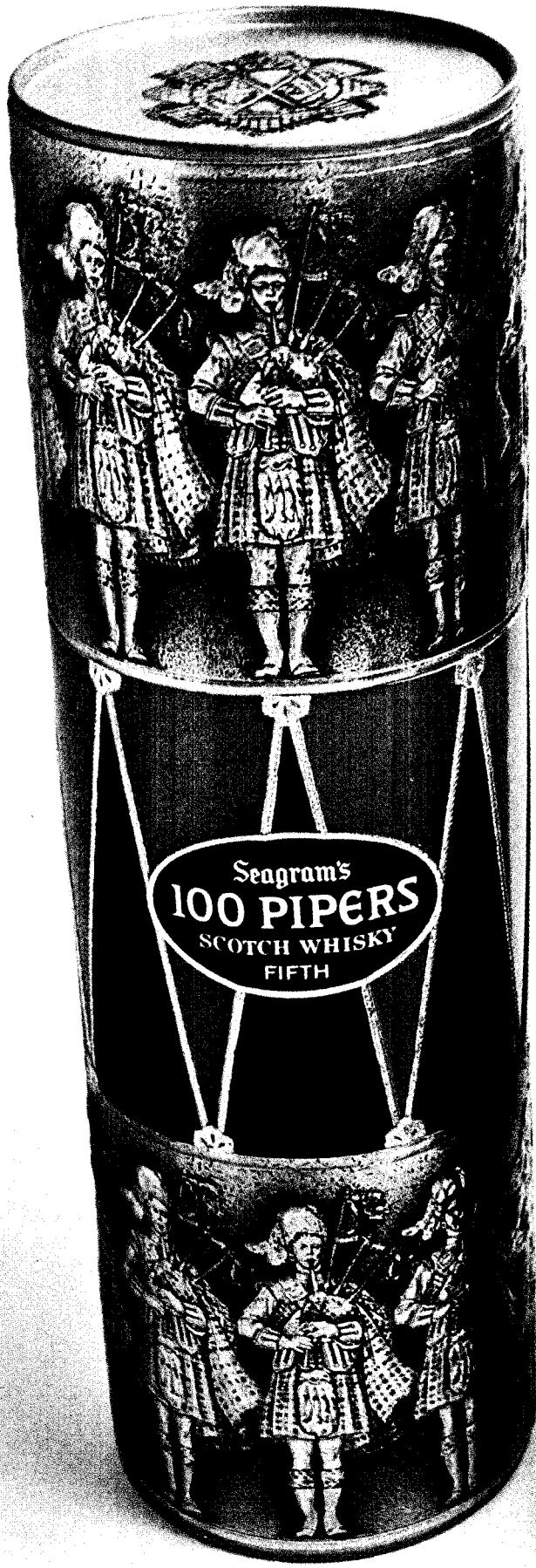

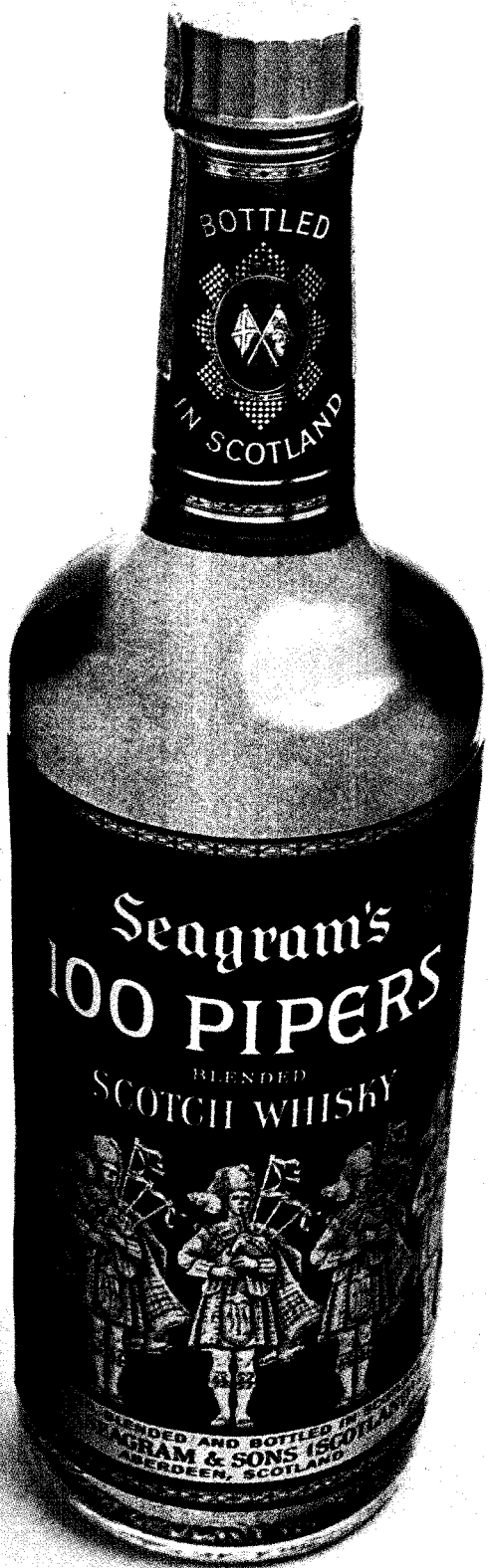

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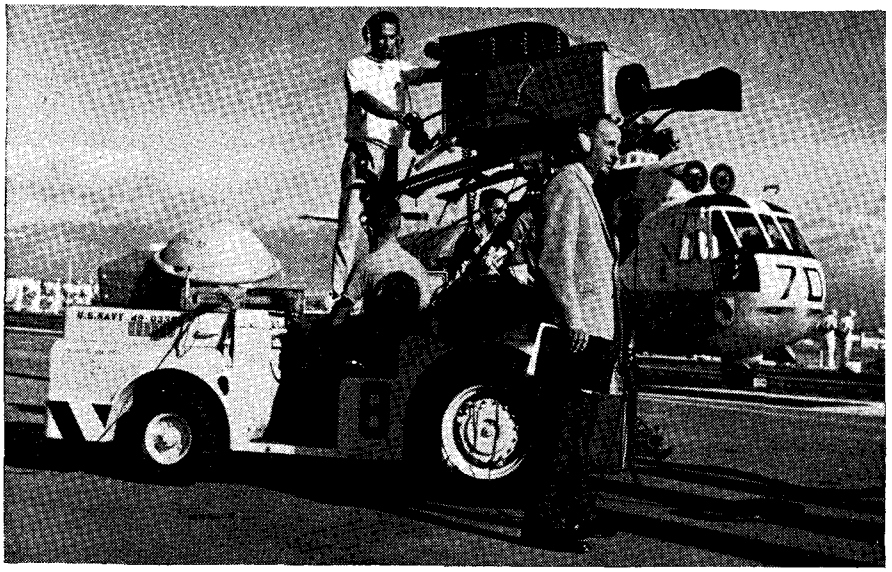

The author on the flight deck of the "Hornet" as she was returning to Pearl Harbor after the "Apollo 11" mission in July.

by DALLAS TOWNSEND

Broadcasting the recovery phase of this country's manned space flights is an intense and often gripping experience. It is also a strange one, combining an epic event and employment of some of the world's most advanced communications techniques with the Navy's rather old-fashioned, tradition-bound way of life. In at least one respect the experience is like few others: it takes place in almost total isolation. To those on board, the prime recovery ship becomes a self-contained world all by its lonesome. While in progress, the recovery often seems to be going on forever. Once completed, the experience in retrospect can become more than a bit unreal.

The downrange assignment seems to exert a peculiar fascination on those who take part in it. Many broadcasters and technicians have "signed on" for at least two recovery cruises, and in some instances three or more. Correspondents such as Bill Ryan, Herb Kaplow, Peter Hackes, Don Blair, Bernard Eisman, Keith McBee, and Ron Nessen have taken their turns aboard recovery ships, in most cases eagerly, and it is not difficult to see why. After all, they are reporting live, via radio and television, a major news story that commands world-wide interest and attention. The climactic moment of the safe return of *Apollo 11* carrying the first men in history to walk on the moon, along with the presence of President Nixon aboard the *Hornet*, produced an audience of perhaps a half-billion people—certainly the largest in history.

Inasmuch as reporters relish the dramatic and spectacular side of human affairs, they are bound to derive a particular pleasure from the recovery operation, which in its own way is one of the most stirring of spectacles. Splendid as it looks on television and sounds on radio, the actual event is even more so. Having seen a number of these recoveries at close hand, I know of no braver sight—the helicopters, the frogmen, the disciplined frenzy on the flight deck, the spacecraft bobbing on the water, then the thunderous roar of the recovery helicopter coming aboard, all against the majestic backdrop of the open ocean. Few newsmen could report such a scene without a catch in their throats, and few could resist the assignment, even though it removes them from their normal pursuits for weeks at a time.

As manned space flights have grown increasingly ambitious and complex, so has coverage of them by the networks. This is a matter of common knowledge. Not so widely recognized is a particular factor involved in reporting the splashdown and recovery: All news personnel covering these events must be on the recovery ship for the entire mission, and then some. Reporters for newspapers, magazines, and wire services; photographers, teletype operators; technicians, producers, directors, and correspondents representing the network pool—all are required to be on board before the magic moment when the word is passed: "The ship is under way." The Navy makes exceptions only in the most extreme cases, on the understandable grounds that flying one man on board late, or flying somebody else off early, might impel others to ask the same favor.

When the space flights themselves were short, this was no problem. In 1965, the carrier *Intrepid* sailed from Norfolk March 20. *Gemini 3* (the first of the two-man space missions) was launched the morning of March 23, flew its scheduled three orbits, and was picked up by the *Intrepid* in the Atlantic that afternoon. We arrived at Mayport, Florida, March 25, after only five days at sea.

But manned flights to the moon take much longer, and the time at sea has lengthened correspondingly. As a general rule, the carrier sails for her downrange assignment three or four days before the flight begins, because the ship takes a first-orbit recovery position in case of an early abort. After the recovery operation is concluded at the end of a successful flight, the return to port may take two or three days more. This means that a journalistic seafarer could be out on the bounding main for the equivalent of three or four trans-Atlantic voyages in succession. In December 1965, during the concurrent *Gemini 6* and 7 missions, we were at sea aboard the *Wasp* for three weeks.

Now, a three-week sea voyage may sound like an enticing prospect to many civilians, but aircraft carriers have a primarily military function, and the Navy—for obvious reasons—cannot furnish either the accommodations or the facilities provided by passenger ships.

Civilians at sea, of course, remain civilians. Theoretically, a reporter could talk back to the captain and get away with it, although the atmosphere might be rather frosty afterward as far as that particular reporter was concerned. Even so, Navy regulations are not lightly ignored, no matter who you are. For example, one of the most strictly enforced regulations has to do with the use of fresh water. Most people take fresh water for granted, but this is not so aboard a Navy ship at sea. Fresh water is used in the boilers, and the carrier consumes vast quantities of it. Almost the first thing civilians are told when they come aboard is how to take a Navy shower. ("Wet down!

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Scrub down! Rinse down!") A cardinal rule is "Don't waste water." Violators are not dealt with leniently.

During one recovery cruise in the Atlantic, a few years ago, two photographers were caught fastening open cold-water faucets to cool off some canned beverages. The carrier promptly put in at Bermuda, and the offenders were sent ashore for good. It was all done discreetly, and nothing was ever said about it in public. I have often wondered what explanation the photographers gave when they got back to New York. (If they had been military personnel, the penalty would have been far more severe.)

The food aboard ship is usually plentiful, generally good, and sometimes excellent. I hate to admit it, but I have never lost weight on a recovery cruise. Of necessity, however, a seaborne newsman must dispense with many of the little amenities he is accustomed to back on shore.

Size notwithstanding, a carrier is a crowded ship; privacy is hard to come by. I recall one cruise in which twenty of us were shoehorned into a single bunkroom, designed for an equal number of junior officers. In addition to being crowded, a carrier is noisy. From dawn to dusk the commotion is almost constant, and there is never any getting away from it. On several cruises I have been bunked directly under one of the forward catapults. For sheer earsplitting racket almost nothing compares with such accommodations.

In the early days of the cruise, time goes slowly. So does the carrier. Once she reaches her assigned recovery position, she remains in the same general area, sailing slowly back and forth. "Steaming on various courses" is the nautical term. A certain sense of monotony sets in. The Flying Dutchman and the Ancient Mariner come to mind. "They also serve who only stand and wait," wrote Milton; but standing and waiting, or sailing and waiting, does not make news.

This period is always tedious, and it presents a special problem for broadcasters. They have to meet a radio circuit at least once a day in the early stages, twice a day later on; and coming up with three or four pieces a circuit to meet the demands of the networks is not easy, especially when little is going on.

While the television pool requirements are rotated among the various networks, the technical radio responsibility is traditionally handled by Mutual, which supplies a panel truck wherein a shortwave station has been established. The truck is lashed down on the flight deck, on the starboard side of the carrier's superstructure, and is customarily presided over by Jim O'Connor, a veteran of recovery cruises and one of the best radio engineers in the business.

The television operation is far more complicated. It is centered in large vans on the hangar deck. These vans contain control-room and video tape facilities. The audio and video signals from TV microphones and cameras positioned at strategic points around the ship are fed to this location; it is here the TV recovery broadcast is directed and produced. On the flight deck, aft of the superstructure, is a General Electric ground station, consisting of a special transmitter and an 18-foot dish-shaped antenna. From this ground station the TV signal is transmitted to a communications satellite in stationary orbit. The satellite beams it to a receiving station in California, and from there the signal goes by land line to Houston and New York.

But that's a long way for a signal to travel, and even under the most favorable circumstances there are times when something goes wrong. I know of no more depressing sensation than the feeling of frustrated helplessness that comes when you suddenly discover that you're not getting through. During the *Apollo 11* recovery, Ron Nessen of NBC, Keith McBee of ABC, and myself had just finished what I objectively considered an excellent description of President Nixon's arrival aboard the *Hornet* and his inspection of the mobile quarantine facility on the flight deck. Then in our headsets we heard the voice of ABC's Ron Ogle, the onboard pool producer. "Gentlemen," he said, "I'll have to tell you that New York has lost both picture and sound. None of that went out. Trouble in the antenna. But we're taping it; so keep talking."

Obediently we did keep talking, but our hearts weren't really in it until we got the reassuring word from Ogle that the situation was normal again. General Electric had fortunately brought along an experimental spare transmitter that saved the day.

There are also times when a correspondent out on the flight deck—or up on the O-7 level, four levels higher—suddenly gets the feeling that he is talking only to himself. Another correspondent will switch to him, he'll start talking, and then to his dismay he'll hear the other man saying, "Sorry, but I'm afraid we've temporarily lost contact with. . . ." This happens fairly often and is one of the occupational hazards that frequently makes network reporters wish they had gone into some other line of work.

Another hazard is the occasional need to talk for long periods of time when nothing at all is happening. Such moments provide the definitive test of how well a reporter has done his homework. Successful ad-libbing is a great talent, but it doesn't help much if you don't have anything to ad-lib about. Even when armed with an abundance of facts, figures, and background material, a reporter sometimes has to go fairly far afield.

I remember a moment at Pearl Harbor last summer that seemed truly endless. The quarantine van, with the *Apollo 11* astronauts still inside, was being

The author interviewing crew members of the helicopter that recovered the "Apollo 11" Astronauts.

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unloaded from the *Hornet*, and we were carrying the event live on television. Ron Nessen was still aboard the carrier, and I was standing on Pier Bravo, near the platform on which the welcoming dignitaries had gathered. But the unloading operation was performed with excruciating slowness. The quarantine van appeared to be stuck permanently in mid-air. Nessen and I tossed the ball back and forth with grim determination. We discussed in detail the complexities of the unloading process. We reviewed the *Apollo 11* flight and several previous flights. We analyzed the significance of what we were watching. We talked about the Hawaiian weather, the size of the crowd, the future plans of the astronauts, and the future plans of the *Hornet*. We recalled the importance of Pearl Harbor in American history. Finally, we got down to the place of *Apollo 11* in the long saga of man's exploration of the unknown, and I believe that Nessen had embarked on a penetrating survey of the voyages of Columbus, when at long last the quarantine van came to earth, and the welcoming ceremonies finally began. Both Nessen and I uttered audible sighs of relief.

Some months earlier, Nessen and I had been together on the *Yorktown* for the *Apollo 8* recovery. The notes I made on the day of recovery, December 27, 1968, with some of my abbreviations spelled out, give some idea of the frantic scramble this sort of thing can be:

> Up 12:40 a.m. Ron and I to Mutual truck, met Cdr. Neil O'Connor re weather. We piped spots to NY, 1:10 a.m. Down to wardroom for early bkfst. Homer Lotier said they wanted me back up at truck. NY pool wanted answers re astros schedule. At 2 a.m. showered and shaved. Ron and I to ABC van on hangar deck at 3, then he took position 0-7 level. I on flight deck. Great confusion and disorg. We supposed start feeding TV spots at 0412, but no TV sig until 0442, about time of Apollo 8 re-entry. Then we on, but intermittent loss of power and sig. Even so, went fairly well. Watched SC coming down off carrier at 5,000 yds. Bright light in pre-dawn sky. Recov 3 helo (Cdr. Jones, UDT LTJG Hanagan) made recov. Astros Borman, Lovell, Anders on deck at 0630. I described from moving truck in front of TV camera, moving down flight deck to #3 elevator. Ron in Sick Bay. I described recov SC, interview with Jones, etc. We off air 0830 w/astros OK in Sick Bay. Relaxed in wardroom. Two extra radio circuits cancelled. 11:30-12 Ron and I did live TV from hangar deck as astros examined SC. Had to fill for 20 mins. Then did 1:30 TV piece. Wrapup. Lunch 12:25. All quiet tired. *Yorktown* hightailing it for Pearl. 1800 candlelight dinner in wardroom for astros. Brief remarks. Ron and I left before speeches, watched monitor by TV truck, then did commentary on hangar bay cake-cutting 1910. Then wrote pool pieces. Pool radio feed 2000. Fed tapes of 2 events. Back to room 2020, wrote spots for early radio feed tomorrow. Long, busy, eventful day.

Even though the return of the spacecraft and the recovery operation are programed down to the minute, and in some cases the second, there is always a strong element of suspense and improvisation in the broadcast. You can follow the detailed schedule of events as you report them, and still be sure that something unexpected will happen.

Personally, the most unexpected event occurred during the *Gemini 4* recovery in June 1965. I was reporting from the O-7 level of the *Wasp*; the spacecraft had just splashed down a few miles away, and New York notified us that we could take a breather for ten minutes or so. I started to remove a pair of binoculars from around my neck, but in my haste, the binoculars struck one of my front teeth breaking it off. I was stunned. The prospect of trying to continue the broadcast in such a state was appalling. But the Navy came to the rescue. An urgent call was put in to one of the ship's dental officers. Together we raced down to Sick Bay where he performed an emergency repair job with astonishing speed. Then I dashed back up to the O-7 level, just in time to resume broadcasting.

A different sort of occupational hazard has faced newsmen on several recovery cruises. When a ship crosses the equator, a time-honored nautical ceremony known as Crossing the Line takes place. King Neptune and his court appear on the flight deck in all their horrendous regalia; the pollywogs, those hapless wretches who have not crossed the line before, are subjected to a rigorous initiation by the shellbacks. I had crossed the line before, on a troopship heading for New Guinea during World War II. But proof is required, and my shellback card had long since disappeared. Aboard a recovery carrier, I might have argued my way out of it, but somehow this didn't seem the sporting thing to do. So I took my place with the pollywogs, muttering, "The things I do for CBS!" Without going into the gruesome details, let it be noted that I suffered from a bad case of pollywog's knee for weeks afterward.

There is one other aspect of life on the recovery ship that deserves mention. Ever since the days of Josephus Daniels, the seagoing Navy has been officially dry. (The shore-based Navy is something else again.) From time to time, efforts are made to change this, but they always fail. The degree with which the prohibition is enforced, however, is up to the individual commanding officer. I have known some captains who meant it when they said, "No liquor." Others take a more lenient approach where civilians are concerned, probably because they are fairly sure the prohibition will be violated by some anyway. During one relatively short cruise, I roomed with a reporter who came on board with twelve quarts of bourbon, all of which he managed to consume (with a little help from kindly associates) by the time we reached shore. This same chap used to make his way around the carrier shouting, "Ship of fools!"

Even when some liquor is available, though, it's not the same as it is on shore. The night before the *Wasp* docked at Mayport, at the end of the *Gemini 4* operation, another newsman and I were catapulted off the carrier so that we could make advance preparations for the TV broadcast of dockside ceremonies the next morning. From the landing strip we proceeded with all due speed to the Officers' Club. We entered the bar and ordered two extra-dry martinis. When they were served, my colleague raised his glass and gazed into it reverently and misty-eyed. Slowly he brought the drink near his lips. It was a solemn moment.

"This," he said with great fervor, "this is Camelot!"

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Broadcasting's Hidden Power: The TV-Radio Reps

by JOHN TEBBEL

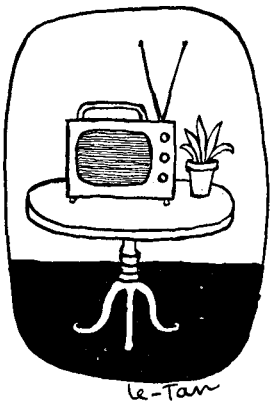
While no one was looking, a business within a business has grown up in television and radio during the past two decades that, in the words of one trade journal, has become "the most far-reaching business influence in broadcasting today." This little known, and even less understood, power is national spot sales representation, embodied in the companies that represent television and radio spot advertising to national sales and marketing organizations.

It is not surprising that the viewing and listening public is almost wholly unaware of the "TV and radio sales reps," as they are known in the trade. The public reacts either with boredom or with varying degrees of interest to the ubiquitous "spots" that surround its entertainment, but has no idea how they got there, and in most cases, doesn't care. What *is* astonishing, however, is the degree of ignorance in the business community itself about the sales reps. Many businessmen would be unable to define what these companies are, and only a few have any real knowledge of what they do.

The general shortage of savvy stems from a lack of knowledge about the economics of broadcasting. It is widely assumed that local stations exist because of the bounty derived from their network affiliation, but this is far from the case. For example, in 1968, television's total advertising revenue was $1,504,484,000. Of this figure, network revenue accounted for $247,618,000, but national and regional spot advertising totaled $998,036,000. Even more significantly, network sales were up only 0.7 per cent from the year before, while the figure was 14.5 per cent for the national regional spots.

In radio advertising, there is virtually no network business. In 1967, it represented only $47-million out of a total revenue of $946-million, or 5 per cent of all radio advertising, and the figure is declining. By contrast, national spot advertising accounted for $289-million, or 31 per cent of all radio dollars in the same year, while local spots brought in $609-million, or 64 per cent of the total.

Dealing in figures like these, it is all the more startling that a major industry should be operating in such virtual anonymity, so much so that even many



advertising agency staff members, (outside the media department, of course) have only vague ideas about what the reps are and what they do. Not that the reps need the publicity. Quietly, they chalk up about $882-million a year in time sales, and about 90 per cent of this business is divided among only fifteen firms. There are few, if any, industries where so few companies, employing such a small number of people, account for so many dollars of revenue.

What the increasing power and multiplying activities of the reps mean to the viewer lies in the major impact they have on programing. For a long time after the business began in 1937, the reps did little more than send out their rate cards, but now they profoundly influence a station's programs, since their job is to relate them to the station's market in terms of advertising. Thus, they decide such questions as when children's programs are best presented, whether the local news program should precede or follow network news, and what kind of shows are best adapted to the station's area.

In doing so, the reps have to take into account the nature of a broadcaster's audience, and it is fair to say that in an economy that has been market researched to the point of exhaustion, no audience for any product has been so thoroughly dissected and analyzed as the television and radio consumer. Nothing illustrates the antiquity of the Willie Loman image of salesmanship better than the massive jungle of statistics available to the TV sales rep as he goes about his work. Selling time in West Palm Beach, for example, is far different from doing the same job in Hawaii. In the Florida city, not surprisingly, the most popular television show has been *Meet the Doctor*, a locally produced program appealing to the predominantly elderly population. In Hawaii, on the other hand, the approach is heavily concentrated toward young people. Moreover, since everything has to come on tape from the mainland, it is possible to juggle the programs into time slots calculated to catch the attention of the young audience. The reps play a major part in the juggling.

In other areas of broad popular interest, the reps have also become determining factors. That staple of broadcasting, motion pictures, was once largely in the hands of the networks, but the reps have shown the local stations that they can buy their own movies for less and the reps will sell the advertising time. This also makes it possible for the local stations to buy movies that will please the audience in their own area. Obviously, the tastes of predominantly rural or small-town viewers will not always be the same as for a more sophisticated urban audience.

Such buying is part of the trend toward local programing, according to James F. O'Grady, vice president and general manager of RKO-Radio Representatives, Inc. This movement is currently being stimulated, O'Grady points out, by the challenge to station owners offered by local groups seeking to obtain the licenses from the FCC for themselves. The challenge is nearly always based on the contention that the station is not properly serving local interests with its programing (meaning, among other things, that too many programs are network originated). Consequently, owners and managers have been moving rapidly toward more home origination, a move in which the reps are taking an important part. As more and more stations pre-empt network programs for local shows, the reps will have an even larger role in the development of programing.

Here again the facts contradict popular belief that the networks own the stations. In fact, by law no one is permitted to own more than seven television stations, of which no more than five may be on the VHF band. The major networks have increasingly come to act as distributing agents for programs that they buy from producing organizations; they originate comparatively few of their own. But the reps can also be distributing agents, and more and more they are assuming this function. Network-produced shows—and these would include those done by RKO-General, Westinghouse Group W, Metromedia, Triangle Broadcasting,

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and Storer, as well as the major networks—are now made available to other stations in addition to their own affiliates.

Reps believe that major network football is doomed and that it is coming into their province, along with the motion picture business. The new sports network set up by Howard Hughes, they say, may well supersede the others in distributing the games, and the reps will sell the time on a local basis. Similarly, where the major nets once had the advantage in news programs and dominated the field, the moonshot demonstrated that the smaller organizations are coming into their own here, too. Westinghouse, Metromedia, and RKO all had their own broadcasting teams operating for this event. It is significant that RKO-General has one of the fifty desks in the White House newsroom, and one of the five precious darkrooms available to develop news film on the spot.

The influence of the reps, invisible to the public and to much of the broadcasting business as well, is felt everywhere. They are aggressive in their encouragement of advertisers both large and small to use spot TV; some of the largest rep companies have formal departments and full-time personnel who concentrate on companies that advertise very little or not at all in spot television. The stations themselves, it must be noted, are not geared to do this kind of selling to national and regional advertisers; if it were not for the reps, it would never be done.

Today there is scarcely a facet of station operation that does not involve the reps; the legal and engineering departments are the only exceptions. The reps are particularly active in rate setting, research, and audience and sales promotion. They furnish their stations with promotional and research data, sales brochures, and full-scale presentations. They go to the Census Bureau to try to add (or subtract) counties from Standard Metropolitan Areas, as this category is called, and they work constantly with the rating services to improve audience measurement techniques. Reps even work on billing and collection problems.

Unofficially, rep salesmen are the bumblebees of the advertising world, disseminating information in the industry like pollen. Sometimes they are the first to know when advertising accounts are shaky, and they act as an effective if informal personnel bureau for media and account people.

There are about sixty "independent" reps, as they are known, and about six or seven "limited list" reps, usually associated with such group-owned operations as Westinghouse and RKO. There are also more than fifty regional reps. All told, the national reps maintain approximately 350 offices and employ about 2,000 people, of whom roughly 850 are salesmen. Total annual payroll for these firms exceeds $15-million, and they sell spot advertising for more than 2,000 radio stations as well as nearly 500 television stations.

Among the group owners in television, Westinghouse Broadcasting was the first to establish a bona fide rep organization, TvAR, a subsidiary of Westinghouse Electric, to represent its television properties. According to its president, Howard H. Marsh, TvAR also became the first such firm to represent outside stations, and it pioneered the concept of limited list representation. Since TvAR was founded in July 1959, five major station groups and one network have established their own national rep firms.

Spot television is the only broadcast medium competing with the networks, and reps are the only force that advocates and sells spots. Both national representation and spot are mutually dependent; neither could exist in their present form without the other.

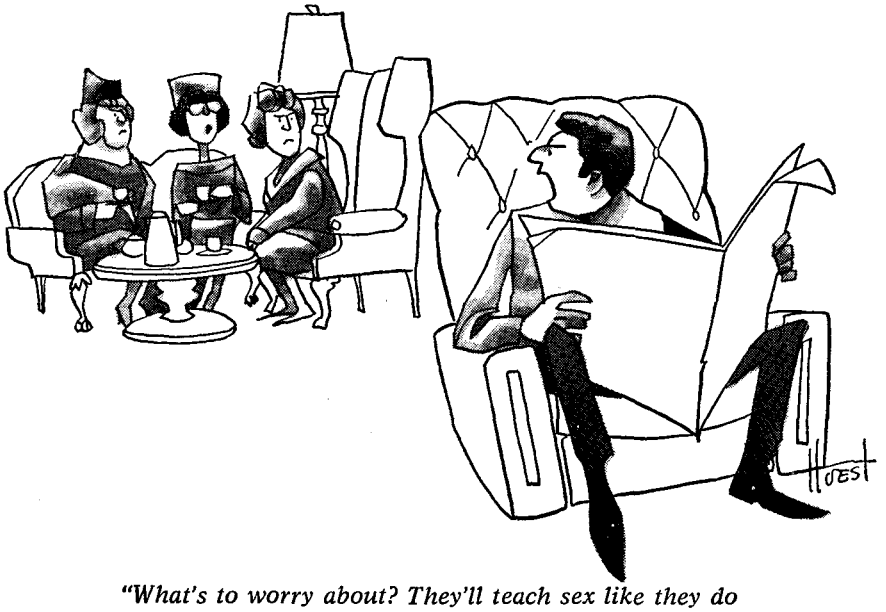
Advertising agencies have traditionally regarded spots with mixed feelings. Undeniably, they admit, the medium is an effective seller of goods and services, but it is much more expensive to handle and administrate than most other media, including network TV and radio. Consequently, many agencies either do not purchase spots —particularly spot radio—in the volume warranted by the medium's efficiency, or when they do, it is in a manner without sufficient controls and checks. This situation has had two significant effects on the advertising community:

1) Television, and especially radio, reps have in some cases short-circuited the traditional procedures of selling exclusively in advertising agencies' media departments, and have made their selling approaches directly to the advertisers. In fact, some reps have instituted units designed for the purpose, and have concentrated directly on selling to advertisers on a concerted basis. Recently, large purchases of radio spots have been made by advertisers who have not even consulted their agencies, but the agencies get commissions on the buys (after the fact).

2) Time-buying organizations have been springing up recently, devoted only to that function. Already there are two major companies in the field, Timebuying Services, Inc., and U. S. Media, along with several smaller organizations. Their business is expanding so rapidly that the entrepreneurs can scarcely keep up in terms of space and personnel.

The significance of these changes can hardly be underestimated; they constitute a major trend in communications advertising. Until now the industry has witnessed the odd spectacle of advertisers who demand a careful accounting of every aspect of their businesses —except for the $10- to $20-million a year they invest in spot television. Before, they had to pray they would get their money's worth. Sometimes they did; more often they did not. Today, say the reps, they are getting true value for the first time.

Some agency media people deny this contention, but those in the business informed enough to be concerned about it, understand that the position of the advertising agency in this particular area is being substantially eroded by the reps.



"What's to worry about? They'll teach sex like they do the rest of the subjects and the kids will lose interest."

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The World's Press: Just How Free Is It?

by JOHN HOHENBERG

Few journalists live in Happy Valley. Nor do many view the world from the clear and heady atmosphere of a mountaintop. Those who contemplate life through the closed and clouded windows of a smoky newsroom are not likely to be brimming over with hope. They are, more often than not, suspicious of the past, dissatisfied with the present, and highly dubious of prospects for the future.

It is completely in character, therefore, for the news agencies and journalistic societies responsible for such things to report on this New Year's threshold—as they have on others in the recent past—that the free press no longer exists in more than two-thirds to three-quarters of the world's countries. The assumption based on a logical projection of such reports, of course, is that the days of the free press are numbered and that it soon will be the unmourned companion of the stylus and papyrus, the quill pen and foolscap.

Aside from demonstrating once again that news and truth are not necessarily identical, this melancholy statistic is wrong in two respects. It is questionable, to say the least, whether space in the sense of *Lebensraum* is the best measurement of the state of the press. There are about forty places in the world, from Swaziland to New Guinea, where the daily paper doesn't even exist and wouldn't be of much use to a largely illiterate populace if it did. This is a considerable area, taken by itself. But even more to the point, the independent newspaper has always been handicapped, and, in many countries, unknown over much of the surface of Asia, Africa, Latin America, and most of Eastern Europe.

To observe, consequently, that there is no free press in two-thirds or three-quarters of the world today is just about as valid as it is to report today that Julius Caesar is dead. This is, on the whole, a peculiar way to present the news, much less the truth. The scorekeepers had better give up. This is no mere game, in which each year is an inning to be scored for or against the free press, but a struggle for the control of public opinion. The press is in enough trouble without further confusing the public about its own situation in a complicated, deeply divided, and revolutionary world.

There are other demonstrable fallacies in the use of the world's surface as an operating table for the examination of the health—or indisposition—of the independent newspaper. The control of the press over the vast area of the Soviet Union, for example, is scarcely a new development; the Czars, certainly, were just as mistrustful and censorious of their editors as the masters of the Kremlin who have followed them. Moreover, the success of Mao Tse-tung's revolution merely resulted in the tightened efficiency of the basic, centuries-old practices of Chinese press control. Neither the Emperors of China nor Chiang Kai-shek were impressed with the notion that the press of China, the oldest in the world, should be permitted to develop into a model of freedom for the rest of the world.

It is a palpable error, therefore, to measure the change in the Soviet and Chinese press either in area or in methods of control. What really matters is that both these powerful entities are being used today by their respective governments as weapons in a deadly rivalry, temporarily muted during current border discussions. Under these circumstances, for all their growth, the two Communist press systems can do less damage to the independent press than to each other. With the destruction of the myth of the Communist monolith, it is not an accident that some of the Soviet Union's restless clients in Eastern Europe have begun a long and dangerous struggle to loosen their ties to Moscow.

If the Western press has thus overreacted in general to its supposed losses, it has been almost as mistaken in surveying its gains. For the lingering death of colonialism and the emergence of so many new nations have stimulated a hopeful tendency to equate fealty to the West, and to the United States in particular, with an impression of tolerance for independent journalism. It isn't in the nature of humankind, sad to say, to create such virtue by association. A Latin-American dictator, of whom there are always too many, may be the darling of Washington under the new Nixon-Rockefeller doctrine of equal treatment, but sooner or later he is likely to toss all his country's editors into solitary confinement. The same is true of the African oligarch who swears by the doctrine of socialist brotherhood as expounded by Moscow and/or Peking, or subdivisions thereof.

There is, in fact, a grievous lack of reality in crying out, as correspondents so often do, that the dominance of an anti-Western or pro-Communist native dictator over a few small papers or a weak radio station is a blow to the free press. Some blow! Some papers! In all truth, in most such developing nations, there has been only an exchange in control between a colonial governor and a new native government. The little paper that can call its soul its own under these conditions is a miracle. As in the new China, the direction but not the status of the press has changed.

The coming of a new form of government seldom has an immediate impact on the existing communications system. The situation of the press often is not visibly improved, as it was when India's people and press both became independent, or clearly downgraded, as it was in Greece when a military junta's dismissal of king and government brought on arbitrary rule. There are even fewer uprisings of a popular nature, such as the Czechoslovak revolt of 1968, in which freedom of the press was such a major factor. Changes in the status of the press, on the whole, tend to come rather slowly when they concern the matter of establishing or maintaining freedom of publication.

Instead of keeping score or measuring the areas of press freedom and control, the West may be well advised to disentangle itself from its own propaganda about the nobility of its cause. After fighting beside the Czar in World War I to make the world safe for democracy and enlisting under the banner of the Four Freedoms with Generalissimos Joseph V. Stalin and Chiang Kai-shek in World War II, the West should have wearied by this time of such meretricious intellectual baggage. Opposition to communism is not really a satisfactory test of a government's willingness to tolerate and support

This article is adapted from John Hohenberg's new book *The Best Cause: Free Press-Free People*, to be published in 1970 by Columbia University Press.

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an independent press. The "Czech Spring," with its savage outburst of criticism of the Soviet Union in a wholly Communist press, was a symptom of changing times behind the Iron Curtain. Nor are "Papa" Duvalier, Haiti's dedicated anti-Communist dictator, and Fidel Castro to be regarded as anything other than bitter enemies of the free press in the Western Hemisphere.

There are, on the whole, more reasons for hope than for mourning over the future of the independent newspaper despite all its difficulties in a world full of uncertainties. After all, the most important development in the situation of the press during the last twenty-five or thirty years was not Mao's victory in China, but the liberation of Europe, Pacific Asia, and key parts of Africa from the domination of Hitler, Mussolini, and Tojo. It was not the communization of the relatively small and almost thoroughly controlled Chinese press that mattered. Rather, it was the rebirth of the free press in Europe, its re-establishment in Japan, and, with Britain's withdrawal, its emergence in India.

In consequence, far from the decline and fall that are implied in the statistical measurement of the free press around the world, there has been a very real and demonstrable improvement in the situation of the newspaper as an independent force in organized societies. Mere numbers are as misleading as space in making such a determination, but they do say something about the concentration of the press.

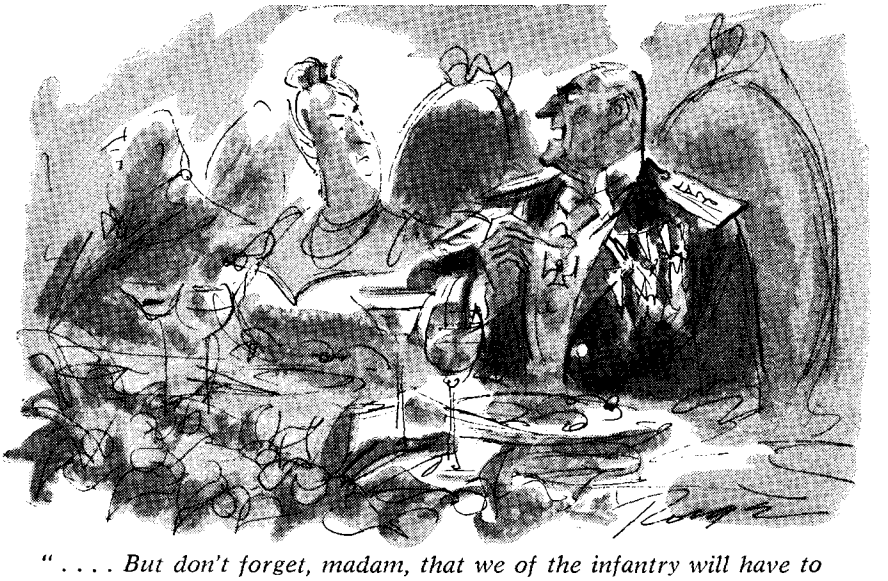
Of the 8,000 daily publications in the world today, ranging in size and importance from the great national dailies to mere bulletin sheets of desperation governments in poor lands, 60 per cent are published in the continents that have been most hospitable to the free press during its tumultuous life span of almost three centuries. These are, of course, Europe and North America. The total figure breaks down into 35 per cent in Europe, including the Soviet Union; 25 per cent in North America, 23 per cent in Asia, 10 per cent in South America, and about 3.5 per cent each in Africa and Oceania. The United States, with 22 per cent of the total, possesses by far the largest number of dailies, although it still lags behind the British, Scandinavians, Japanese, and others in the ratio of newspaper readership to total population. Despite a gratifying increase in its statistics for literacy, the Soviet Union's controlled press and its news agencies are still outdistanced by their independent competitors in everything from quality and readership to credibility.

True, there continue to be grave public questions over the total performance of the free press, or lack of it; the purposes of the proprietors with large private interests and motivation outside journalism; the growth of the newspaper chains; and the slackening of individual competition. No thoughtful person can help but be disturbed by the rising encroachments of conglomerate corporations into areas of journalism that should be free of all suspicion of outside financial pressures. Nor is the inner weakness of the press, and its susceptibility to union and employee pressures, something that can merely be shrugged off. The burden lies heavier than ever on responsible management to give a good accounting of itself to the public.

The truly astonishing prosperity of the American press, as the world leader, is not as reassuring a guarantee of independence as it once was; at home, there are too many weak spots. Two have been eliminated with the Knight Newspapers' offer to purchase the *Philadelphia Inquirer* and *Daily News* for $55-million in a deal scheduled to become final on December 31, and the Los Angeles Times-Mirror Company's $90-million transaction aimed at acquiring the *Dallas Times-Herald*. But some other once-affluent papers in key areas are slipping. Abroad, only Canada, Australia, Switzerland, and a few other small countries can match or even approach in relative manner the performance of the American press. Elsewhere in the West, particularly in Britain, some of the outstanding national dailies are in deep trouble and not even the *Times* of London has yet reached safety in spite of the millions Lord Thomson has poured into it. For all of *Le Monde*'s brilliance and its rise in circulation to 500,000 daily, the rest of the French metropolitan press is beset by difficulties. And in West Germany, even though Axel Springer's publications glory in their absorption of almost 35 per cent of the available market, much of the rest of the German daily press has its problems. In Scandinavia, Italy, and the Netherlands, governments are subsidizing some of the weaker papers in a largely unrealistic effort to keep them alive. Were it not for the many by-products in which they deal, the giant Big Three of the Japanese press also would be less confident than they are, and the same is true of the newspapers of India. And in Latin America, where one out of every two persons now lives under a military dictatorship, the independent press once again is in real danger.

The favorable factors in this situation are that most medium and small cities' dailies are doing well in the United States, Britain, Western Europe, and Japan, and the Indian language dailies and weeklies are enjoying rising popularity on the subcontinent. Even more important, in these same parts of the world, are the continued strength of the leading national and regional newspapers and the well-nigh impregnable positions of the largest and most responsible newspaper groups.

There is, of course, no disguising the strength of television as a rival medium, wherever it exists. But it is worth reporting that the leadership of the Soviet Union and its Communist Party, given a choice between placing primary emphasis on their press or investing heavily in the national development of television, have chosen to stick with their newspapers as the principal line of communication with their people. This is given by Soviet journalists as the reason for



". . . . But don't forget, madam, that we of the infantry will have to move in and occupy the wreckage of civilization as we know it!"

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the decision to push the circulation of *Pravda* and *Izvestia*, both claiming more than eight million daily, by means of electronic facsimile editions spread across the country. As one Soviet editor put it, "We must watch television carefully because it is an important influence, but we must also remember that people are more impressed by what they read rather than by what they hear."

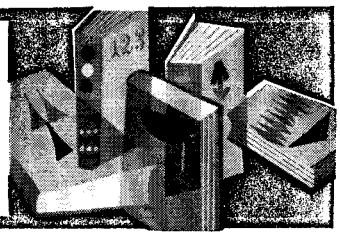
For all their probing and questioning, free peoples are not about to dispense with their press, either. By every standard and requirement of the open societies of the world, the independent newspaper remains indispensable to the functioning of any system of self-government. Both have their shortcomings, but they are infinitely more to be preferred than the controlled rationing of information and the regimentation of opposing systems. Nor can television, by any stretch of the imagination, meet the public's daily need of information on the complexities of a free and not very orderly society. The first annual report of the du Pont-Columbia awards underlined television's fundamental weakness in that respect: "Had it not been for the defense interposed by newspapers in the main, the electronic media would have been a sitting duck for Vice President Spiro Agnew's unprincipled political attack."

In short, it is not in the democratic systems, but in the world's closed societies, that pressures are rising for a change in the nature and concept of the press. Such pressures, in the long run, may be greater than the dictatorships against which they are directed. Hungary in 1956 and Czechoslovakia in 1968 and 1969 were danger signals that the masters of the Communist world will ignore at their peril, no matter how large a part of the earth's surface they are able to claim as their preserve in the remaining years of the twentieth century.

As Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn wrote in bitter response to his removal from the rolls of the Russian Writers' Union late in 1969 following the West's sympathetic reception of two of his novels that he could not have published in his own country: "It is time to remember that the first thing we belong to is humanity. And humanity is separated from the animal world by thought and speech, and they should naturally be free. If they are fettered, we go back to being animals. Publicity and openness, honest and complete—that is the prime condition for the health of every society, and ours too."

Wherever freedom is denied, these words will live on.

Books in Communications



TV Criticism, Post-Agnew

All the critiques and surveys of television journalism are going to be read a little differently in the light of Spiro Agnew. The remarks and observations of the aroused Vice President will dominate the discussion for some time and no doubt drive former critics of the medium into unaccustomed positions of defense. Alongside Mr. Agnew, the fault-finding of the Alfred I. du Pont-Columbia University *Survey of Broadcast Journalism 1968-1969*, edited by Marvin Barrett (Grosset & Dunlap, $1.95), seems like commendation. Undoubtably, in the next annual report of this valuable survey there will be some assessment made of the tenor and effect of Agnew's attack, and I think it is safe to predict that the authors, who complain mainly of too little news on television, will like still less Agnew's charge that television's commentators were too hasty with counterargument following President Nixon's Election Eve address on Vietnam.

Agnew's perhaps legitimate fears of news domination by a small group of TV analysts of the so-called Eastern Intellectual Establishment are not lightly to be put aside. Still, it must not be forgotten that the loudest voice in the country is that of the President—or his designated representative such as Agnew—who can command television and first-position newspaper coverage across the country on the night he wishes. From this commanding platform, the administration's new angry spokesman is spreading doubts simultaneously on the integrity of the peace demonstrators, the fairness of television, and the objectivity of leading newspapers.

Against Agnew's scattershot attacks should be placed such serious and factual studies as the du Pont-Columbia survey. Although itself not entirely free of sweeping and sometimes injudicious conclusions (for example, the suggestion that TV should be privy to closed meetings at political conventions), the survey relies on a reporting system of correspondents that gathers needed data in a field whose very ephemerality makes accurate assessment difficult. The survey concludes that too little time has been devoted to international affairs and finds that the traditional documentary is in decline—a lack offset, however, by an increase in daily newscasting and investigative reporting.

One answer to Agnew's legitimate fears of the concentration of news dissemination and commentary in three major networks may be found in *Communicating by Satellite*, a Twentieth Century Fund Task Force report with a background paper by Paul L. Laskin (Twentieth Century Fund, $1). International satellite broadcasting promises an inexpensive means of multi-channel broadcasting. On the ground, cable television systems can assure the home viewer of multi-channel reception. In space, the satellite can retransmit earth signals to any central community receiving antenna for distribution via coaxial cable to the home set. This system, permitting the transmission of twelve channels in a few years, and many more eventually, could encourage the spread of central cable systems originating their own programs. The cable-satellite combination will one day break the three-way monopoly of the major networks that Agnew is not alone in deploring.

Magazines, Past and Present: There are more than 16,000 magazines of every kind published in the United States, John Tebbel tells us in his valuable and essentially encouraging *The American Magazine: A Compact History* (Hawthorne, $6.95). To be sure, the majority are business publications for specialized audiences, but he pronounces the over-all health of the magazine industry to be good (676 new magazines in the 1960s). The history reaches back to the 1700s.

The present style of city magazine had its precedent at the end of the last century. Tebbel traces the rise and fall of significant publications and great editors and points out the dangers of magazines' becoming imprisoned within formulas that no longer reflect public taste. And he observes: "People who appear with new ideas acceptable to large numbers of people will be successful in establishing new magazines, everything else being equal, whether times are good or bad, and regardless of the industry's current condition."

—Stuart W. Little.

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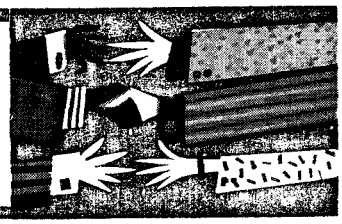
Public Relations



Holding the Line

Pressure on corporations to accept greater obligations in the community at large has been steadily increasing. The public's expectation that business, particularly big business, should become involved in social issues has been clear for quite some time. No longer can business be concerned solely with profit-making.

Government has asked the help of business in the hiring and training of those individuals who formerly had been screened out by personnel department policies. Business has realized that it must help find solutions to the problems afflicting the cities, for so much corporate investment is in, or is close to, the inner city. Whether it be urban renewal, pollution abatement, aid to community funds, support of the performing arts, or contributions to hospitals, business has become more intimately involved than ever before.

With all these demands for corporate participation in the improving of the environment in which a company functions, it is worthwhile to look at what contributions to aid education business has made during the often violent unrest on college campuses. Corporate aid in this area has been substantial during the recent past. This has been especially so since the U.S. Supreme Court declined to hear an appeal, in October 1953, because of the lack of a substantial federal position on the decision of the Supreme Court of New Jersey in the Smith Manufacturing case. This was the case establishing the legality of corporations to make contributions without restrictions for use by colleges and universities.

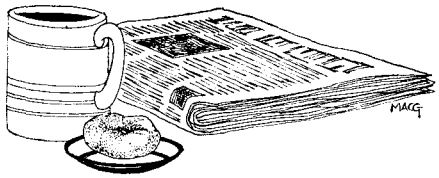
A study of the figures compiled by the Council for Financial Aid to Education—the most accurate source in the field of corporation support to institutions of higher education—is revealing. In the academic year 1958-59, corporate support in this area was $119-million. In 1963-64, it was $182-million. In 1966-67, it was $240-million. In 1967-68, it was $245-million. The council's estimate for 1968-69 is $255-million of direct aid to higher education alone.

Clearly, management in corporations and those directly involved in corporate philanthropy have not permitted student unrest to shift them from their course of providing financial aid to the campuses. It would be easy for corporations to redirect aid from education to other fields since the demands are so numerous. That the wiser corporations have seen fit to stick to their policies and help colleges and universities, so hard-pressed at this time, is a sign of management sophistication.

While $255-million compared to the total budget of colleges seems small, when contributions are put into their proper context, it is obvious how much assistance business has been. Of the total voluntary support to institutions of higher learning, contributions by business run to 15 per cent, a healthy figure in the eyes of college presidents and their development departments. In fact, since 1958-59 the proportion of business aid in terms of total voluntary support has run as high as 16.8 per cent.

A look at the contributions of those companies that have been the strongest supporters of aid to higher education shows there has been no falling off. The giving has been on a plateau for several years, and in some instances the amounts have increased. This is true of the following companies that have each contributed more than $1.5-million annually: Aluminum Company of America, E. I. du Pont de Nemours, Eastman Kodak, Ford, General Electric, General Motors, Gulf Oil, International Business Machines, Sears, Roebuck, Shell Oil, Standard Oil of Indiana, Standard Oil of New Jersey, United States Steel, Westinghouse Electric, and Xerox.

A study of corporate aid to education, however, shows that relatively few companies are carrying most of the load. Far too many companies are taking a free ride, as can be seen from these figures: Forty-nine companies account for 20 per cent of the total of corporate aid to education; 342 companies account for 31 per cent; 591 companies account for 41 per cent; 795 companies account for 45 per cent of total corporate contributions to education. With roughly a million and a half corporations in the United States, these 795 companies that carry almost half the aid burden are but .05 per cent



of the total number. It becomes obvious that far too many firms are refusing to accept an important social responsibility, one the public certainly expects.

For those corporate heads who claim reluctance to assume a share of the responsibility for improved education because of possible stockholder objection, there is this to remember: In every case of corporate philanthropy, when stockholders were asked to vote, management has been overwhelmingly supported. Enlightened management recognizes that most stockholders want two things: a profitable company and one that accepts its responsibility as an important participant in today's society.

The pull on corporations for greater contributions to a variety of causes is not going to lessen as time goes on. One thing is certain: In the future, the general quality of life, not just the running of a business, is going to have to be more and more a concern of business managers, for no business can survive in a hostile society.

The case has been put many times by corporate leaders whose companies have been solid contributors, but few have stated it better than Joseph C. Wilson, chairman of Xerox: "The support of higher education by business, regardless of the financial condition of a college or university, is not only inseparable from the future health of free enterprise, but inseparable . . . from the total health of global society."

—L. L. L. GOLDEN.

WIT TWISTER #143

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

The deacon _ _ _ _ _ _ _.
Their deeds extolled,
The _ _ _ _ _ _ _ sit there,
looking humble.
Their rich _ _ _ _ _ _ _ is
growing cold.
_ _ _ _ _ _ _ dwindle; stomachs grumble.

(*Answer on page* 75)

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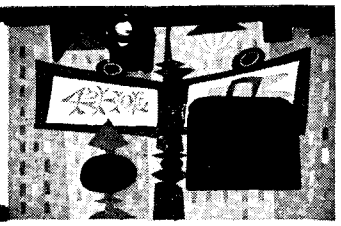
Madison Avenue



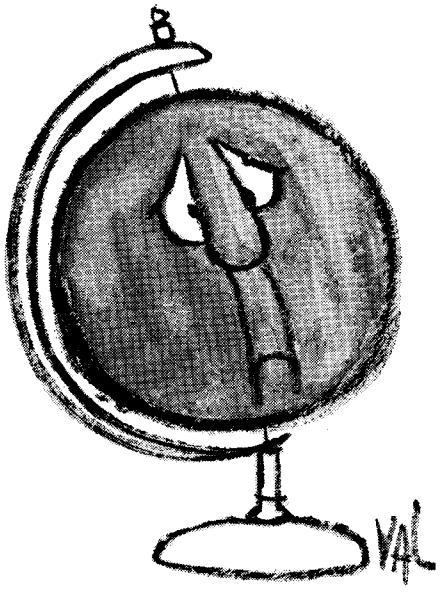
Musical Chairs

This January *Advertising Age*, leading publication of the advertising trade press, will publish a list of major advertisers who elected during the preceding twelve months to dump their advertising agencies. In its listing, *Advertising Age* will also tally the dollar amount of the billing involved and print the names of both the agencies dumped and their presumably fortunate successors.

As even a casual inspection of the record reveals, the successor agencies can expect, at best, a relatively brief retention of their newly acquired accounts. All too soon they will again appear in the annual score sheet, this time on the losing side. From 1959 to 1968, *Advertising Age* catalogued switches by more than 2,000 major advertisers, not a few of which switched two or three or more times. The billings involved amounted to the astounding sum of more than $3-billion. Since most agencies derive their income from a 15 per cent commission paid them by the media from which they buy space or time, the extensive switching around costs the losing agencies almost a half-billion dollars in revenue while, of course, it gained that amount for the winners—temporarily, anyhow.

While these figures are considerable, those that *Advertising Age* will publish in January should make them seem modest by comparison, certainly in dollar volume. During the first six months of 1969 alone, accounts billing in excess of $300-million changed hands. This was double the previous rate for a six-month period and equivalent to the expected rate for a full year. If no advertisers at all had shifted their accounts during the second half of 1969, the ten-year rate would still have been maintained.

The incessant shifting of accounts has become such an accepted part of the agency business that it is referred to as "musical chairs." Agencies, of course, derive very little entertainment from this game, particularly those caught without a chair when the music stops. The trade press, including *Advertising Age*, the advertising columnists of the big city papers, and the various newsletters covering the field, generate headline material out of the constant divorcing and remarriage of advertisers and agencies. What seldom appears, even deep in the story, is the effect on the people



in the agencies whose business and even home lives are suddenly disrupted when an account on which they have been working defects.

Unfortunately, the principal and only source of service in an advertising agency—as well as the agency's prime cost of doing business—is personnel, and, when a $2-million account leaves, some way has to be found to cut $300,000 in expenses. Rent, lighting, and maintenance, even if they could be cut, seldom exceed 6 per cent of the total cost of operation. Payroll, on the other hand, accounts for almost 60 per cent, and this is where any major economy is most easily and readily effected. Consequently, while an advertising agency pays its capable, highly talented personnel salaries many people in other occupations could not dream of attaining, it also provides them with about as much security as a houseboat in a hurricane. It is hardly surprising, therefore, that advertising agencies, which just a few short years ago surpassed brokerage firms as preferred places of employment among new college grads, now find themselves as far down the preference list as the ministry—or perhaps coal mining. This situation poses a substantial problem for a business in which heavy emphasis is placed upon youth, especially today with a youth-oriented market place and a pronounced generation gap.

Compounding this problem is a definite trend among agency personnel to seek employment in businesses promising greater stability and security, even when it means taking a job at lower pay than they are currently earning. Corwin Consultants, an executive search and management counsel service, listed 102 agency personnel who switched to jobs in other businesses. Fifteen were still in their twenties. More than half were in their thirties. Only one had entered his fifties. All were relatively successful. They had simply become fed up with what they all too readily referred to as "the rat race." Assuming that effective communication is essential to marketing in a free enterprise system and acknowledging that, despite the computer, such communication can issue only from talented and highly motivated individuals, it would appear to be to the benefit of both advertisers and agencies to find a game to play that is a little less frenetic, a little less given to individual isolation and banishment, than the current pastime.

Three major advertisers — Ralston Purina, General Mills, and Lever Brothers — have installed "evaluation systems" with built-in "early warning signals" to bring about greater stability in and more productive results from their agency relationships. Unfortunately, these systems did not prevent two of the three from switching agencies during 1969.

It is possible that a clearer understanding of exactly how advertising works could provide a sounder foundation for the operation of an effective evaluation system. Until this comes about, the evaluation of an advertising agency will remain highly subjective and not impervious to personal bias and chemistry. It is this personal chemistry factor that is mainly responsible for the corrosion of the human element so vital to the creation of successful advertising.

—Walter Weir.

French Primitive Photography

$5. paperbound

$12. per year—Aperture Quarterly of Photography

$15. for both

Aperture, 276 Park Ave. South New York City, 10010

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Sober Thoughts

Continued from page 62

television cameras in Chicago. My journalism students at Columbia feel that time after time broadcasters of my generation misjudge the youth movement and the black movement. In the end, I have had to plead with these students to believe in the integrity of a Cronkite, a Smith, a Brinkley, and in the professionalism of their producers —men such as Les Midgley of CBS, Av Westin of ABC, and Wally Westfeldt of NBC. My defense has been only partly successful, and this has been with an audience generally quite hostile to the main thrust of the Agnew attack. With sadness, I have painfully learned that the reservoir of good will that broadcast journalists could once rely on in time of crisis has now been partially dissipated.

Perhaps if the public knew that the broadcast newsman is fighting for longer news programs, fewer commercials, more investigative reporting, there might be a broader sense of identity.

The broadcast journalist knows how little news analysis appears on the air. Five or eight minutes after a major presidential address is not interpretive journalism as much as it is time to be filled to the nearest half-hour, or to the nearest commercial. He also knows that a half hour minus six commercials is just not enough air time to present and analyze the news properly. Perhaps the broadcast newsman of today can no longer afford the luxury of abdicating his role in a decision-making process that now so clearly affects his profession and his standards. He is a far better newsman than the public ever sees and he has far more power to change the system than he and the public imagine.

For a long time the broadcasting companies have relied on the prestige of their news organizations to enhance their own corporate prestige, in fact, their very survival. The reputation of these newsmen is now at stake. They need to do their best, not their worst. They need to be seen at their most courageous, not to slip into timidity. This is not a time for public relations experts, although there will be a frantic search for a corporate line that will once again salvage the good name of broadcasting.

Television's battles will not be fought or won with the polemics of corporate handouts, First Amendment platitudes, or full-page ads. They will be won by what is on the air, and they will be lost by what is *not* on the air. It is later than many people think, and we all have Agnew to thank for reminding us.

Here we stand, with the image orthicon tube, the wired city, and the satellite the greatest tools of communication that civilization has ever known, while the second highest officeholder in the land implies that we use them less. Here we are in 1969, Mr. Vice President, with one leg on the moon and the other on earth, knee-deep in garbage. That's going to require some news analysis.

What the Vice President says is that he wants editorials (which network news divisions don't use) labeled for what they are. Certainly it is general custom to label news analysis and comment when it is taking place, and omission of that, even under the pressure of time, is a mistake.

But Agnew ought to have labeled his speech for what it was. Did he want to encourage responsible journalism, or did he wish to silence it?

The second salvo from the Agnew shotgun contained more buckshot and had even less precise aim. His facts were wobbly and subject to immediate rebuttal. He might have checked to see whether it was only the early out-of-town edition of *The New York Times* that missed the story of the 359 members of Congress who signed a letter endorsing the President's Vietnam policy. Making charges against the power of the *Times* and *The Washington Post* is the kind of anti-conglomerate philosophy usually identified with liberals. The Vice President jarred his own aim by being self-serving. His targets were only those organizations which he considered to be critical. The mighty complex that controls two of the largest newspapers in the nation —the New York *Daily News* and the Chicago *Tribune*, plus television and radio stations in those two cities and a lot more in other cities—was left unscathed, together with other media conglomerates that control huge circulations. Could the fact that hawks rather than doves fluttered atop those mastheads and transmitters have given them immunity?

Perhaps the journalist and the party in power are always destined to be on the outs. President Eisenhower was pretty sore with television news until he left office and became a big fan. President Kennedy was reading and watching more, and enjoying it less. President Johnson watched three sets and knew how to talk back to three talking heads at once, and the Nixon administration has let us know where it stands. It is my theory that, when the message from Des Moines or from the White House itself is always a valentine or a garland of flowers, television and radio will have failed their purpose.

Communications Letters

Continued from page 60

via TV are sold in spite of commercials, many of which are created for the amusement and awards of the people involved. Cleverness per se does not sell, but if it is apropos—great. I prefer retail advertising because there is a warmth and an immediacy that no other type gives.

RUTH C. KLEES,
Chicago, Ill.

Japanese News at Sea

THERE'S A footnote to Margaret Weiss's fascinating "Front Page Afloat" article in your November 8 edition. Kyodo, the Japanese national news agency, for a number of years has sent a Japanese-language paper by radio to Japanese flag ships. It is received on the facsimile machine normally used by the ships to receive weather maps. Even on small Japanese fishing boats in Antarctic waters, the sailor has his daily newspaper at sea.

STANLEY M. SWINTON,
Assistant General Manager,
The Associated Press,
New York, N.Y.

Mathematics and Mars

IN HIS "Messages from Mars" [*SR*, Oct. 11], John Lear observes "the law of arithmetical progression works much faster than most non-mathematicians suppose." In the quickened steps that follow we are shown why the 1969 *Mariners* communicated more than 1,900 times as much information as *Mariner 4* in 1965. Surely other non-mathematicians will confirm that the "cumulative enhancement factor" resulting from the figures given is not 1,900 or beyond; it is 1,620 or beyond. I happen to think the *Mariner 6* and *Mariner 7* were about 2,000 times better than almost anything that had gone before, but not on the basis of your numbers.

PETER S. THACHER,
Counsellor for Disarmament,
Science, and Technology,
U.S. Mission to the U.N.,
New York, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Several enhancement factors were listed in John Lear's report: 7.1 x 5 x 3.2 x 2 x 2.3 x 1.74 x 1.66 x 1.25. Mr. Thacher challenges the accuracy of the first factor, which was arrived at by comparing the square of the 85-foot diameter of the electronic "ear" through which Jet Propulsion Laboratory received the messages that Mariner 4 sent from Mars with the 210-foot diameter of the "ear" that listened to Mariners 6 and 7. Two JPL engineers, working with a slide rule, came out with a factor of 7.1. Mr. Thacher correctly points out that* $(210/85)^2$ *does not work out to 7.1, but to 6.1. And 6.1 x 5 x 3.2 x 2 x 2.3 x 1.74 x 1.66 x 1.25 does come closer to 1,620 than to 1,900.*

Answer to Wit Twister, page 73; prates, paters, repast, tapers.

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CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for things wanted or unwanted, personal services, literary or publishing offers, unclassified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special intelligent clientele; jobs wanted; houses or camps for rent; tutoring; ideas for sale. All advertisements must be consonant with the character of Saturday Review. Rates for a single insertion, $1.25 per word, 10-word minimum. Count 2 extra words for Box and Numbers. Rates for multiple insertions:—52 times $1.05 per word each insertion; 26 times $1.10 per word each insertion; 13 times $1.15 per word each insertion; 6 times $1.20 per word each insertion. Full payment must be received eighteen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address Classified Department, Saturday Review, 380 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10017.

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PROFESSIONAL PUBLISHED WRITER, 28 years proved success, will write, rewrite, edit. Any subject, any media. Confidential. Box 337, Atlantic Beach, N.Y. 11509.

RESEARCH. Professionally done. Seneca Research, P.O. Box 74485, Los Angeles, 90004.

BOOKS

FIRST EDITIONS, rare books: Catalogues for year $1.00 (refundable). Libraries purchased. Minkoff, 756 Middle Neck Road, Great Neck, N.Y. 11024.

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"FIVE YEARS in Mental Hospitals," by Arthur Wellon. The best layman's book about psychiatric practices today. More balanced and informative than "I Never Promised You a Rose Garden." 155 pages. $5.50. Exposition Press, 50 Jericho Turnpike, Jericho, New York.

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THE FRENCH BOOKSHOP. 700 Madison Avenue (62nd Street), NYC 10021. Give French books as Christmas gifts. List sent on request.

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GERMAN BOOKS AND CALENDARS mailed anywhere. Large selection. Catalogue free. Gerard J. Fuchs, 2061 Broadway, NYC 10023.

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A.W. HODGES, Centennial, Wyoming 82055, has fresh designs, stock and individualized. 25¢ refundable for prices, samples.

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CAN'T FIND THAT BOOK? Personal worldwide book search for hard to find books. Write M. C. Wilson, P.O. Box 25117, Los Angeles, California 90025.

CINEMA, OLD-NEW. Monthly Catalogue. Del's, 12725-G Flatbush, Norwalk, California 90650.

NAME THE BOOK. We'll get it! Free search service. CHICAGO BOOK MART, P.O. Box 613-B, Chicago Heights, Illinois 60411.

YOU NAME IT—WE FIND IT. Satisfaction guaranteed. INTERNATIONAL BOOKFINDERS, Box 3003-S, Beverly Hills, California 90212.

PERIODICALS

COMMUNICATIONS ISSUES—Walter Lippmann, Nat Hentoff, Robert Lewis Shayon; Anti-Semitism, the Moonshot, Everett Parker's Broadcasting Crusade. See Fall issue Columbia Journalism Review. Free, plus free copy of duPont-Columbia Survey of Broadcast Journalism with $6 yearly subscription. Columbia Journalism Review, Columbia University 707, New York, N.Y. 10027.

COLOR SLIDES

35mm COLOR SLIDES, 10,671 individually sold, described encyclopedia-catalogue. 10¢. Wolfe Worldwide, Dept. 7-129, Los Angeles, California 90025.

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SHOWSTACK ORIGINALS: Oils $20.00, Inks $6.00. 4" x 6"+. P.O. Box 8555, Boston, 02114.

LIMITED EDITION PRINTS of original John Ruthven painting of "Bardstown," great Calumet Farm running horse: $10.00 postpaid, free Bourbon cookbook included. The Willett Distilling Company, Bardstown, Kentucky 40004.

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UNPOPULAR NON-CLUB offers LP immortalities at a pittance. "Masterpieces in the Mail" presents major labels and special "finds" in entertaining format. For free subscription write Dept. SRC, The Record Hunter, 507 5th Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.

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FREE 40 PAGE CATALOGUE offers hundreds of recordings of rare Renaissance, Baroque and Classical music. Some records priced as low as $1.00 each! All late recordings in stereo only. MHS RECORDS, Box 932 SR, New York, New York 10023.

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RICHARD DAVID, 1968-'69 Poll Winner, has written a book, "Walking on Chords for String Bass and Tuba." Send $3.50 to RR & R Music Publishers, Inc., P.O. Box 117, Planetarium Station, NYC, N.Y. 10024.

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RENAISSANCE LUTES. Write Herbert Schmelzer, Rt 2, East Troy, Wisconsin 53120.

NEUPERT AND SABATHIL HARPSICHORDS. John W. Allen, 500 Glenway Avenue, Bristol, Virginia 24201.

UNCOMMON MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS. Finnish Kanteles, Irish harps, Greek bouzoukees and liras; balalaikas, zithers, dulcimers; Indian and Mexican instruments; historical brass, woodwinds, strings. Catalogue $1 refunded first purchase. Classical Instruments, 133 Gateway Building, New Orleans, Louisiana 70130.

CLASSIC AND FLAMENCO guitars. Elizabethan lutes. Wittmayer harpsichords. Noah Wulfe. 212-866-7418.

HARPSICHORDS with the most fascinating sound by North America's leading builders, Sabathil & Son, 1084 Homer, Vancouver, B.C., Canada.

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SPENDTHRIFT? SKINFLINT? Maybe on this year's budget, but your Bechstein is for your lifetime. Piano Imports, John Wanamaker Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19101.

PIANOFORTE—1811, beautiful cabinet, carved legs, brass decorated. P. Barrow, 9 Howland, Asheville, N.C. 28804.

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BACHELOR'S DEGREE from Syracuse University. Fully accredited self-study program. Make your home a Syracuse University classroom. Some time on campus. Write Bachelor's Degree Program, Room 207, Syracuse University, 610 East Fayette Street, Syracuse, N.Y. 13202.

COLLEGE DROP-OUTS: We concentrate on the educational redevelopment of selected students, including poor achievers, with unrealized learning potential. Educational Development Center, 23 Adelbert Street, Berea, Ohio 44017. Dept. SR or Educational Development Center, 165 East Tenth Street, Claremont, California 91711. Dept. SR.

MARK HOPKINS COLLEGE is now considering applications for February admission from young men and women eager for a new learning experience. Brattleboro, Vermont 05301.

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FOR THE GOURMET

"DELICIOUS DELICACIES"—Smoked Ham, Sausage and Turkey Specialties. Give a gift long remembered. Hickory Valley Farm, Inc., Little Kunkletown, Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania 18360.

TEA DEVOTEES naturally select Grace Rare Teas. Free brochure. Grace Tea Importer, Dept. 12S, 79 Wall Street, NYC 10005.

WINE MAKING KIT—$4.95 postpaid. Free catalogue. Jim Dandy Wine Supplies, Box 30230X, Cincinnati, Ohio 45230.

PERSONALS

IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND! Official Royal Shakespeare Company Theatre posters. *Illustrated* brochure 25¢, applied to first order. Phoenix International, P.O. Box 974S, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11202.

WORLD WIDE GAMES. Box 450, Delaware, Ohio 43015. Pommawonga, Skittles, Gomoku, Adi, Diabolo and 40 other hardwood games for ages 10-100. Free catalogue.

VIETNAM—Love it or leave it! Bumper stickers, 5/$1.00. Stamps 66/$1.00. Bell Company, Beverly Hills, 90210.

OLD LETTERS WANTED. Authors, scientists, military leaders, musicians, American statesmen, etc. Collections and important single items bought and sold. Especially interested in literary material. Catalogues issued. Walter R. Benjamin Autographs, 790 Madison Avenue (at 67th), New York 10021. 212-RE 4-3902. Established 1887.

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HUMANISM. an open philosophy for people of good will who appreciate the scientific viewpoint, offers a constructive alternative to traditional views. For free information: American Humanist Association, Dept. SR-1, 125 El Camino del Mar, San Francisco, California 94121.

INDEPENDENT SCHOOLS—Testing, evaluation, recommendation of an Independent School for your son or daughter. John H. Emerson, 12 Summer Street, Hanover, N.H. 03755.

WE COPY AND RESTORE old photos and documents. Repro Associates, Sonith Building, Pine and Daly Streets, Indianapolis, Indiana 46202.

KODACOLOR PRICE-BREAKTHROUGH—Perfect prints, 8 or 12 exposure rolls $2; 20 exposure, $3. Full credit unprintable negatives. Money-back guarantee. Plus postage paid both ways. Send $2 and film; write for mailer. Mystic Color Lab, Box S-144, Mystic, Connecticut.

RECORDERS (FLUTES) KUENG SWISS import. Purcell, $5, $8.95 up! Student Special. Corelli, $4.50; Recorder Instruction Kit: Soprano Recorder, Method Book, three 7" LP Instruction Records, boxed, $5.95. Recorder Music Methods. Guitar Music. Free Catalogue. 12-9-B, HARGAIL, 157 West 57th Street, NYC 10019.

THE WRETCHED MESS CALENDAR for 1970 enables you to celebrate Stupid Cupid (Let's Shove Love) Day, Regurgitation Week, International Lechery Day, Tired Bloody Mary (Vodka In Geritol) Day and over 419 other unforgettable events unobtainable elsewhere. We'll enclose a Gift Certificate with your name inscribed. $2 each. Wretched Mess News, Box M68, West Yellowstone, Montana 59758.

RECORDERS—FINEST MAKES. Largest music selections. Free catalogue. RECORDER CENTER, Amenia, N.Y.

MEDITATION? Practice invokes knowledge, evokes insight. First year, bimonthly training course free. Write: MEDITATIONS, Box 566, Ojai, California 93023.

NOW ACCEPTING MEMBERSHIPS. Request folder describing 20 services. National Writers Club, 745 Sherman Street, Denver, Colorado 80203.

ROYAL CROWN DERBY Cobalt Heraldic—never unpacked. Eleven place settings. $107.50 each. Box S-194.

PERSONALS

CHRISTMAS GIFT SUGGESTION (and good investment): 1969 U.S. proof set mint sealed. Postpaid, insured, $10. Satisfaction guaranteed. Arthur Hinds, 25 Minetta Lane, New York, N.Y. 10012.

FLOOR RUGS, extraordinarily beautiful, wool, woven in Ireland, now to be seen at Carol Brown's, Putney, Vermont 05346. 2'3" x 4', $39.50. See her capes at same time, and blankets.

ECCLESINE'S ADMONITION: "Eschew Obfuscation" plaque, 4" x 8½", $1.50. Deluxe, $2.50. Grandiose, $5.00. Bumper strip 2/$1.00; 6/$2.50. Wry Ideas, Rye, N.Y. 10580.

TOP CASH PAID FOR LETTERS and documents of famous people. Immediate decision! Immediate payment. Ask TODAY for free brochure, "How To Sell Your Autographs." Catalogues issued. Charles R. Hamilton, 25 East 53rd Street, NYC 10022. 212-EL 5-3464-5-6.

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(Continued from page 77)

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G. See WORD F (2 wds.)	39 114 208 21 81 171 180 191 201 71 132
H. Facilitated.	178 184 187 190 206 2 34
I. Welsh bardic festival.	65 69 86 92 95 118 200 79 99 77
J. Ivanhoe loved her.	147 154 163 166 175 179
K. Title of respect for Hindu monk; pundit.	14 87 109 122 141
L. Quits.	25 33 43 116 203 9 102
M. Headdress.	105 143 11 150 15
N. Colonial governor of New Hampshire (full name; 1737-1820).	35 62 93 104 135 162 5 97 165 183 189 110 140
O. Clerical (3 wds.)	19 157 173 186 168 31 51 80 111 151
P. "Behold, the———was not told me," said the queen of Sheba. (I Kings, 10:7).	172 37 52 121
Q. "Presented with a universal blank/Of———to me expung'd and raz'd." (2 wds.; Milton, "Paradise Lost").	131 134 185 58 155 193 3 1 123 153 13 119
R. One way or another.	139 149 160 17 94 127 26
S. Diverts (2 wds.)	106 137 50 61 89 100 169 182
T. Calypso's island.	78 23 10 6 76 66
U. English cardinal (1801-90) a founder of the Oxford Movement.	38 48 44 28 24 12
V. American philosopher, essayist and poet (1803-82; Self-Reliance).	73 129 209 167 125 120 22
W. Enid's father (Tennyson, "The Marriage of Geraint").	56 54 174 103 117
X. Fudge, finagle.	64 8 202 41 204
Y. Near future.	128 40 188 156 142 67
Z. Sense; purport.	148 164 68 144 91 181 176
Z1. Citizens of Nassau, for instance.	108 84 195 130 161 170 198 70 133

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

					1 Q	2 H		3 Q	4 A	5 N	6 T		7 F	8 X	9 L		10 T			
11 M	12 U	13 Q	14 K		15 M	16 A	17 R		18 D	19 O	20 C	21 G	22 V	23 T		24 U	25 L			
	26 R	27 D		28 U	29 E	30 A	31 O	32 F	33 L	34 H		35 N	36 A	37 P	38 U		39 G			
40 Y		41 X	42 B	43 L		44 U	45 B		46 B	47 E	48 U		49 E	50 S	51 O	52 P	53 C			
54 W	55 A		56 W	57 C	58 Q		59 A	60 C	61 S		62 N	63 A	64 X	65 I		66 T	67 Y			
68 Z	69 I	70 Z1		71 G	72 E	73 V		74 B	75 E	76 T	77 I		78 T	79 I		80 O	81 G			
82 D	83 B	84 Z1	85 E	86 I		87 K	88 D	89 S		90 D	91 Z	92 I	93 N		94 R	95 I	96 B			
	97 N	98 D	99 I	100 S	101 C	102 L		103 W	104 N		105 M	106 S	107 C		108 Z1	109 K	110 N			
111 O	112 E	113 D	114 G	115 C	116 L	117 W	118 I	119 Q		120 V	121 P		122 K	123 Q	124 D	125 V				
126 C	127 R	128 Y		129 V	130 Z1	131 Q	132 G		133 Z1	134 Q	135 N		136 C	137 S	138 F		139 R			
140 N	141 K	142 Y	143 M	144 Z	145 E		146 C	147 J	148 Z	149 R	150 M		151 O	152 E	153 Q		154 J			
155 Q	156 Y	157 O	158 C	159 F	160 R	161 Z1	162 N		163 J	164 Z		165 N	166 J	167 V	168 O		169 S			
170 Z1	171 G	172 P	173 O	174 W	175 J	176 Z		177 C	178 H	179 J	180 G	181 Z		182 S	183 N	184 H				
185 Q	186 O	187 H		188 Y	189 N	190 H	191 G	192 A	193 Q		194 F	195 Z1	196 A		197 F	198 Z1	199 B			
	200 I	201 G	202 X	203 L		204 X	205 F		206 H	207 F	208 G	209 V								

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 12 of this issue.

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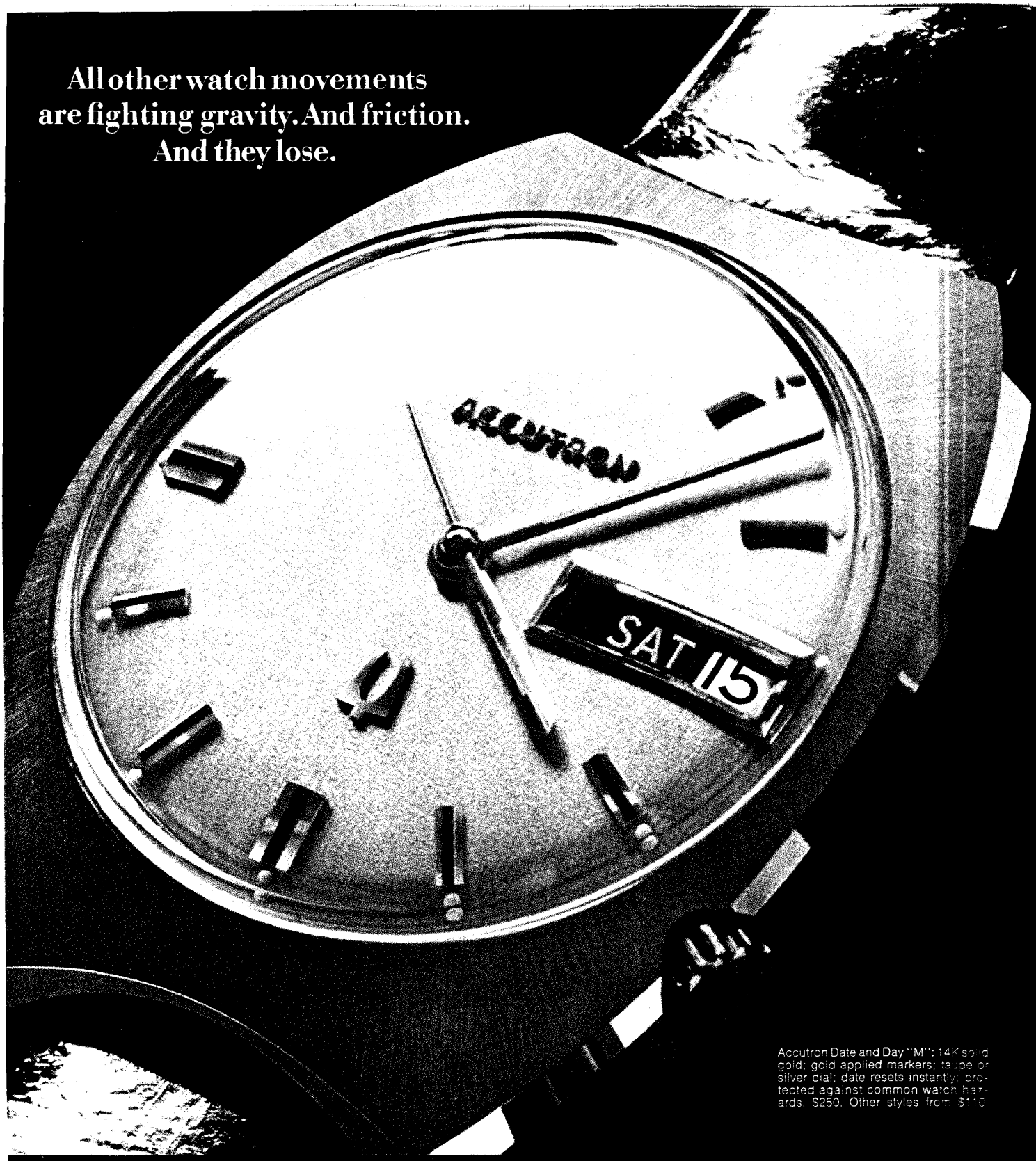
All other watch movements are fighting gravity. And friction. And they lose.



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Furthermore no manufacturer of a balance wheel watch can reliably predict how large these errors in timekeeping will be. The fact is, the accuracy of any balance wheel watch is a matter of *chance*.

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